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CONTENTS

Special Features

"A Road Smash Ends It All" — BETTINA, *by Bettina (Part 4)* . . . 32
Thirteen gardening-book pages . . . 45-51
Low-calorie Menus . . . 55

Fiction

Child's Play (Serial — Part 4), *Ursula Curtiss* . . . 19
Third Class Princess, *Robert Standish* . . . 21
The Singing Silence, *Eva-Lis Wuorio* . . . 23
Come Be My Love, *Vera Henry* . . . 24, 25

Regular Features

Social . . . 12, 13
Worth Reporting . . . 14
TV Parade . . . 17
Letter Box, Ross Campbell . . . 30
Stars . . . 66
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 71

Fashion

Smash Hits from the Paris Autumn Collections . . . 28, 29
Fashion Frocks . . . 64
Needlework Notions . . . 68
Butterick Patterns . . . 71

Home and Family

Two Stories from Readers . . . 41
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* . . . 43
Prize Recipes . . . 56
Be Your Own Handyman . . . 61

THE WEEKLY ROUND

• Fur was one of the smash hits in the Paris autumn collections, reports fashion editor Betty Keep on pages 28 and 29.

DON'T despair, though, if your clothes budget won't stretch fur enough.

Reassuringly, Mrs. Keep points out that the fur can be real *or fake*.

She likes the idea of a fur overblouse: "It's slick," she told us commandingly.

And here's where the fake fur comes in . . .

Mrs. Keep described the slickest fur overblouse. It's very simple, just tipping the hipbone in length, with a round neckline and below-elbow sleeves.

The overblouse is worn with a long, narrow skirt (winter's version of the terrace dress) or tapered pants or a divided skirt.

Elegant, hmmmm? Warm, too. And *very* easy to make —in fake fur.

There's a variety of this fur on the market — everything from "mink" to "persian lamb."

It's worth noting that one of the most effective (and most fashionable for the new season's look) is fake leopard.

★ ★ ★

AUTHOR of "The Singing Silence" on page 23, Eva-Lis Wuorio is a true cosmopolite—born in Finland, she has Canadian nationality and lives on the island of Ibiza, off the Spanish coast.

A list of what she considers "the nicest things" includes breakfast in bed, enough books to read, controversial friends.

Our Cover

• Survivor of H.M.A.S. Voyager, Petty-Officer Writer Graham Darcy arrived in Sydney aboard the aircraft-carrier H.M.A.S. Melbourne to be reunited with his wife, Lynne, and 18-month-old daughter Claire at the Garden Island wharf. The Darcy family comes from Western Australia; they are now living in the Sydney suburb of Lilyfield. This picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg, who, with fellow staff photographer Keith Barlow, took the pictures of the naval disaster in this issue (see pages 3, 9, 10, and 11).

THE film of Ian Fleming's thriller "Goldfinger" is the third celluloid chronicle of Secret Service agent James Bond and his remarkable adventures.

And Mr. Bond has ensured an enviable way of life for his creator . . .

For four months of the year Ian Fleming lives in Jamaica; there he creates more adventures for J. Bond (at the rate of 2000 words a day).

Mr. Fleming and his wife — the former Lady Rothermere — spend the other eight months commuting between a smart London town house and their other home in the country.

How Fast Can You Read?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of rapid reading which should enable you to double your reading speed and yet retain much more. Most people do not realize how much they could increase their pleasure, success and income by reading faster and more accurately.

According to this publisher, anyone, regardless of his present reading skill, can use this simple technique to improve his reading ability to a remarkable degree. Whether reading stories, books, technical matter, it becomes possible to read sentences at a glance and entire pages in seconds with this method.

To acquaint the readers of this magazine with the easy-to-follow rules for developing rapid reading skill, the company has printed full details of its interesting self-training method in a new book, "Adventures in Reading Improvement" mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply send your request to: Reading, Dept. 216, Box No. 4518, G.P.O. Melbourne. A postcard will do. 8R.6

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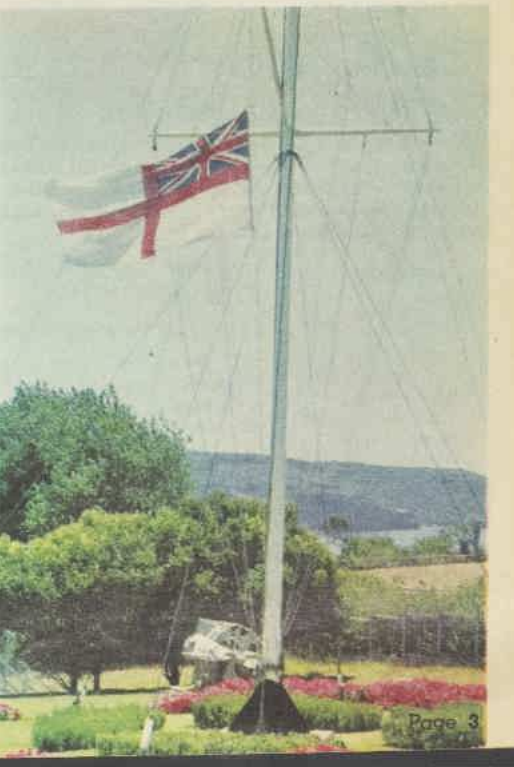
AFTER THE TRAGEDY



● Profile, above, of the damaged bow of H.M.A.S. Melbourne was photographed as the aircraft carrier berthed at Garden Island, Sydney, 33 hours after the collision with the destroyer Voyager off Jervis Bay. Three killed and 79 missing—all from Voyager—were named in the Navy's casualty list for its worst peacetime disaster. The carrier's captain said: "We were carrying out night exercises with aircraft and were travelling very fast because of this. The impact is hard to describe, but when you get 20,000 tons going at near top speed there is a lot of momentum there. We pushed Voyager sideways through the water. She broke on our bows and the two halves came down either side of the ship." The destroyer's for'ard section sank within ten minutes and the after part three hours later. At right: The flag flies at half-mast at the Balmoral Naval Depot, Sydney, where some of the survivors were brought.

VOYAGER'S WOMEN WERE WAITING—page 9. MORE PICTURES—pages 10 and 11.

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NEXT WEEK:

★ *Purl one, knit one—or knit all 20 of the exciting new season's styles in our . . .*

20 "WITH-IT" HANDKNITS

. . . a wonderful collection no fashion-conscious knitter will want to be without!

There are three versions of the elegant "fireside" skirt (pictured above), a chic little shift, lots of sweaters in pull-over and button-up styles (for men, too) — and there's a pair of crochet snuggle-shoes to keep your feet warm while you knit!

★

Have you met fiction's determined bachelor Bertie Wooster and his unflappable man-servant, Jeeves? Well, P. G. Wodehouse begins the story of their latest hilarious adventures in our new serial, "Stiff Upper Lip, Jeeves."

● One baby: to be called for

"We have adopted a baby — and it has proved to be the most wonderful thing we've ever done" . . . an Australian mother tells the moving story of how baby Liza Anne joined the family.

★ Luscious layer cakes

You can turn a snack into a special occasion with an easy-to-make and *mouth-watering* cake from our ten easy recipes.

★ New wool fashions

Color pictures show the versatility and glamor of 1964 wool fabrics — and the excellence of Australian manufacture. The clothes are Wool Bureau "award" designs — available in shops throughout Australia.

Rutherglen sleeps in the sun

(and recalls its feud of long ago)

By R. M. McCall

● Rutherglen, a picturesque vineyard town in the north-east of Victoria, lies nestled on the Murray Valley Highway 170 miles from Melbourne. Like most former gold-mining centres the town nowadays is "sleeping it off like an old man in the sun."

TODAY'S PICTURE of "Fairfield," the home built by the vigneron Morris in the 19th century, which still stands on the Murray Valley Highway. It is now owned by brothers Mr. Fred and Mr. Frank Terrill, of Rutherglen.

BUT there are still solid reminders of more prosperous days — the gold era, the land boom, the era of the early vignerons and their stately homes, mansions of splendor like "Fairfield" and "Olive Hills."

Out on the highway, just six miles from Rutherglen township, these two imposing homesteads stand facing each other in grim, subdued defiance as if they still brood on a feud of former years, when their respective owners submitted rival claims to accommodate the then Governor of Victoria, Baron Brassey (later Earl Brassey), during his visit to the district.

In 1859 Mr. G. F. Morris inspected land on Brown's Plains and bought 220 acres for as low as £2/2/- an acre.

He was the forerunner of the famous Morris vignerons — the family still produce first-quality wines at Rutherglen's Mia Mia vineyards — and he built the original mansion, "Fairfield," on the present site.

Shortly after it was completed, the house was destroyed by fire. But Morris, undaunted and tenacious after setbacks with hostile blacks and bushrangers, rebuilt "Fairfield" in 1889.

He became a councillor in the days when meetings were generally held at nearby Wangaratta, and devoted much of his time to local government and community service in the district.

The owner of "Fairfield" prospered, sometimes stocking more than 500,000 gallons of wine in his cellars, collecting high awards for his samples, and at one time representing the colony in the wine section at an English exhibition.

Morris entertained the elite of the district in the lovely home, far removed from the boisterous crowd of miners carousing in the main street.

Elegant era

The ladies and gentlemen of the day would arrive at the scrolled iron gates in their phaetons and drive through the avenue of tall trees to the imposing entrance, there to be assisted from the carriage by liveried footmen and grooms.

Ladies in crinolines, gentlemen with fur-lined waistcoats and top hats . . . all lent a dignified, graceful air.

Then one day a gang of workmen arrived at the property across the road, carting timber and building materials. Soon another stately home took shape on top of a slight rise overlooking "Fairfield."

Another mansion was being constructed, and the new owner, Hugh Fraser, did not conceal from the interested population that he intended "Olive Hills" to rival—and outdo — the home of his neighbor.

Through the ensuing years, Morris and Fraser engaged in a never-ending feud — in council (Fraser became a councillor for twenty years, seven of them as president), in wine-growing, in entertainment, and in a rivalry which became an obsession as they carefully tended their respective gardens, and added to each mansion in the race for aristocratic supremacy.

In 1898 the feud reached a climax. It was announced that Lord and Lady Brassey were to visit the north-east and that they were to stay at Rutherglen overnight during the Governor's tour.

Both Morris and Fraser immediately submitted their claims to accommodate the vice-regal pair and their entourage.

Fraser feverishly built a tower atop "Olive Hills," Morris organised renovations.

Morris won the battle. The Governor and his good lady stayed at "Fairfield."

It is apparent that Fraser took the decision badly — he sold "Olive Hills" and the huge estate (2250 acres) the same year to Hector MacKenzie, a new arrival from "Maoriland."

Gold again?

And now, although Rutherglen sleeps, there are signs that Brown's Plains may awaken at any time. For well-organised attempts are being made to find again the greatest of all awakeners — gold.

Perhaps the writings of a journal of past times may also prove to be prophetic: "From Rutherglen as far as the eye can stretch may be seen a succession of vineyards, with the poppet heads of the mines rising here and there, in indication that the soil is fruitful in its depths as well as upon the surface. Wine and gold are happily blended here. These two sources of wealth have made Rutherglen an important town and at night-time it is not unusual to see the main street a surging mass of population."

Yes, the discovery of gold would put Rutherglen and the district "back on the map" and perhaps "Fairfield" and "Olive Hills," still intact and privately owned, may relive those days of long ago . . . this time without a feud.

"OLIVE HILLS," the mansion which rival Hugh Fraser built on a rise overlooking his neighbor, Morris, starting a feud which lasted many years. "Olive Hills" is owned now by Mr. Richard Knight.

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ROBIN GARLAND

A Sydney model has profited from the "James Bond" vogue

STAND-IN FOR MURDER

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

● "Dressed" in £60 worth of gold-leaf paint, Sydney model Robin Garland recently faced the camera in a London studio to do publicity shots for the film of Ian Fleming's best-selling thriller "Goldfinger."

BELL-BOTTOM pants and a black silk jersey top are Robin's favorite casual clothes. The "jungle" look was acquired accidentally — the denims were navy-blue, and Robin tried to lighten the color in a tub of bleach. Friends were soon begging for the secret.

IT'S the spine-chilling story of a murderer named Auric Goldfinger who puts his predecessors in crime to shame.

James Bond, Fleming's slick, sophisticated fictional hero, has the job of foiling Goldfinger's sinister activities.

"He looks hideous, with red hair and a horrible red leathery skin," Robin explained.

"He has an absolute lust for gold, and even likes to paint his girl-friends with gold leaf, leaving a small bare patch somewhere so that the skin can breathe.

"When he decides to dispose of a girl-friend he omits the breathing patch and she quickly suffocates.

"I was lucky enough to be saved from such an exotic death. The gold-leaf used to paint me was specially formulated by a large cosmetics company."

Nevertheless, Robin's job wasn't completely lacking in that inevitable Bond element of danger.

"You see, the cosmetics firm told me not to leave the gold-leaf on for more than three and a half hours, as it could have bad effects," she said. "The shots were difficult and we worked on them for three hours, so I suppose I just got it off in time."

He's real to the public

"Goldfinger" is the third film success for Ian Fleming. Two of his books, "Dr. No" and "From Russia With Love," have already been filmed.

With Bond played by rugged Sean Connery (who is married to Australian actress Diane Cilento), both were instant box-office hits.

In the film version of "Goldfinger" Connery's leading lady will be played by Honor Blackman, of the British television series "The Avengers."

As hard-boiled Pussy Galore, she gets off to an admirable start as a sworn manhater—but, alas, she is doomed to fall under the fire of the Bond brand of persuasion.

Robin said that James Bond, operating as secret agent 007, had become as real a person to the British public as Arthur Conan Doyle's immortal Sherlock Holmes.

(007 is the rare number given to Bond by his superiors, signifying permission to kill when he thinks necessary.)

Robin said there seemed to be a strong feeling among English people that Bond exists as a top security man, on the job to protect them against sinister plots by "foreign powers."

She's a keen Bond fan herself.

"He's so fascinating—the kind of exciting man a girl is always hoping to meet at a cocktail party, amusing, witty, debonair, with a remote but convincing toughness," Robin said.

"In fact, he has caught everyone's imagination so much that the advertising experts are turning to him for inspiration in their big campaigns.

"He has been built up as the perfect type for projecting the manly image in men's magazines, and the photographic props include sleek cars, helicopters, briefcases, and birettas (the type of automatic gun Bond uses), all shots being done with a sense of urgency and impending danger.

"For instance, just before leaving London I posed as a Bond girl-friend handing a Bond-like male model (dressed to sell a raincoat) a briefcase of secret papers as he stepped into a helicopter.

"For another fashion shot I had to run toward another Bond prototype (this time advertising a very tweedy Savile Row suit) and collect the films he was clutching in his hand as he swung from a parachute.

"I was quite terrified he would land in a tree or upside down, or something, but, of course, in the smooth old Bond tradition, it all ended well."

IN THIS TYPICAL "James Bond" shot — he's a favorite gimmick now in overseas advertising photographs — the male model is posed to sell the raincoat. Robin is the girl-friend.

Robin, who began her modelling career in 1957, is on a brief visit to her family in Sydney after three years abroad.

After doing a little work in a travel film about Paris she went to Rome, where her dark-eyed, finely chiselled beauty labelled her as a natural for the couturiers. She first worked at the Mingolini-Gugenheim salon, but found she could earn more as a freelance model.

"One of my most memorable Italian jobs," she recalled, "was for a large motor company. Ten of us (I was the only non-Italian) were photographed in superb Simonetta clothes in front of Il Campidoglio, the magnificent seat of the Roman Government.

"Mannish look" in London

"I remember being utterly exhausted after working under floodlights from early evening till dawn."

Robin says one of the sneakier things she has learned about high fashion is never to be so carried away with any creation she models as to buy it.

"I've disciplined myself to wait till a fortnight or so after the collections each year in February, when I can buy almost anything I saw off the peg — as a copy — in London."

She likes simple clothes highlighted with unusual accessories. She says the latest in Italian jewellery is the black-and-white look.

"And I'm mad about the Mary Quant-Gerald McCann 'mannish' look, which is really swinging in London at the moment," she said. "Hair is worn in a very short club-cut, flat to the cheekbone and shingled at the back (Robin sets hers in five minutes with sticky tape!).

"Together with hipster pants, high leather boots, tweedy suits, and deerstalker hats, it all adds up to a very chic 'look of the moment'."

At mention of the lately reported "rounded look" for models, reed-slim Robin quickly jumped to the offensive.

"It won't last," was her comment. "Of course, men much prefer the rounded figure, but you've got to admit that clothes DO hang better on the proverbial 'clothes-horse'.

"Besides, these so-called 'fatter' girls have to be pretty slim to face that camera, even if they can get away with it as mannequins — the lens adds simply inches!"

Robin is now looking forward to returning to her flat in Fulham, London, which she has been sharing with former Sydney girls Luciana and Nike Arrighi.

"It's only as big as threepence," she said, "but we've had lots of fun, and Luci and I had breathing space when Nike was away in Paris during the week modelling. (Nike worked with Balenciaga for six months, and then for a time with the Nina Ricci fashion house.)

"When Nike returned at the weekend she would burst in on us with armfuls of French bread, a string of newly acquired French greetings, and £1 bargain dresses she had picked up for us in some obscure little Paris market.

"Millions of friends would drop in, and for two days our little home would become a sardine tin again."

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HOME FROM THE AEGEAN

By CHARMIAN CLIFT

● Australian husband-and-wife writing team Charmian Clift and George Johnston, whose first joint novel "High Valley" won them a £2000 prize, have spent the last nine years on a Greek island earning their living as writers. Both have new novels being published soon and, with their children, are returning to settle in Australia.

● After days and weeks of soul-searchings we have reached (for us) a momentous decision — we are going to pack up and leave this lovely Greek island of Hydra, where we have been living for the past nine years, and come home to Australia.

FAMILY GROUP of the Johnston family. From left, George, Shane, Charmian, Jason, and Martin. Picture taken at their Aegean home.

Nine years on beautiful island

BY "we," I mean my husband, George Johnston, myself, and our three children, Martin, Shane, and Jason.

What seems to me curious is that it is only now, when the decision has been firmly made, that I have begun to think of us as exiles.

In 13 years or so away from Australia it has never occurred to me to think of myself as being any such thing, except in a mocking sort of way and strictly as a matter of choice.

Having been so fortunate as to have been washed up for nearly a decade in what must be one of the most blindingly beautiful islands in this most blindingly beautiful Aegean, it would have seemed base ingratitude to question my luck.

The exile bit comes in—or barges in, rather, because it happened quite rudely and unexpectedly — on the heels of some necessary consideration on the subject of my elder son's impending sixteenth birthday: As to whether we can afford the tape-recorder he craves (we can't, but——), and should we permit him to serve sweet Samian wine to friends from the school he and our daughter Shane, 14, attend (he says their parents do).

Of course, one has been aware that this birthday was bound to happen. He has been six feet plus for a good long time now, so obviously the course of nature would adjust his years to his size some time soon. It is the fact of it that has set me thinking this way.

Sixteen is, after all, a very important age.

At sixteen a young person intending to travel ceases to be a simple and laconic entry in the passport of one or the other of his parents; he is expected to have a passport of his own, all legal and proper, with his own signature below his own photograph.

The probation of childhood is over.

I remember vividly my own first passport. I was ten years older than my son is now, and I was leaving Australia for the first time with my husband, who was a journalist then, and two very small children, strictly bound for London, but then who knew what might not happen from there?

It seemed to be a momentous occasion, like being handed a card of membership in a sophisticated club.

One was no longer just an Australian, but an Australian on the verge of journeyings.

There were many adventures and new experiences.

But the most important thing that happened was that about nine years ago my husband decided to stop being a journalist and start being a full-time novelist.

This decision necessitated some drastic changes in our way of living, which up till that point had been urban, fast, and rather dependent upon expense accounts.

What we needed, we felt, was some place both quiet and cheap—remote, too, if possible.

And what more remote, cheap, or quiet than a Greek island?

Especially this island of Hydra, which doesn't even have a wheeled vehicle, and where nothing moves faster than donkey pace. Where, also, one could buy an eighteenth-century house complete with paved courtyards, vines, fruit trees, and a terrace overlooking the blue Saronic Gulf, for virtually a song.

As one could then. And, of course, we did.

We paid £500 for a three-storeyed, ten-roomed house with walls a yard thick, and great carved wooden doors with the most extravagant knockers—on the front door a graceful hand cast in iron knocking on an apple, and on the side door a woman's head garlanded with grapes and leaves.

We painted the doors blue and we planted red bougainvillea to spill over them (and later had the satisfaction of seeing those two doors reproduced in color in art magazines all over the world).

We had another baby, too, who was a further reason for settling down in one place.

Actually, it has been rather like living in the eighteenth century.

One cooked on charcoal, drew water from a well, used lamps or sweet-smelling beeswax candles for illumination. Communications were slow, entertainment non-existent. A town-crier called the news, and one didn't see a newspaper for months at a time.

At the age of five my younger son Jason, who had never been off the island at that stage, had never seen a car, or a train, or even a tractor, let alone elevators or neon signs or cinemas or TV sets. I — on my infrequent trips to Athens — was paralysed with fright at the traffic and had to be led across streets like a real country cousin.

Eventually, of course, we began complicating things for ourselves again. With pumps and plumbing and electricity and bottled gas—and possessions and more possessions.

For what I had not realised was that this so-desirable house would begin owning **us.**

We were lured into a sort of perpetual treasure hunt for the precise copper pot for the kitchen shelf, the genuine sea-chest, the inlaid commode that somebody said an old lady up on the mountain wanted to sell, a carved island sofa hidden among a mess of junk in an old sponge warehouse, a shipbuilder's model of a diving caique, an oriental birdcage, useless but beautiful.

Lots of books

Great fun, of course, and the house did become a showpiece, but we unwittingly started a sort of cult, since other foreigners followed our example and bought houses, too, and our quiet, cheap, remote little island became very fashionable and not really cheap or even quiet any more.

Still, we did get a lot of books written, which was the object of the experiment, and the years slipped past, filled with world crises we never knew about until long after they were resolved, and the children grew like weeds — bilingual children now, Mediterranean children who could no longer remember much about England, let alone Australia.

I think the thing that really started us harking back was that my husband, after several novels with foreign settings, suddenly found himself embarking on an Australian one (recently finished).

"My Brother Jack" is just about as Australian as it can possibly be, and what was revealing was the depth of nostalgia it evoked in both of us, nostalgia that neither of us had guessed was there.

We began to be terribly conscious that our life here depends upon residence permits and police permission. That in fact we don't belong and never have belonged and never will belong. We are **guests** in this simple and so very hospitable society, honored and often spoiled guests, but no more than that.

Once one begins to admit the nostalgias, they become urgent. Sidney Nolan, visiting here to discuss the book-jacket for "My Brother Jack," pulled out from his pocket a handful of gum leaves and burned them under our noses.

We were simply homesick. For our own country and for the twentieth century, where we do belong whether or no.

The Nolans had their daughter with them, grown up now, just at the point of graduating from an American college.

We had last seen her in Kew Gardens, about ten years before, playing ball, her hair in a ponytail.

Which leads me to another point about exile.

A Greek island — and particularly this one, fashionable now and only a three-hour steamer run from the Piraeus — is no longer really remote at all.

And since a regular shipping run has been established between Australia and Greece hordes of young Australians pass through here every year on their way to Europe and London.

It has been very interesting for us to meet these young travellers.

It has also been rather shocking on several occasions to discover them to be the sons or daughters of friends in Australia—friends who were young when we were young, I mean (but whenever in all the world did one stop being *young?*).

And in sitting and chatting to these pleasant young adults, many of them with brand-new husbands or wives — and even in a couple of cases a brand-new baby — one's mind boggles at trying to remember buying them ice-creams or all-day suckers.

I liked these youngsters enormously.

But in talking to them at a time when I am contemplating the sixteenth birthday of my own son, with its vexed questions of tape-recorders, Samian wine, and passport forms, I am inevitably led to wonder how my own three would have turned out with an Australian upbringing.

And also how will Australia strike *them?* As a foreign land? As home? For it is their country, too.

Martin and Shane were born in Sydney, at Darlinghurst and Paddington respectively, names which peal as oddly in my ears now as Calabria or Piraeus did once.

"I wonder how you are going to like it," I say in my troubled moments, and they shout confidently, "We'll *love* it!"

But I suspect they have the most confused images of kangaroos hopping along twenty-mile beaches and koalas everywhere.

So one sits in the sodden sunshine of this glorious donkey summer (for that's what they call this season here) watching the masts of the caiques rock, and the new baby donkey of Petros the garbage man skitter frantically down the waterfront in pursuit of its burdened mum. The big children come down the cobbled lane from the high school in their curious Greek uniforms, gabbling with their friends, issuing invitations to the birthday party *(with* Samian wine).

It is all so familiar. All so incredibly beautiful.

"You must be out of your minds to leave this!" the latest batch of young Australians said with conviction.

But I don't think so. In fact, I think that this last journey, which completes the circle of my journeyings, might turn out to be the most exciting one of all.

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In their own fathomless ocean of fear—

Voyager's women were waiting

By *ROBIN ADAIR*

● On Monday night of last week Mrs. Shirley Hankin, of Bondi, N.S.W., couldn't sleep.

SHE had put her sons, David, 10, and John, 2½, to bed.

Her husband, Chief Petty-Officer Engineer John Hankin, was away in his ship, the destroyer H.M.A.S. Voyager, on exercises off Jervis Bay. Like David and John, jun., she, too, expected to go to sleep, about 9 p.m., and to have pleasant dreams — perhaps of her husband's approaching "paying off" (retirement from service) after 25 years.

She knew that Chief Hankin had only until March 9 — about a month — to serve.

But, Mrs. Hankin told me, she was restless, haunted by a nameless nagging and could not sleep.

"It was all very strange," Mrs. Hankin said.

"I tried a magazine first, then I turned on the radio.

"At about 11 p.m. — normally I wouldn't have been up that late — I heard a news flash about a collision between Voyager and the aircraft-carrier Melbourne.

"I ran to a neighbor's and rang the Navy. They couldn't tell me anything about John.

"I stayed up all night listening for further news.

"At 7 a.m. I learned from the Navy that John was safe. Later I was told he was coming home on the carrier."

When I saw her, Mrs. Hankin was waiting at the Balmoral naval depot in Sydney.

"Perhaps they'll be able to tell me more news of him here," she said.

She got her wish.

There was an emotional outburst when a survivor, Petty-Officer Jim McDermott, learned that one of the women he saw waiting was the wife of his shipmate, "Hank."

Jim rushed across to tell Mrs. Hankin how he had seen "Hank" safely on a life-raft after the collision.

"God bless you!" said Mrs. Hankin — and hugged the man who first gave her personal assurance of her husband's rescue.

It wasn't until Wednesday morning, after the aircraft-carrier faltered into Sydney Harbor with survivors picked up from the waters off Jervis Bay, that she and her husband were reunited.

She was at Garden Island at 4.30 a.m., waiting for the carrier to berth. John was on deck looking for her.

(The following day, because of delayed shock and grief over the loss of his three best mates in Voyager, Mrs. Hankin told us he'd rather not be photographed.)

During the agonising early hours before the news that many men were safe and many others had only slight injuries, Voyager had a "shadow crew" — the wives, the sweethearts, the mothers, the sisters, the daughters.

Through the Tuesday there was a fathomless ocean of fear in which to struggle.

And even when good news came that *he* was alive, there was still agonising waiting.

Quiet group

On the day after the collision a subdued band of Sydney women converged on H.M.A.S. Penguin, Balmoral, the shore base which had swung into action to receive survivors.

Some women had relief clearly written on tired faces, because they knew that their men were safe and would be reunited with them when buses arrived from Jervis Bay.

Mrs. Kathleen McDermott, of Maroubra, was one of these.

A slim, attractive brunette, she arrived at Penguin about noon with her two children, four-year-old Drew and Brett, 2½.

When the first bus swept through the gates at Penguin (past the base flag at half-mast) and the men climbed out, for a moment Mrs. McDermott failed to recognise her husband.

At previous reunions Jim McDermott, a petty-officer engineer-mechanic in Voyager for about 18 months, had stepped ashore and into her arms in crisp uniform, smiling.

That day at Penguin, however, he walked from the bus in baggy, borrowed overalls — and finding it hard to smile.

For about an hour the family sat drinking tea and eating fruit cake in a specially commandeered room made available for reunions.

The children, too young to understand, played happily with those of a friend who had accompanied Mrs. McDermott.

A white-faced Kathleen could not talk about her ordeal. Jim gently steered her and the children from the room when reporters and photographers came to see him.

The Bells — Frank and Grace — of Seaforth, were "shipmates" of Mrs. McDermott in Voyager's shadow crew of relatives at Balmoral.

They waited, knowing that their son, 21-year-old Leading Seaman Colin Bell, was safe, but not sure whether he would arrive in one of the buses or in the aircraft-carrier next morning.

The big buses came and spilled out survivors — not Colin, however.

Still the Bells waited, just in case another bus brought him.

Colin's pretty blond sister, Mrs Ellen Harlow, was there, too. She had come from Blaxland, in the Blue Mountains.

Mr. Bell, stubble-chinned and tired after a dawn driving dash to Jervis Bay that ended at Wollongong, where he learned that survivors were being evacuated to Sydney, called me back when I had finished interviewing the family.

"Was my wife in the picture the photographer took?" he asked. I said she was.

"Well," Mr. Bell said, "if you use the picture, say that Colin is the second of seven children—five boys and two girls.

"Grace is a wonderful wife and mother."

Among the people who had good news like the McDermotts, the Bells, and Mrs. Hankin were those others like the Nuss family.

Mrs. Barbara Nuss, of Cremorne, waited with her son Bruce, 10, for news — any news — of another son, 20-year-old Ordnance Artificer Graham Nuss.

Graham Nuss is among Voyager's missing.

Mrs. Nuss was a brave, lonely figure. Her husband, Warrant-Officer First Class Cliff Nuss, had not yet arrived from his Army camp at Bathurst, N.S.W.

All day I didn't see a tear, didn't hear a sigh from the women at Balmoral.

But perhaps the stoicism of the families that waited was best summed up by the missing Graham Nuss' little brother, who ignored the real reason why he had taken a day off from Class 5B at Neutral Bay Public School and talked shyly to me about what he'd like to do when he leaves school.

"A scientist, perhaps," he said. "Not," he added gravely, "a sailor."

His mother squeezed his hand.

MRS. BARBARA NUSS, of Cremorne, waiting bravely at Balmoral with her son Bruce for news of her eldest son, Graham — listed missing.

MRS. ELLEN HARLOW and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell, waiting at Balmoral for their brother and son, L/S Colin Bell.

AT RIGHT: Another survivor, Ordinary Seaman John Monaghan, of Syndal, Vic., is greeted by fiancee Lorraine Pearce at Garden Island.

MRS. SHIRLEY HANKIN with Petty-Officer Jim McDermott, of Maroubra. She hugged him in gratitude for his news that he'd seen her husband safely on a life-raft.

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(More pictures)

THE NAVAL DISASTER

H.M.A.S. VOYAGER, lost in the collision.

ANXIOUS faces watch the arrival of H.M.A.S. Melbourne at Garden Island Dockyard, Sydney Harbor, seeking the first sight of sailor relatives or friends returning after the calamitous collision. Pictures taken early morning, February 12.

Relatives wait . . .

. . . while!

TEARFUL among a group of watchers as she waits for her fiance, Ordinary Seaman John Monaghan, of Melbourne, is Miss Lorraine Pearce (third from left), also of Melbourne. AT RIGHT: A wounded man is carried ashore from H.M.A.S. Melbourne.

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H.M.A.S. MELBOURNE, damaged in the collision, returns to Sydney Harbor. She is being repaired in dry dock.

Melbourne limps out of the dawn

TYPICAL MEETING after Melbourne's arrival in Sydney. Engine Room Artificer Ken G. Edge, of Liverpool, N.S.W., and his wife, Del, embrace (above left). Arms clasped round each other, they leave for home (above).

CAPTAIN R. J. ROBERTSON, captain of H.M.A.S. Melbourne, pictured on arrival in Sydney.

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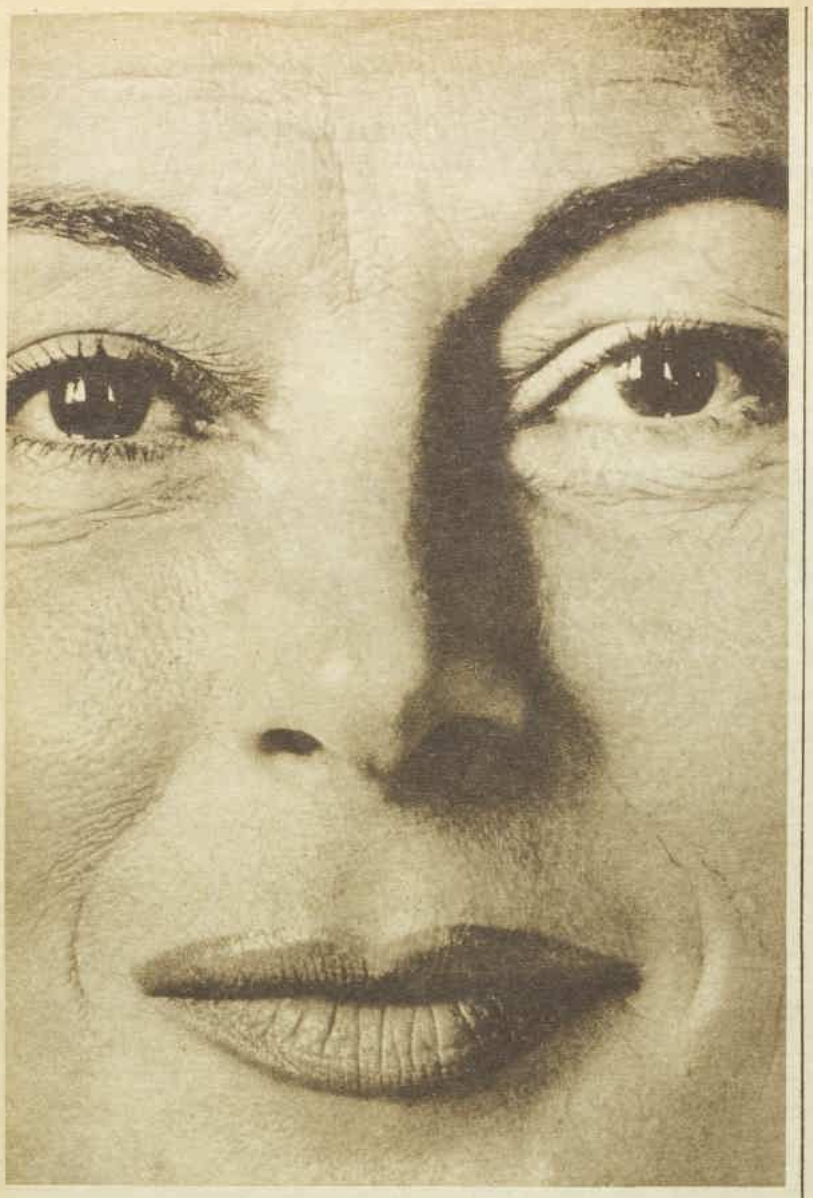

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Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

● ***Pat Vass, elder daughter of the former Consul-General for the United States, Mr. Laurence C. Vass, and Mrs. Vass, will arrive in Sydney in April to marry Paul Mazoudier, of Darling Point. Pat and Paul (photographed above at the 1962 Fourth of July Ball) will live in a flat at the Astor, Macquarie Street, after their marriage.***

Paul's mother, Mrs. Keith Mazoudier, told me Mrs. Vass will be coming to Sydney with Pat, and they're hoping that the father of the bride will be here for the wedding in May.

He's in a diplomatic trouble spot in Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa, where he's Charge d'Affaires at the United States Embassy. The family have been living there since they left Australia early in 1963 after three years in Sydney at "Craigend," Darling Point.

Pat, who is wearing a diamond engagement ring which Paul airmailed to her a few weeks ago, made many friends at Sydney University, where she studied philosophy, and during her stay in Kenya has been teaching at the Delamere High School.

"We're waiting until Pat gets here before deciding where the wedding will be held," Mrs. Mazoudier said, "and, although we don't know who will be attending Pat, we do know that Paul's brother, Peter, will be best man."

By the way, the announcement of Pat and Paul's engagement was timed to coincide with Mr. and Mrs. Mazoudier's silver wedding anniversary, so the family celebrated the two events the same night at their new country home, "Glen Maria Hall," Bathurst.

★ ★ ★

FASHION honors of the week I thought went to Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan, who looked cool and smart shopping in town in a slim, simply cut lilac linen sheath dress and huge violet straw cartwheel hat swathed with matching lilac chiffon.

★ ★ ★

JUST-ENGAGED Anne Carter and Peter Goddard are busy with plans for a mid-April wedding. Anne, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Carter, of "Amaroo," Quirindi, is wearing an eye-catching diamond solitaire engagement ring. Peter is the second son of Mr. M. M. Goddard, of Mosman, and of the late Mrs. Goddard.

★ ★ ★

SIX good husbands will come to the aid of the Post-Graduate Medical Research Foundation Ladies' Auxiliary for its buffet lunch at William Inglis and Son's Newmarket stables on March 22. They are John Human, Dick Opie, Dick Stafford, Keith Gollan, Jo Fallon, and John Norris, who'll help serve refreshments while their wives act as waitresses to the 400 country and city guests. Incidentally, the lunch will be held after the parade of yearlings, which is held annually before the sales the following day.

THE party Mrs. John Loxton will give at her Bellevue Hill home on February 28 sounds fun. The guests will all be Ascham old girls, many of whom haven't seen each other since they left school. "I felt it would be a marvellous idea to get my former schoolmates together again," Mrs. Loxton said. The party will be a farewell for ex-pupil Mrs. Arthur Kinnear, who is going to England on April 2 with her daughters, Margaret and Bettina. Mrs. Kinnear's husband and son, Angus, are already there and have started house-hunting for the family's new home in London. Before she leaves Mrs. Kinnear will spend a brief holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. MacPhillamy, of "Charlton," Rockley.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Mrs. Keith Reid, who has been holidaying at Newport with her three children, Vicki, Jane, and Angus, has returned home to "Cowarabin," Forbes. Not for long, however! They'll be there just long enough to help Mr. Reid with the packing before setting off for their new home at Red Hill, Canberra. The family hope to move in by the end of the month.

★ ★ ★

DIANE BANNISTER will make a beautiful bride in a classical gown of hand-embroidered cream satin, made in Kuala Lumpur, when she marries Dennis Nocher at the Vaucluse Methodist Church on February 22. Dennis has been working in Kuala Lumpur for the past eighteen months and arrived here last week for the wedding. The couple met in Kuala Lumpur last year, when Diane was working with the Australian High Commission. After the wedding they will live in Hong Kong for six months before going on to England, where they will make their home for the next few years. On their arrival they will fly to Ireland, so that Diane can meet Dennis' father, Mr. Charles Nocher, and his sister, June, who lives in Belfast.

★ ★ ★

THE Cook Rudwicks, who have been staying at their lovely beach home, "Wirreanda," Church Point, since Christmas, intend staying down there until the end of the month or "while the weather lasts." At the moment they have two country visitors, Mrs. Fred Carr, of "Chatsbury," Goulburn, and Mrs. Les Price, of Bowral, staying with them. Another houseguest, Mrs. Rudwick's sister, Mrs. John Carew-Reid, of Peppermint Grove, Western Australia, left last week for home after a month here.

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HOSTS Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pritchard photographed in their 85-year-old surrey at the Crazy Day Lunch held at their home, "Wingello," Castle Hill. More than 300 guests attended the lunch, arranged by the Women's Committee of the Lewisham Hospital Cancer Welfare Fund.

TRIO (from left), Mrs. Geoffrey Clubb, Lady Portarlington, and the president of the Eternal Childhood Foundation, Mrs. James McKeon, at the Muu Muu and Mimosa Morning which the Foundation held at Mrs. Clubb's Mosman home to defray expenses for a "Frontier Night" party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Louis, of Lindfield, on February 29.

ABOVE: Miss Diana Fisher (left) and Mrs. Anthony Kennedy-Green at the Black and White Committee's lunch and fashion parade held at the Chevron Hilton Hotel. English actress Muriel Pavlow was guest of honor at the lunch, which will aid the Royal Blind Society.

AT LEFT: Miss Susan Trahan and Mr. Patrick Dine, who have announced their engagement. Miss Trahan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Trahan, of Bellevue Hill, and her fiance is the son of Captain and Mrs. L. N. Dine, of Elizabeth Bay. They will marry early next year.

JUST WED. Mr. Douglass Arnott and his bride, formerly Miss Jacqueline Cannon, daughter of Mr. John Cannon, of Kirribilli, after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Arnott, of Darling Point. The reception for 60 guests was held at the Australia Hotel.

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WORTH REPORTING

THERE are three main reasons why more people are overweight today, says Myra Waldo, compiler of the Slenderella Cook Book, a collection of recipes for slimmers.

The reasons:

- More leisure time, which most people spend WATCHING (and eating) rather than DOING.
- Labor-saving devices in the home, which give the housewife twice as much free time as before.
- Thirdly (and many psychiatrists believe that this is the primary reason for overweight), there are all the stresses and tensions of modern life.

"Their reasoning may be summarised this way," says Myra Waldo. "Immediately after birth, an infant is primarily concerned with food obtained orally by breast-feeding or from the nipple of a bottle.

"Anything and everything within reach is placed in the mouth—the infant's chief area of sensation.

"As the child grows older he sucks his thumb, or puts pencils in his mouth, and otherwise continues the oral pattern. Almost all of us outgrow our childish mannerisms, but few can rid ourselves of them completely.

"The simplest of all human tastes is for sweet foods.

"Many mothers knowing this bribe children into eating important and vital foods by promising sweet desserts for finishing meat, vegetables, and milk.

"Food, in the infantile mind, then ceases to be what it should always be —nutrition, pure and simple. It partakes of a 'reward' in the child's subconscious, and he soon learns to equate sweet foods with accomplishment, reward, and—most of all—approbation by his parents.

"What is there to do about the problem? Recognise once and for all that regardless of the reason YOU ascribe for your excess weight, care and attention to what you eat will reduce your weight."

The Slenderella Cook Book, published in America, and now available in Australia, lists hundreds of delicious recipes, each marked with the number of calories per serve. Each recipe has been designed to be prepared with a minimum amount of fats, oils, and sugars.

There are sample menus for 1200-1800 calorie diets for 30 days.

And there's a special section devoted to the eating patterns of children — how bad eating habits are established, and how they can be corrected.

The Slenderella Cook Book is available only from the Slenderella Salon, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, and costs 6/- a copy.

Designing model

MOST girls take up a modelling career by design. Bianka Barry set out to become a dress-designer—and became a model by accident.

Bianka, a slender blonde with charm as well as elfin good looks, left her native Yugoslavia five years ago for Paris, and took some of her dress designs to one of the smaller fashion houses.

The house needed a model, and Bianka needed work. So, totally inexperienced, she took her place in the next parade.

In halting but expressive phrases (she still has difficulty with her English), Bianka told us: "I was so surprised that they engage me. Always I had it in my head that I was too skinny and high.

"But some of the other girls were very much higher than I am. I just watched what they do — and nobody asked if I was ever a mannequin before."

Bianka was a success. That first modelling engagement led to work with other fashion houses, including Jacques Fath. "For the first time in my life, the chance smiled at me," she said.

Bianka grew up in wartime Belgrade. Food was so scarce that there were days when she and her mother did not eat at all.

She married while still a student at Belgrade University and had a baby son. When her young husband was killed in a motor accident, she decided to take her baby and live with an aunt whose home was in Paris.

Getting to Paris was no easy feat. Her applications for a permit to leave Yugoslavia were refused continually, so with her boy (then three years old) she joined a group of young people planning to escape through the frontier.

Two miles from the border, after hours of trekking through rough country in soaking rain, the barking of dogs warned the party of danger. So they turned back.

Two weeks later Bianka and one of the girls — her close friend — decided to try again. They took one small suitcase each, and took turns in carrying the little boy. They had to crawl much of the way, and gradually discarded all their possessions.

"And when we thought to be in safety, we stand up—only to hear a voice say: 'Stop or I shoot!'" Bianka said.

The two girls were imprisoned and Bianka's son, Deyan, was sent back to her mother in Belgrade.

After her release, Bianka could find no work. In desperation, she went directly to the Ministry and asked: "Please will you let me go to Paris to visit my aunt—she is very ill."

She was given a permit, on condition that she left her son behind in Belgrade.

BIANKA BARRY

In Paris she found temporary work with an American family, looking after their son, who was just a little older than her own boy.

Then came her lucky break.

Modelling engagements took her to Belgium, Italy, then to Switzerland. Meantime, her son became very ill, and the Yugoslav authorities allowed her mother and little Deyan to join her in Lausanne.

Bianka and Deyan arrived in Sydney just before Christmas, and are living with Bianka's aunt, who migrated from Paris three years ago.

Deyan, now 10, is at school. His attractive mother will soon be appearing in city fashion parades.

"I hope to work as a beautician, too," she said. "And maybe I will try again to be a dress designer."

Downfall of a Romeo

WELSH novelist Gwyn Thomas, in a recent B.B.C. broadcast, told listeners about his strict upbringing in Wales as a child. "Any interest in the opposite sex was frowned on," he said, "so that, when I went to Spain as a young man, I wasn't equipped to handle the romantic atmosphere."

The cause of his downfall —literally—was a girl who used to sit on a balcony near his digs on the outskirts of Madrid.

"She was unbearably lovely," recalled Mr. Thomas, "and wore about a mile of black lace. I was fascinated, and used to hum mournful tunes under her balcony whenever she appeared.

"One night I determined to speak to her, so, in a desperate moonlight manoeuvre, I climbed up the trellis and made a wild swing at the balcony.

"It came away in my hand, and I fell. I felt as if my back was broken in a million places."

Gwyn Thomas never saw his Castilian rose again — but he got a giant bill from her father for the balcony.

A YOUNG man we know, taking his four-year-old brother to church for the first time, put extra money in the collection plate.

"You don't have to pay for me," whispered the four-year-old. "I'm under five."

Cosmonaut and the Queen

DURING her recent visit to London, Russia's girl cosmonaut Valentina Tereshkova spent so long talking to the Queen and Prince Philip at Buckingham Palace that she was half an hour late for her next appointment.

The Queen and Valentina talked together for 40 minutes — half an hour longer than the time set for the reception. They talked of the babies they both expect this year, the Queen her fourth child, and Valentina, who married cosmonaut Major Andrian Nikolayev last November, her first.

One of the things the Queen and Valentina may have discussed was the effect of space radiation on Valentina's unborn child.

Valentina herself said when she arrived in London that all the tests showed there was no danger to a woman or her unborn children from the effects of space radiation, although both she and her husband have been exposed to radiation.

The Queen had not thought to bring down little Prince Andrew to meet the famous spacewoman.

As she was leaving he stood at an upstairs window, his nose pressed to the glass, waiting to wave to her.

But Valentina didn't know he was there and drove away through the cheering crowd outside the Palace. Andrew waved to the car until it was out of sight.

* * *

HE was walking along the beach. A thin, stooped figure with a beard and an air of enormous concentration. He looked as if he was composing a sonnet or a symphony.

As we came closer we thought we heard music — surely not a pop song? But it was. And the soulful young man was not composing. He was listening intently to his transistor radio.

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ARTIST Russell ("Tas") Drysdale (right) photographed with the man who taught him art, George Bell.

Famous artist likes to rough it

● Although he is a world-renowned painter whose work brings big prices and "rave" reviews and hangs in famous galleries and homes, Russell Drysdale is happiest "roughing it" in the Australian outback.

FOR 30-odd years the 51-year-old Sydney artist's love of the interior has been reflected in most of his paintings — of primitive, rugged scenes, and people to match.

A very typical Drysdale painting — one of his recent works, "Ceremony at the Rockface" — is reproduced in color on pages 26 and 27 in this issue.

The painting is one of seven new landscapes, typical of present-day Australian art, specially commissioned for the Viscount Collection by Godfrey Phillips International Pty Ltd.

The collection is being shown at public exhibitions in every Australian capital city, and possibly in leading country centres as well.

Each painting is also being presented this year in a double-spread display in The Australian Women's Weekly in a seven-month series.

Godfrey Phillips is making available to the public good-quality reproduction prints, suitable for framing, of the paintings.

The displays in The Australian Women's Weekly give instructions how to obtain these prints.

"Ceremony at the Rockface," first in the published series, shows aborigines performing a ritual.

The artist says, however, that it represents no particular place, ceremony, or aborigines.

Instead he has "taken certain attributes of ceremony, tribe, and place, and tried to make of them a design which would give a viewer a feeling of looking at a primitive world."

Russell Drysdale is regarded as one of Australian art's "Big Three" painters — ranking with Sidney Nolan (also represented in the Viscount Collection) and William Dobell.

Born at Bognor Regis, England, Drysdale (his friends never call him Russell — it's "Tas" or "Tassie," a childhood nickname given by a sister) settled in Australia with his family in 1923.

By ROBIN ADAIR

He went to school at Geelong Grammar until 1929.

On leaving school he went jackerooing in North Queensland and the Riverina.

In 1935, in his early 20s, Drysdale was managing a station property.

He was considering making his career on the Burdekin River delta, in North Queensland, where, in 1894, his grandfather, George Russell Drysdale, had established a sugar mill.

(Russell Drysdale's father was born in Australia, but went to live in England at an early age.)

But a friend, "Dan" (later Sir Daryl) Lindsay, of the famous artistic family, saw some sketches Drysdale had made idly and urged him to study art.

The young amateur took the advice and attended George Bell's art school in Melbourne.

The one-time jackeroo's paintings now give pleasure to people such as the Queen Mother and Sir Laurence Olivier, both owners of Drysdales.

Drysdale never turned his back on the bush.

His most prized possession is an ancient, broad-brimmed "bushie's" hat.

From under its shade Drysdale for years has scanned the desolate back country for material.

Usually he commits his inspirations to memory (sometimes he makes pencil or charcoal sketches), then puts them on canvas in his city studio.

Strangely enough, the man who sees Australia so clearly has a visual handicap.

He has a detachment of the retina in his left eye.

"My right eye really does the work of two," he said.

Other paintings in the Viscount Collection are:

"Wimmera Landscape," by Arthur Boyd; "Burke" (of the Burke and Wills expedition), by Sidney Nolan; "Summer in the You Beaut Country," by John Olsen; "Gippsland Explorer," by Albert Tucker; "You-Yang Pond," by Fred Williams; and "Government Reserve, Roebourne, North W.A.," by James Wigley.

The Boyd painting, the next in the reproduced series, will appear in the April 8 issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

See picture on pages 26, 27

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: QUEENSLAND'S GROWTH

By MARY BROKER

● Talking last week about Castlemaine Perkins' future as Queensland's largest brewer turned my thoughts towards the future potential of Queensland itself.

PROSPECTS for this State are somewhat more than spectacular, and its development contains some of the romantic excitement of the pioneering days of Australia.

For Queensland today is really on the threshold of discovery and economic development — only part of its untold resources have so far been brought to light.

A look at the map of Australia will show you that Queensland is our second largest State, but will not tell you that more than 80 per cent. of the population lives in Brisbane, or that it produces 95 per cent. of all the sugar grown in Australia, plus practically all the cotton, peanuts, and sunflower seeds.

Anybody who reads our daily papers would know what a booming industry sugar was last year and is likely to be again this year.

In 1963 we produced 1.7 million tons, and were fortunate that Europe had a poor sugar beet crop, and that Cuba is in the hands of Castro.

This meant a shortage of sugar on world markets, and, of course, when demand exceeds supply prices rise. And indeed they did —to more than £100 a ton.

Although the sugar price is not likely to remain as high as this, prospects for future growth are encouraging. The Sugar Inquiry Committee recently recommended an increase in production to 2.4 million tons of sugar in Queensland by 1970-71.

Another important agricultural development is the clearing of the "brigalow" district in the coastal highlands in Central Queensland for cattle raising. Beef is second only to sugar among Queensland's income earners, and this project envisions the ultimate clearance of about six million acres to make cattle farming more efficient.

However, the primary attraction of Queensland as an investment State comes from the vast mineral reserves. These are the projects into which foreign capital is now being poured.

OIL: Possibly **THE** most important development from Australia's point of view is the discovery of our first commercial oilfield at Moonie in December, 1961.

Oil currently runs up our import bill by £130 million a year, and experts have calculated that if we continue to import instead of producing our own oil this figure could reach £260 million a year by 1975.

From the strategic viewpoint, we just *must* develop our own oil resources, for nearly all of our oil comes from countries like those of the Middle East and Indonesia, where the political climate is highly unstable.

But we are slowly reaching this end, and a 10in. pipeline is now being constructed from Moonie to Brisbane. This empties out near two planned refineries, one costing £21 million being built by Ampol, the other an £11 million operation being built by Amoco (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., a subsidiary of Standard Oil of Indiana.

Natural gas, too, has been found in at least three places, and this will be of great use in future years for generating electricity, among other things.

ALUMINIUM:

Queensland also owns the largest deposits of high-grade bauxite yet discovered. These are at Weipa, on the Cape York Peninsula, and are estimated to contain several thousand million tons.

At Gladstone, on the Queensland coast, a £50 million alumina plant is to be established. Comalco Industries Pty. Ltd. (jointly owned by Conzinc Riotinto of Australia Ltd. and Kaiser Aluminium and Chemical Corporation of the U.S.) is to be joined in the project by Europe's largest aluminium producer, the Pechiney Co. of France, and by Aluminium Ltd., Canada.

The refinery is to be the largest single alumina plant in the world, and is to have an annual capacity of 600,000 tons of alumina.

COAL: One of the great coal mines of the Southern Hemisphere exists in the 350-square-mile Kianga-Moura coalfield, 100 miles south-west of Gladstone.

Here £15 million is to be spent in six years by Thiess Holdings Ltd. of Queensland, the Peasbody Coal Company of America, and the giant Japanese steel firm, Mitsui & Sons.

A contract was recently obtained to supply 3.4 million tons of coal to Japan over seven years, which will provide more than £14 million to boost Australia's oversea income. This is the largest coal order ever received by an Australian company.

IRON: There have been reports of enormous iron-ore deposits along the border of North Queensland and the Northern Territory. Coupled with the Moura-Kianga coal, this could well result in an integrated steel complex at Gladstone, should such a project be economically possible.

COPPER, SILVER, LEAD, ZINC:

I have already described to you the exciting future ahead for Mt. Isa Mines Ltd., whose ore reserves grow every year and are now 29½ million tons.

The above is only a brief description of what is happening in Queensland today.

I am sure you will agree with me that the future prospects for this State are beyond imagination — the huge amounts of money now flowing in give only a slight indication of what we can expect.

At the moment Queensland is without doubt a thrilling centre for investment, and over the next few weeks I shall tell you about some of the companies which stand to gain.

Thrilling field for investment

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MEET THE REAL DIANA

Television

● Diana Ward, and all of the other presentation officers on ABC-TV, are always shown as head-and-shoulders studies, pinned to the centre of the TV screen by the eye of that sweet-and-sour mechanism, the TV camera.

IT takes a shrewd head sitting on nice shoulders and a strong personality to get on the sweet side of the camera and stay there, and it has taken Diana a lot of hard work and effort to do it.

In the eyes of the camera and Sydney's televiewers, a very critical pair, she sits pretty all the time now.

It wasn't always so. She has been criticised for being too sweet, for moving her head, for doing what she calls "funny things" with her mouth, chewing a word as she said it from the right side of her mouth across to the left, for all kinds of mannerisms that viewers noticed.

"Chastening"

Apart from the criticism she says the most helpful thing to her is watching herself on TV.

"It is the most chastening, horrid experience," she said, "but it is most valuable.

"Every time I see myself I am convinced I should rush off and get a job sweeping the streets."

I asked Diana how she felt about criticism.

"I welcome constructive criticism," she said. "I have been very lucky in the way I have been criticised; I rarely have had anyone criticise me hurtfully.

"I think criticism is inevitable. If you are appearing constantly before a representative audience, it is practically impossible to meet with unanimous approval.

"I think it is hard for someone looking at you on the TV screen to get anything but that flat, grey view of you. They don't get to know the real you. How could they?

"A great deal of the time on the screen is taken up with purely routine announcements, and if you can get over about six-tenths of your personality in one of these you are doing well.

"Your personality gets watered down by the limitations of TV. What comes through to the viewer is diluted personality, like watered milk, not the real thing."

When you are exposed to the life-size Diana Ward and the undiluted personality you realise how right she is. She is a person with strong ideas and a sharp mind.

Her background is academic. She is a Bachelor of Arts of Melbourne University and also gained her Diploma of Social Studies there.

When she finished her courses Diana won a Fulbright Scholarship, which took her to America and 18 months' postgraduate social work at New York's Columbia University.

From there she went on to London, where she did further postgraduate studies and worked at the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, London.

A trip home to Melbourne and a long holiday in South Africa preceded her appearance on ABC-TV in Perth, where she served her TV apprenticeship. Eventually she came to Sydney to fill the gap caused by the resignation of the then reigning queen of presentation announcers, Tanya Halesworth.

After a six weeks' trial, Diana was pronounced the girl most likely to succeed in Tanya's job, and she was transferred permanently to Sydney TV.

Today she is the Dean of the Presentation Officers (Female Division).

She has become such an ABC-TV personality that her time off camera is so filled opening fairs, flower shows (she has a cattleya orchid named after her), bazaars, attending luncheons, and generally being Miss A.B.C. in person, that extra telespeakerinas, as they are called in America, have been added to the A.B.C. strength.

— *NAN MUSGROVE*

AND SHE'S GOT LEGS, TOO. TV's frame convinces some that presentation officers are crippled. Here to disprove it is Diana. She is 5ft. 4in., 34-23-35. Heart-whole, she goes out with several men, but "with one more than the others."

BEFORE. Diana in Perth, just before she came to Sydney. In Perth, Diana says, she was far less sophisticated, not so streamlined, so poised, as she now appears on Sydney TV.

AFTER two years in Sydney. She says: "Thanks to many things and the way fans have bolstered my confidence, I am more at home, I feel quite sincerely about what I am doing, don't put on an act, love every minute of my job."

DIANA'S Golden Slipper Garment and Apparel Manufacturers' Award, given for 1963's best image of Australian fashion.

NECKLINES are most important in Diana's wardrobe. This boat-shaped one worn plain or with a necklace is her television favorite.

HAIRDOS are Diana's big problem. She has a weekly hairdo then does it for herself.

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Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

Moving report on carrier's sad return

● Television reached great heights with its splendid coverage of the melancholy arrival of H.M.A.S. Melbourne in Sydney following its tragic collision with the destroyer H.M.A.S. Voyager.

THE TV cameras picked up Melbourne at first light at the Heads. It was then 4.45 a.m. and 40 technicians had worked all night preparing for the telecast.

Planning and discussion of the live telecast, a combined effort from TCN9 and ABN2, began late the day before. The teams of men moved into position at 8 p.m. and began setting up equipment.

TCN9's water-borne TV studio, the ferry Prolong, with the camera lashed down on the roof, waited at the Heads to follow Melbourne up the Harbor. Other cameras and micro-wave lengths were positioned on North Head and at the arrival wharf at the Naval Dockyard at Garden Island.

Everything was ready by 3 a.m. and the crews dozed alongside the cameras till first light showed Melbourne outside the Heads.

Tricky light

The pre-dawn light, gloomy and heavy, seemed the right atmosphere for Melbourne's arrival. It played queer tricks with the TV cameras and the first horrifying glimpse of the evidence of the collision, the bent flukes of the great anchor, the concertinaed metal just above the water-line.

Melbourne was off Bradley's Head at sunrise and the brightening light seemed right. They were nearly home now.

Rear-Admiral O. H Becher, the Flag Officer Commanding the Australian Fleet, was on the bridge with the captain of H.M.A.S. Melbourne, Captain R. J. Robertson.

● English singing star Alma Cogan, who will appear in "Alma Down Under," a show specially made in Australia recently, on Channel 9, at 7 p.m. on Monday, February 24.

With the sky clearing to its brilliant summer blue it was good to see the reunions on Garden Island, to hear Admiral Becher's talk to commentators.

There was a lot of dignity about the whole telecast, from the Admiral down to the Press men and commentators, a lot of unspoken feeling.

Commentators on the combined telecast were Michael Ramsden, John Gunn, Martin Royal, and Kit Denton. Gunn and Royal are both former R.A.N. men.

Gunn served as a pilot on an aircraft carrier. His talk with Martin Royal about Melbourne was most interesting and a help during the long period as the carrier made its way from the Heads to its mooring.

I thought the commentators did well. When you think that they had to keep talking from 4.45 a.m. to 7.15 a.m. you realise what a marathon and nerve-racking job it was.

Co-ordinating producer for the joint telecast was Ron May, of ABN2, who worked with TCN9's Peter Skelton. TCN9 sent the whole telecast down that wonderful coaxial cable to Melbourne viewers.

Sydney's third channel, ATN7, covered only the arrival of the Melbourne at the wharf.

★ ★ ★

A NEW ABC-TV show, "Six More Faces of Jim," starring Jimmy Edwards, left me convinced that either Jimmy or I have changed. I couldn't raise a laugh.

I don't think I have ever sat through a sillier, more childish or boring half-hour than the first of the series, in which Jimmy played the part of a sergeant-major of a mixed commando unit, brought together again to try to give their ailing colonel the will to live.

Mr. Edwards, with his 10in. moustache (insured for £10,000 with Lloyds of London) waxed to quivering needle points, galumphed through a script written by those usually admirable writers Muir and Norden, who wrote "Take It From Here."

It was awful.

I see with the greatest of interest that the next face of Jim will be called "Fatherhood," in which he plays Mr. Glum, father of Ron, whom you'll remember in "Take It From Here."

Always hopeful, I wouldn't miss this show, but the other four faces of Jim will be missing from my screen.

JIMMY EDWARDS

Special Alma Cogan show

A HALF-HOUR show, "Alma Down Under," starring Alma Cogan, will be seen from TCN9 at 7 p.m. on Monday, February 24.

Alma, down under or anywhere else, is a shapely ball of fire, famous for her singing — and famous to me as the voice of Mrs. Glum in the radio serial "Take It From Here."

You may remember Mr. Glum shouting "Mother!" and that unearthly unintelligible reply that bounced back. That was Alma.

Alma made this entertaining half-hour when she was here not long ago. It will replace "The Flintstones" on February 24.

"Flintstone" fans will be furious, I know, but Alma is more than worth looking at. One of her hobbies is designing her own dresses—those fabulous show business ones that have to be seen to be believed, with their sequins, rhinestones, and other elaborations.

I believe she wears a couple of beauties in this show. I haven't previewed it, but local producers are more than somewhat impressed with the production of the show, made by QTQ9 in Brisbane.

None of them expected the Queenslanders to show them how to produce a crackerjack show, and apparently that is just what they have done.

The show was made in the studio, at the famous Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary, and in a Surfers' Paradise restaurant, the Paradise Room.

For pop-music fans, the songs Alma sings include "I Love To Sing," "Ain't We Got Fun," "Sukiyaki," "Zom Zom," and "My Heart Stood Still."

ROMA BLAIR, Channel 9's yoga expert, shows the correct way to sit.

WATCH FOR ACHES, TOO

TELEVISION has been blamed for many things. The latest charge from America is that it is harmful to health.

With millions of us spending hours viewing, I thought the charge was worth looking into.

I found that televiewers are in no imminent danger, that there are, indeed, "diseases" aggravated or caused by TV — but viewers can continue their addiction happily if they take simple precautions.

Leading off the list of diseases TV can cause is one with the terrifying name of Coccygodynia, more commonly known as "television bottom." Sitting badly, slumped in your TV chair, is its general cause.

"TV elbow" and "TV neck" are two other viewer troubles. TV elbow comes from resting the elbows on the arms of an easy chair for long periods, causing pressure on the ulnar nerve, and numbness

Television neck is probably the commonest TV ache. Sitting in a chair that is too high or too low or with your face thrust forward strains the neck muscles.

Two chairs side by side in the dress-circle position for viewing often bring on TV neck. Each viewer leans in toward the centre of the set, and a couple of hours of this strain is enough to stiffen up the muscles.

But don't worry — televiewers can stay healthy and happy with a minimum of trouble. All you have to do is learn to sit properly, get up, have a stretch occasionally and a walk round the room.

I asked TCN9's yoga expert, Roma Blair, who amazes me as she effortlessly exercises and teaches yoga on that popular Saturday morning programme, "Focus On Sport," at 10.40 a.m., how to sit properly.

I told Mrs. Blair what I'd learned about aches. Her answers are pictured here.

By the way, when you stand up, stretch, and walk around, don't walk to the kitchen for a snack. That sets up another hazard — TV obesity!

FOOTNOTE: If you live out of a viewing area you still need that occasional stretch. All these TV "diseases" can also come from sitting badly at the office desk or slumped behind the wheel of your car.

LEFT: To ward off "TV bottom," stretch after leaving seat, then touch ground. BELOW: "TV neck" exercise."

£1000 diet contest

● Tell us how you lost weight.

We will pay £1000 for the best diet success story sent in by a reader.

The diet need not be new or original, BUT IT MUST NOT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED TO ANY OTHER PUBLICATION.

Send in photographs of yourself, before and after you lost weight, if you have them, but photographs are not essential.

In addition to the prize of £1000 for the best diet we receive, we will pay £20 or more for any other diets we publish.

● Send entries to Diet Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries must reach us by March 1, 1964.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought For The Week*

Tommy Hanlon

Momma once said: "You know, a husband never realises how hard a wife works at home until she goes on a holiday or is sick." And I can vouch for that. Recently my wife, Murphy, flew home to see her mother. Well ! ! ! I ran out of dishes and pots less than a week after she had gone. And I won't say the house was littered. But one day the phone rang and I couldn't find it. So, for all the husbands reading this column, if your wife is going away for a week or two, I would like to give you the most important piece of advice I can. Don't let it happen to you . . .

My moral (not Momma's): . . . NEVER . . . I repeat NEVER . . . Wear a necktie when putting clothes through the wringer of a washing machine . . .

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A short spray of Air-O-Zone banishes stale old tobacco odours, bathroom smells and unpleasant food and cooking odours. Air-O-Zone is the modern, all-purpose room deodorizer and air freshener that quickly absorbs and destroys all unpleasant odours. Air-O-Zone purifies the air and leaves a fragrant spring-freshness right through your home.

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Freshen up your home with AIR-O-ZONE

T525/63

DID YOU KNOW?

TONY HANCOCK, having no TV plans at the moment, is going back to films again to star in a remake of "Harvey" — the story of the man followed around by a huge white rabbit that nobody can see but himself. The part was created with enormous success in 1949 in a stage production with the late Sid Field, who has always been one of Hancock's first and lasting idols.

In this film, which will bring him £40,000 stg., Hancock will co-star with Margaret Rutherford. He will also bring back the jobs of 400 technicians at Shepperton film studios, who were declared redundant before Christmas because of the crisis in the British film industry.

★ ★ ★

THE classic TV partnership of Bootsie and Snudge is coming to an end at last. After five years of working together, actors Alfie Bass and Bill Fraser have decided to call it a day, and move on to other things when the series now showing in England finishes soon.

In this last series (where the script editor is Peter Jones, better known as Mr. Fenner, of "The Rag Trade") the pair are working on the staff of a British Embassy in middle Europe, and getting involved with the diplomatic corps. After that Bill Fraser goes back to straight acting in a new stage play. Alfie Bass will settle on his chicken farm in Sussex while he considers various offers and nurses his private ambition to work on the directing side of children's films.

★ ★ ★

BLONDE Gena Rowlands and her husband, John Cassovetes, will co-star in a TV show for the first time in three years, in an Alfred Hitchcock Hour.

Television

ALLAN PRIOR, one of the two chief scriptwriters of "Z Cars," has written three plays set in his native North Country for English A.B.C. network. These are not in Liverpool, though, but in the rich holiday resort of Blackpool known as "The Golden Mile," and the trilogy will be offered for sale overseas after English showing.

Allan Prior wrote one of the first North Country plays to be shown on TV in 1956, and since then has won the top Screenwriters' Award for his "Z Cars" work, while his novel "One Away" won the Book Critics' Award and the French Grand Prix de Litterature.

★ ★ ★

JULIE ANDREWS, James Garner, Melvyn Douglas, and James Coburn will appear on N.B.C.'s 90-minute "Inside the Movie Kingdom." The stars will be filmed on the set of the movie they are currently preparing, "The Americanisation of Emily."

★ ★ ★

BOB HOPE, in his 26th year as a performer for N.B.C. on radio and television, is now 60 and doing five variety shows, two comedy dramas, and hosting a weekly drama series on American television. Recently he underwent a serious eye operation and there is some concern that the comedian's health may not permit him to manage a schedule as demanding as the present one.

Meanwhile, over at C.B.S., Hope is preparing an hour-long situation comedy special with Lucille Ball. The script calls for Miss Ball, in real life president of Desilu Studios, to portray the boss of a studio that is producing a TV special starring Hope.

★ ★ ★

LLOYD BRIDGES and his son, Beau, filmed an episode of "The Eleventh Hour."

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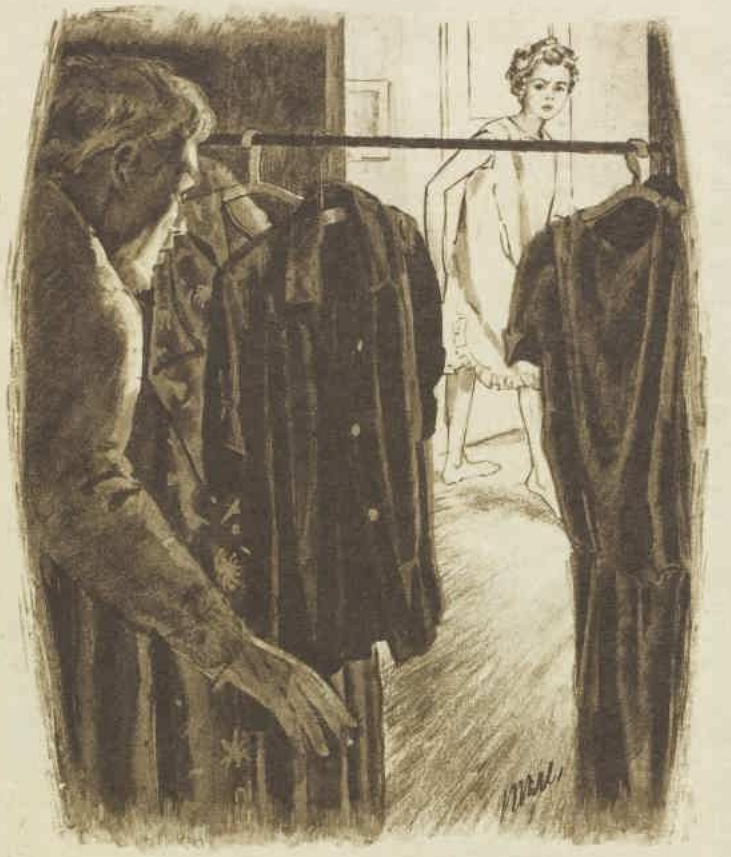
Child's Play

Final instalment of our dramatic suspense serial

By URSULA CURTISS



From his hiding place in the clothes cupboard Whelk saw Libby glance in his direction.

LEONARD WHELK had heard again the double slam of car doors in the Mannerings' drive; safely buried in darkness he had even watched the dwindling tail-lights after —how long? His nerves thought it to be an hour; a colder reason informed him that it could not possibly have been more than ten minutes.

So she had not told the visitors, whoever they were.

If she had—if either they or she had learnt about the girl at the bridge—they would have tried to phone the police immediately. They might not have suspected a severed line when the telephone was dead, but, on intimate enough terms for a visit at this time of the night, they would certainly not have allowed the woman and the child to remain there alone. For that matter, the woman would not have stayed.

No; for some reason she had not heard any of the news bulletins, although her radio was turned on. She might well, thought Whelk, be one of those moronic people who must have a mechanical sound playing, although they never really listen.

Or perhaps she was so wrapped up in her own exciting position of power that all her attention, tonight, was inward.

She might even have tried to phone him at home while he was on his way here, planning to make the first of her demands; she might have intended, this time, to call him by name . . .

The thought drove Whelk's blood agonisingly to the wound in his leg; for a few seconds it crawled with fire. When the pain had calmed down a little he crept quietly round the edge of the wall and into the courtyard.

The bamboo-curtained window was still lighted but, as far as he could tell, the kitchen was unoccupied. The woman had looked ready for bed, in curlers and nightgown; did she intend to leave the light on until her husband came home, or indeed all night?

Whelk slipped closer to the window, hoping to hear some indicative sound, but when a sound came it was out here in the half-darkness with him, a tiny idle touch of metal on metal.

The door, not three feet away to his right, across the angle of the house wall, was not locked; it was not even quite closed.

While he stared incredulously, as utterly still as a watched animal, a thin strip of deeper blackness appeared and then vanished as the door drifted half an inch and drifted back, its catch touching lightly again.

For just a moment the open door seemed so simple, so inviting, that Whelk distrusted it; it had the easy, careless look of a trap. But it could not possibly be a trap—and if the child had slipped out of the back door he could easily have used this one previously. Children were forgetful about doors, just as they were with light switches.

It was fortunate that Whelk had not discovered this door earlier, before the woman's visitors came. He turned the handle with care and stepped soundlessly into dimness.

With even greater care, because she must have no warning beforehand, he eased the door shut. An enormous calm possessed him, in spite of the pain in his leg and the gathering pace of his blood.

He was inside the house.

. . . . . .

"Harry?" said Daniel across the torch-streaked darkness. "William?"

There was no answer from either bed, except for Harry's audible breathing; he was inclined to sleep on his back, with his mouth slightly open, in spite of his brothers' threats that beetles would get in.

William slept neatly and silently on his side; Tess had been oblivious for hours.

Daniel heaved himself out of his bed and padded across the room to get the torch out of the wardrobe. It was not his conscience that smote him about the flood on the bathroom floor — that was Harry's fault, because he had left the water running—but a fair appraisal of what would await them all when they got home from school tomorrow.

The bathroom had been newly tiled, with many warnings about don't-you-dare-make-a-mess-of-this-one, and for all Daniel knew the water might right now be eating through whatever held the tiles together, and, worse, be dissolving the wall of the house.

He shone the torch on William, who said rapidly: "Make a — make a can't fly—schloff," and turned neatly and obliviously over on his other side.

Harry, next pinned cruelly in the beam, had a look of sleeping for several weeks.

Out of the half-dark, Tess said: "What's the matter, Daniel?"

"Oh, the bathroom's full of water and Dad'll kill us, that's all," said Daniel blackly.

This was the kind of situation that appealed to Tess. Without Libby to take over, or Harry and William to help, she was full of vast strength and ingenuity, along with the importance of being her oldest brother's sole ally in time of crisis.

Refreshed after her long nap, willing to move mountains, she said obligingly: "I'll get the mop if you can find the pail."

"The mop's outside drying," said Daniel, forgetting the rain, "and Elizabeth's got the pail."

Arms linked under her head, Tess considered the problem. Daniel still held the torch, and she said eagerly: "Hey, why don't we put all those clothes on the bathroom floor and sop it up? And put some towels there?"

She jumped off the cot. "I'll help."

"You know, you're a good girl, Tess," said Daniel surprisedly, and together they gathered the shirts and jeans and underwear and tossed them on to the brimming bathroom floor, walking on them to make them absorb more quickly.

Daniel wrung, Tess wrung. "I bet you Libby wouldn't do this," said Tess, panting.

"Libby thinks she's Miss America," said Daniel bitingly, "and that Kit thinks she's Miss Universe. Miss Outer Space if you ask me."

"Miss Monster," offered Tess with a giggle. It was seldom that she got on these confidential terms with Daniel.

She was carried away with mirth by this, but she did not neglect her work. She sopped and wrung until the floor was reasonably dry and the clothes had been deposited in the bath.

Then, struck by the glistening tidiness of the tiles, she said: "I'll get a bathmat."

"Tess, don't," said Daniel imperatively. "We can get that tomorrow."

To page 62

Cashmere Bouquet

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Ballerina

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CONSORT — Spacious, comfortable, contemporary. Chrome-plated frame with fingertip folding and locking action. Deep foam upholstered body covered in durable linen supported Vinyl cloth in bright, modern colours. Smart Footcover included.

CALIFORNIA — Sleek, chrome-plated frame with coil spring suspension for greater comfort. Detachable side and hood flaps. Adjustable back rest, foot rest. Positive safety brake. Swirl Blue, Old Ivory, Opal Blue, Opal Grey, Pearl Grey. Smart Footcover included.

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* SHOPPING BAGS AND COMPLETE PLASTIC STORMCOVERS AVAILABLE AS EXTRAS FOR ALL STROLLERS *

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THIRD CLASS PRINCESS

As soon as Jonathan saw Carlotta he knew that in spite of any barrier they were destined to meet . . . a romantic short story

By ROBERT STANDISH

THE tourist-class steward of the liner Queen of the Ocean lay back in his bunk, musing bitterly. He was a man soured by disappointment. The ship was at the dock in Cape Town, due to sail within the hour. There came a knock at the door. "Whatya want?" he said to a junior steward who peered into the room.

"Passenger wants to see you," said the other. "Says it's important."

"Tell 'im I'm not 'ere," snarled the steward, who had abandoned the use of aspirates since being demoted from his job as first-class steward of a smaller vessel. He was about to say more when a youngish man entered the room uninvited.

"My business won't take a moment," said the young man, not at all concerned by the rage on the other's face.

"I'm off duty," said the steward. "When I'm on, you'll find me at my office."

"My name," said the young man, waving a fistful of five-pound notes, "is Jonathan Morehead. I occupy tourist-class cabin No. 631. I've come to ask you to do a small thing for me."

Tourist-class passengers did not in all the steward's experience flash handfuls of money. Most of them, indeed, were extremely slow with anything bigger than a pound, which they believed entitled them to first-class treatment.

"Well," said the steward, "what is it?" He very nearly added "sir," except that it was against his principles to "sir" a tourist-class passenger.

"There is a lady," began Jonathan Morehead, "who has two suitcases and a large trunk, all marked with the initials 'C. G.' She is tall, beautiful, and in her early twenties. I want to sit at the same table with her, and I'm sure you can arrange it."

"Unless the young lady has already made other arrangements," said the steward, "I dare say I can fix it."

"There's another twenty-five when you've fixed it," said the other, counting out five notes into his hand.

"And supposing I can't?"

"Then we'll call it a day, and say no more about it."

"I'll do what I can — sir."

"Fine. You can't do more than that. And if I have her sitting next to me, there'll be another twenty-five in it for you."

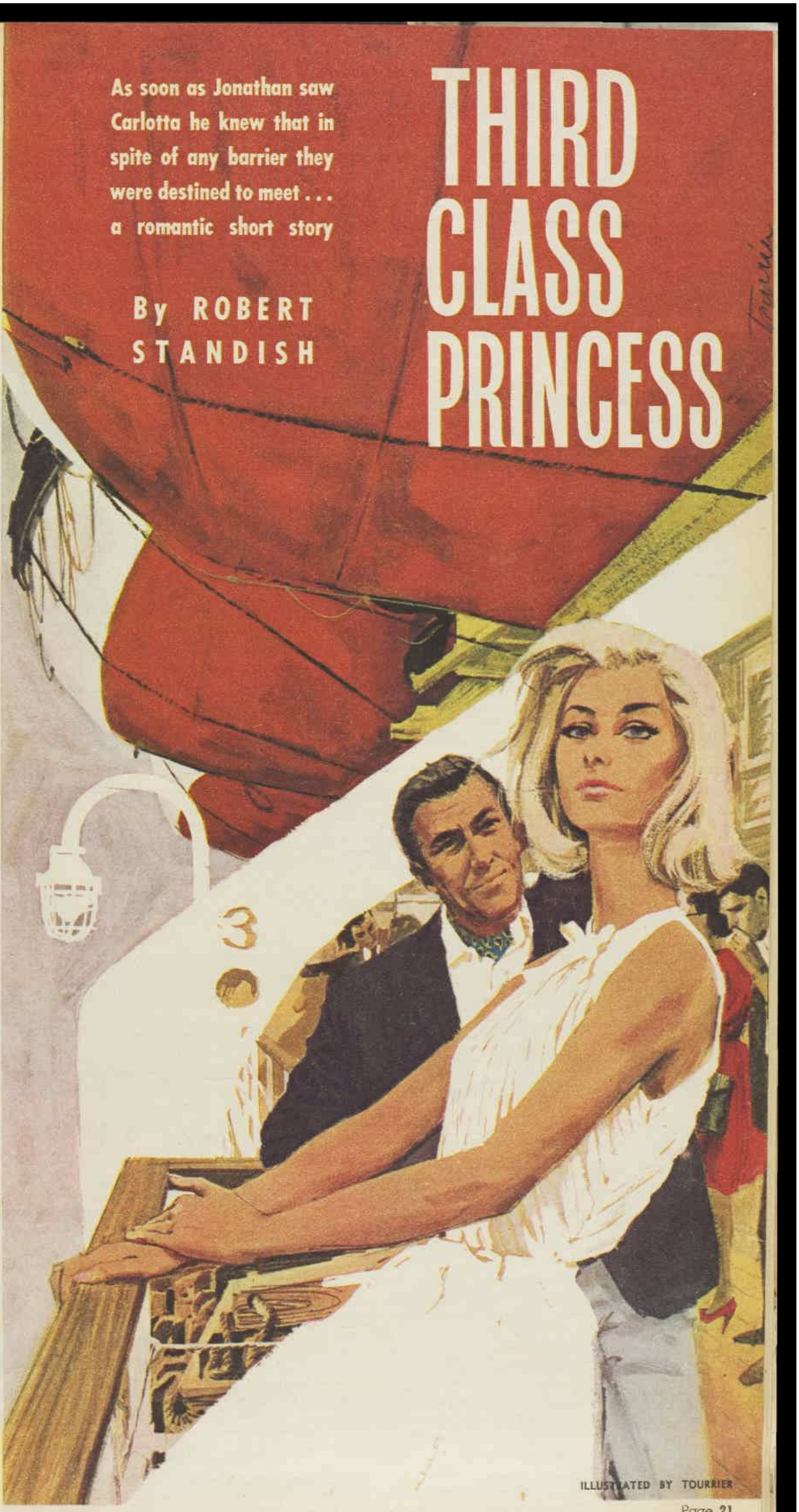
Dinner was the first meal aboard. As he went to the seating plan to learn where he had been placed, Jonathan Morehead saw that the lady on his left was Miss Carlotta Guarini. There were six at the table, all strangers to one another, but before dinner was over, a friendly relationship had been established all round.

Carlotta, despite her Italian-sounding name, looked more Nordic than Latin. She was a tall, medium blonde, with bright blue eyes and a slow, attractive smile. There was just a touch of haughtiness in the tilt of her chin and quick change of expression when anything displeased her. Her poise and assurance were unusual in a girl so young. When one of the young men at the table paid her a somewhat crude compliment, she quelled him with a look.

Jonathan, who was approaching his thirtieth birthday, owed much to his quick perceptions. In an age which has proliferated millionaires, the fact that he was a millionaire is less important than the fact that he became one by his own efforts, starting from scratch.

When asked what he did for a living, he always described himself as a speculator. He was exactly that. He had speculated in surplus Army goods, second-hand bulldozers, oil leases, and perishable crops, including lettuce.

To page 52



"Tell me, Carlotta, where are you going when you leave the ship?" Jonathan said.

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It's a woman's world!

Women who put the family first are in love with Morris 1100. Imagine; stretch-out comfort for four or five in a car a little longer than twelve feet (the famous East-West engine puts the space where you want it, on the inside). Parking is a breeze. Driving never so safe and exciting (the revolutionary ✣*Hydrolastic** suspension can't bounce, can't roll, can't pitch). The frontwheel drive streaks through traffic and one gallon of petrol is good for forty miles. There's a huge rear-window shelf and two glove-boxes to swallow packages and oddments. The contoured seating is as comfortable as an armchair and the styling is the eye-stopper of the year. No wonder the women are saying, "It's the car we hoped would happen".

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✣ **Tell your husband** that *Hydrolastic** suspension is the biggest breakthrough in years. Morris 1100 is *floated on fluid* for the most amazing car ride ever! There are few moving parts, no metal springs, no shock absorbers, no maintenance. Road shocks disappear, rough roads iron out, on the suspension that thinks for itself! **PRICE £960 INCLUDING SALES TAX**

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THE SINGING SILENCE

As the diver descends to the bottom of the sea the waters resound with magical echoes . . . a short story

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

OLD Vicente of Formentera was perhaps the happiest man I've ever known. And also, perhaps, the poorest.

He was a cadaverous, bent juniper of a man, brown and lined, and he owned not one piece of clothing that was not patched. He lived at Cala Pujol in a lean-to made of stone and driftwood and brush, with a rusty iron brazier for his kitchen and a couple of cracked earthen pots, discarded by the fishermen, from which to eat.

But he owned also an excellent snorkel and a pair of rubber flippers and a diver's mask, and, as I say, I don't believe there was a happier man.

I had been coming to Formentera for several years before Vicente stood out in my eyes from the old fishermen who drew their boats up under the brush and the bamboo shelters at the end of the beach where the rocks begin. At last I realised he was not a fisherman. He had no time to fish.

I had some Ibicenco, his dialect, a language quite different from the Castilian Spanish, so I could tell, that day I first saw him, that he was asking with dignity, not pleading, for the loan of a fisherman's small boat.

I could not understand, thinking him a fisherman, how he got along without a boat, but I offered to lend him the one I always rent in Formentera. I do not use it often anyhow. He thanked me, and again his dignity impressed me.

I watched him load the boat with the snorkel and the flippers and the face mask, an earthen jug of water, and a small parcel of provisions. There was no fishing gear, no underwater gun to go with his other equipment. I wondered what he intended to catch and how. I watched him row out, facing the horizon, a small man, intent.

I watched until he was but a speck on the horizon, and then I forgot about him. At Cala Pujol it is easy to forget. The turquoise waters are deep and clear to the bottom, the sand is untrodden, there is a long sweep of white-silver shore — the year I speak of, it was still that way — and the sun is a constant benediction. In peace, one forgets.

There came a day when the wind blew from Africa and the sea was sultry and the fishermen did not go out. They sat in the bamboo-roofed little bar on the beach and drank red wine and talked. "Vicente got in?"

"Not yet."

"He is 'loco, este hombre,' a little crazy."

"Not at all, not so much. He has the good intention."

"You think so? You, too, are 'loco.'"

"Me? Not at all. I see the point. I understand very well."

"Vicente?" I asked. "He is the old man with the underwater equipment?"

"Ah," they said, "aha. Ah."

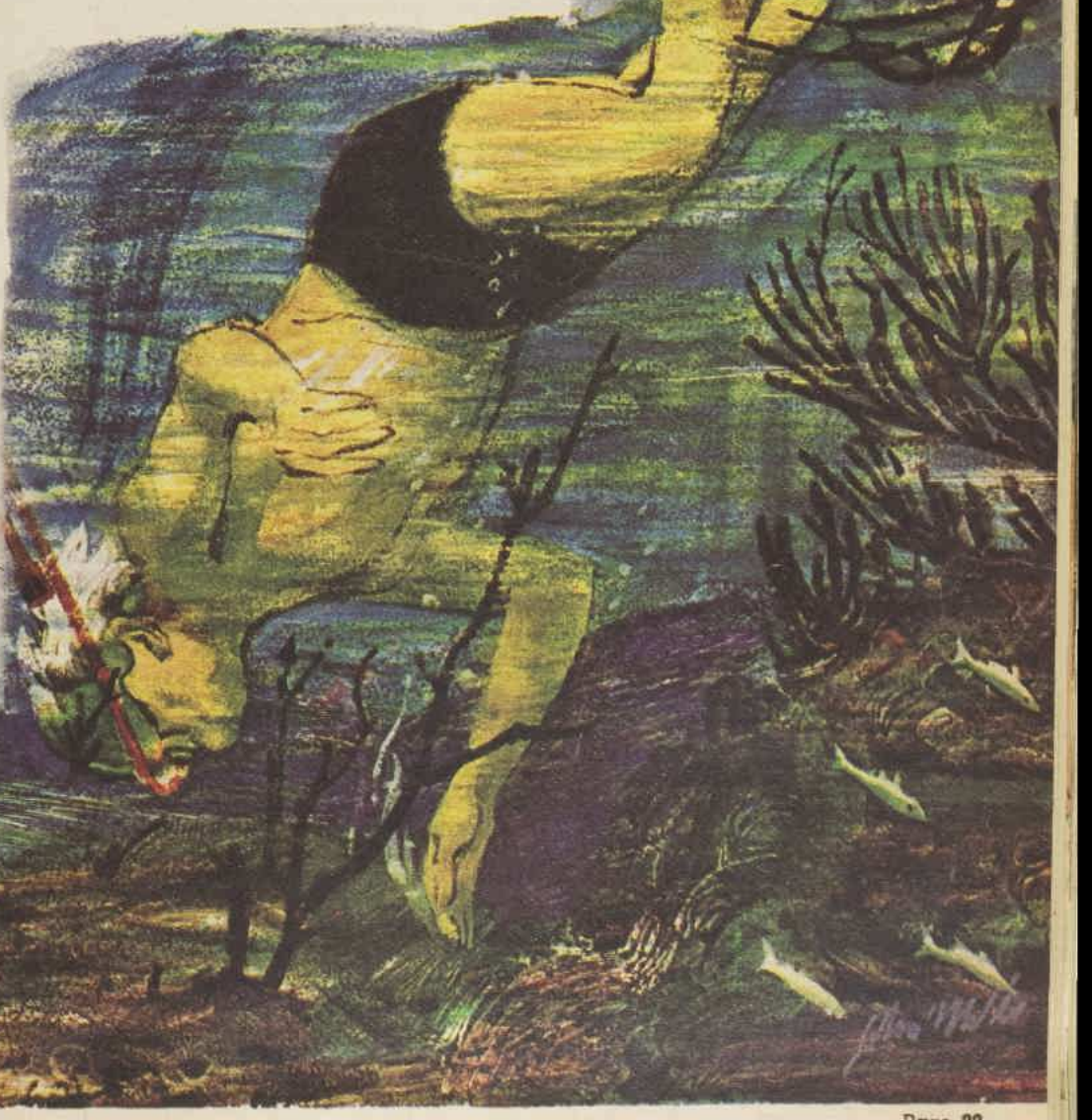
I asked for another bottle of the wine of the island, for only that is drunk there. We do not try to be smart by taking better-known wines.

And so, sitting there, with the wind from Africa blowing and stirring up the sea until it was muddy below and racing, sheep-white, above, I heard the story of Vicente.

He had been an ambitious boy 60 years ago, and he had left Formentera, the little island of the past. But 60 years ago there was not much for a Spaniard to do in his country of Spain. So Vicente went to sea in foreign ships, and after a time he came back. He walked the country, trying all sorts of jobs, but he ended where better men than he had ended, as a porter on the quays of Barcelona.

He had had a dream, but dreams fail a man sometimes. So he carried the luggage of others: the rich Spaniards, the visitors, the tourists. Until ten years ago he stood there at the quay, a number on his hat, waving his hand at the passengers from the boats,

To page 57



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COME BE MY LOVE

A charming story by VERA HENRY

Get more when you pour . . .

No other tea regardless of price can match Bushells for consistent flavor, freshness and all-round quality.

Remember what the Tea Council of Australia says:
"One good spoonful for everyone and one for the pot—that's the secret of good tea!"

tea

THE day began like any day in early February. The sky was chilly and overcast, without a hint of coming excitement.

Helen checked her shopping list mentally. Half a dozen of those sale dishcloths, a birthday card for her Aunt Irene, and three pairs of woollen socks, size 13, for Bob, her husband.

Those big feet of his, she thought fondly . . .

She was roused from her thoughts by the sight of a familiar, handsome figure coming toward her.

Helen gave the man her warmest smile. "Good afternoon," she said.

With a courtly gesture, the man bowed and held the store door open for her. "It's beginning to feel almost like spring," he said in a rich, intimate voice.

Helen smiled her thanks and floated through the revolving door feeling pampered and glamorous.

Such an attractive man, she thought, and tried to remember where she had met him before.

She stood still. "Devin O'Hara," she gasped. "It was Devin O'Hara."

No wonder she had mistaken him for someone she knew. She had not missed one of his television programmes in a year, but you didn't expect to see celebrities walking on the street like ordinary people.

She looked back, hoping to catch another glimpse of Devin O'Hara, but he was gone.

In a state of utter excitement she boarded her bus and went home, completely forgetting Bob's socks.

She opened the door of their flat without her usual sense of contentment. Suppose — it was ridiculous, of course — but suppose she had met a man like Devin O'Hara ten years ago, before she married Bob? She might have done all sorts of exciting things instead of just being a housewife.

At five-thirty, right on the dot, Bob came banging into the flat. He was a good average build and still had all his hair, but he had a knack of making even a new suit look lived in.

He gave her a skidding kiss. "What smells good?" he demanded.

She was rather touched. Bob seldom noticed things like that. "It's that new perfume—Passionate Moment."

"For dinner, honey," he corrected, going out to the kitchen. "Smells to me like roast beef."

"It is roast beef," she snapped.

If Bob had a soul it was probably in his stomach.

"I only asked," he said.

He glanced thoughtfully at her a couple of times during dinner.

"Headache?" he asked.

"Of course not." There was a definite edge to Helen's voice.

"All right then. What have I done?"

She took away his plate and

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brought back the apple pie. "Nothing. Just nothing at all."

"It isn't your birthday," he brooded. "I forgot that last month, and it isn't Christmas or our wedding anniversary. February — Valentine's Day — you're not mad about that. It isn't even here yet."

She gave him an injured look. "It wouldn't make any difference to you if it came in the middle of June. If you really want to know, I'm tired of being taken for granted. You never even pay me a compliment any more. Like dinner tonight. I spent a lot of time preparing it."

"I ate a second helping, didn't I?" he said reasonably. "Besides, I was waiting for you to say something nice about the trial balance I've been working on all day."

"You never pull my chair out for me," she said, "or open doors, or notice my hair or clothes."

He gave her a bewildered look. "For the love of Mike, what brought all this on? I give you all my salary and only chase blondes in my dreams. In my language that means I love you. What more can I do?"

"If you don't know," she said, "there isn't any use telling you."

There was a ten-minute silence as Bob read his newspaper.

"You'll never guess who I saw today," she said at last, unable to keep the news to herself any longer.

Bob looked up vaguely.

"Devin O'Hara," she said. "You know — he's on television."

"You mean the singer? The one who is so relaxed he practically falls apart?"

Helen gave him a disapproving look. "Talk about charm," her blue eyes grew dreamy. "He spoke to me. He has a way — I can't explain it — of making a woman feel important, as if he saw something in her no one had ever seen before."

"I knew my mother was making a dreadful mistake when she stopped my singing lessons," Bob said. "If she hadn't listened to the neighbors I might have been the toast of the nation today — women swooning at my feet — a jar of fireflies on my piano — I wouldn't care for anything as ordinary as candles."

She jumped to her feet. "You aren't funny at all. I'm going next door to see if Mary wants to go to the movies."

The film was very dull, and besides, Mary had once taken a correspondence course in writing and kept analysing the plot. Helen missed Bob. He always held her hand and bought her chocolates and, if a picture were dull, he just went to sleep instead of trying to improve the plot.

When she reached home she opened the door of her own flat with a feeling of relief. The room was a shambles, but it had a pleasant masculine smell of tobacco.

Poor darling. She had given him a rough time, though only, of course, for his own good.

She undressed in the bathroom so as not to awaken him. In the dark she slipped under the covers and his arm, as always, even in sleep, reached out for her.

She curled against him and then her eyes fell on the ceiling. She sat up and screamed. Above her was a huge, glowing heart on which were printed the words: I LOVE YOU.

I've gone mad, she thought. I'm having hallucinations.

First she thought she met celebrities on the street, now she imagined she saw ghostly hearts.

She closed her eyes, but when she opened them it was still there.

She shook her husband. "Wake up, Bob!" she cried. "Wake up! There's something on the ceiling."

Bob groaned and grunted. "I know," he mumbled. "I put it there. You wanted a romantic valentine. That one should last a couple of years. I put it on with luminous paint."

Helen gasped. "You painted it on our newly decorated ceiling."

"M-m-m," Bob grunted.

She looked up at that shameless heart once more and she began to giggle. Would Devin O'Hara take time off from his singing and opening doors for strange women to make such a declaration of love?

No one but her own Bob would do such a crazy, wonderful thing.

"Honey," she said. "You're the romantic type after all."

But he had rolled over on his back and begun to snore.

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Any fish meal tastes better with . . .
GOLDEN CIRCLE tropical pineapple

FISH AND PINEAPPLE CROQUETTES
15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple, 2 cups cooked fish or 1 large can fish fillets, 2 eggs, few leaves dill, pepper and salt, 4 boiled potatoes, 1 tab. anchovy sauce (optional).
Cut 2 drained pineapple slices into small sections. Hard-cook 1 egg and mash finely. Flake fish into basin, add cooked egg, seasonings and sauce. Mash potatoes fine, adding spoon of butter and remaining egg. Add to fish and blend evenly. Shape tablespoons of mixture round pineapple cubes, roll in fine crumbs. Bake or fry till golden crisp. Pan-fry remaining pineapple slices.

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PINEAPPLE

peel a can today!

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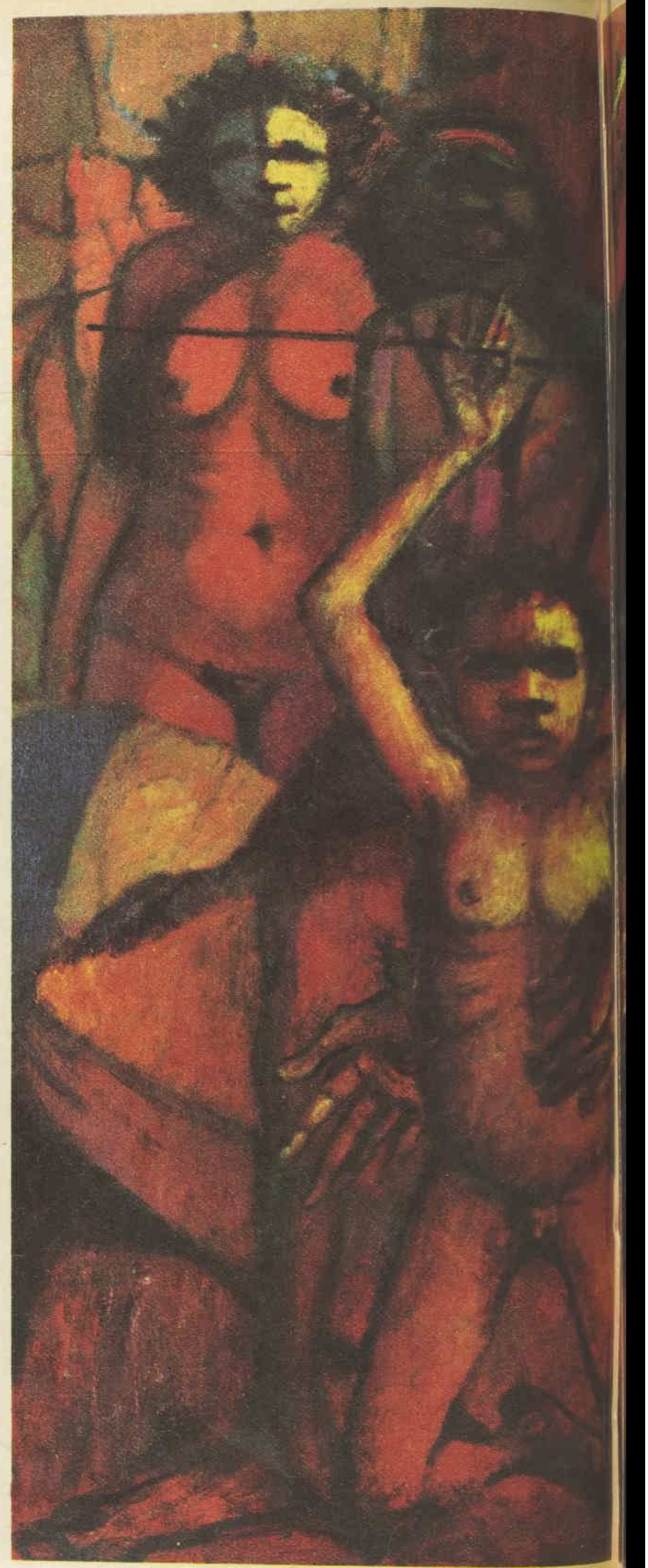
the Australian Scene



'Ceremony at the Rockface' Oil on Canvas
Russell Drysdale

Although born in England (in 1912) Russell Drysdale is among the most Australian of painters. Brought up on the land, he has a strong love for it . . . particularly for the interior, with its strong, sharp light and vast, empty spaces. He was the first Australian artist to capture the gentle sadness and dignity of the aborigines and they have been among his favourite subjects, since he first began painting in 1935. Recently, he has been experimenting with a new approach in his paintings of aboriginal groups and 'Ceremony at the Rockface' (like some other paintings he has completed in the past three years) is very different from his earlier works. Despite the change of style, however, the sympathy and understanding that he has for those proud, wild people still shows unmistakably. The painting conveys, clearly and movingly, something of the spirit of this sunburnt country and its ancient people . . . both of them older than history, strong, patient, enduring.

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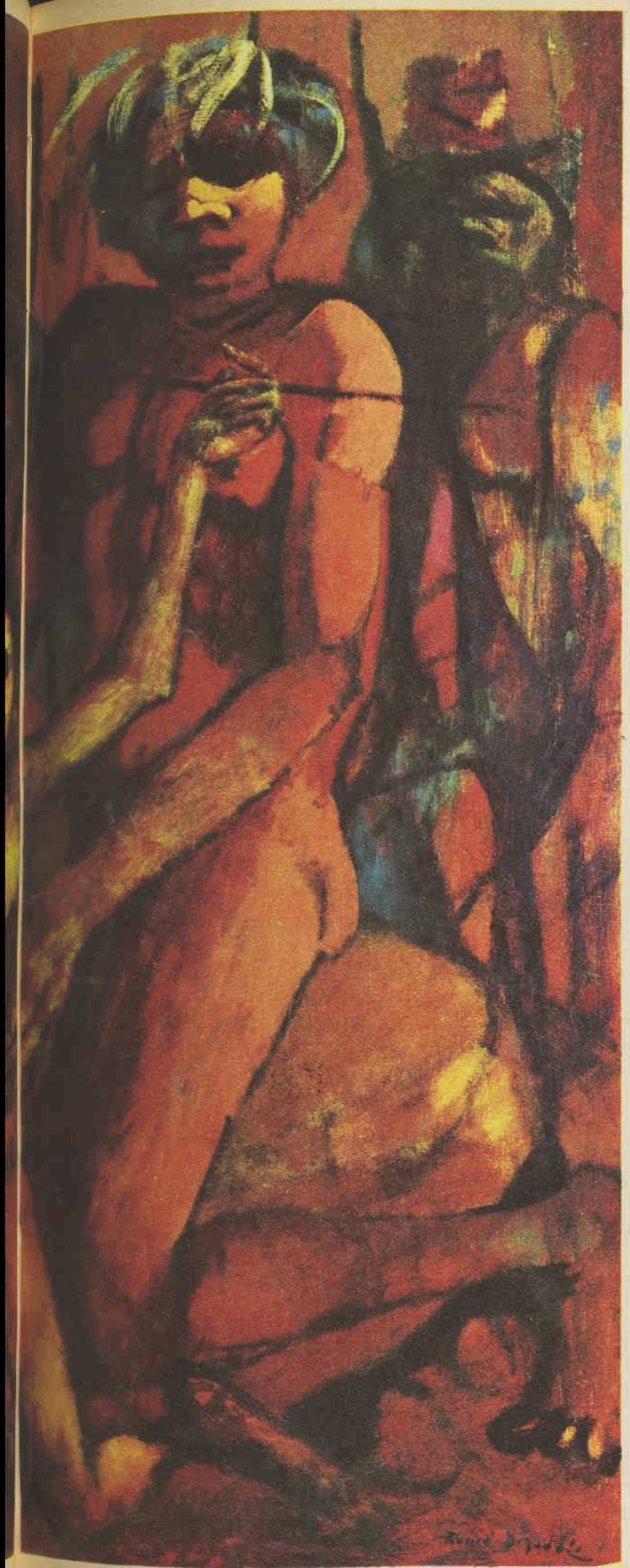

Really magnificent 18" x 23" colour reproductions of this painting are available for only £1 each. This is less than half normal retail price. Just send your name and address, the title of the painting and a postal note or cheque for £1 to Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 4, Collingwood, Victoria. **Your print will be sent to you in an uncrushable mailing tube.**

This fine painting,
'Ceremony at the Rockface'
by Russell Drysdale,
is one of seven paintings
by Australian artists
commissioned by Viscount Cigarettes
—themselves very much a
part of the Australian scene.
We hope you enjoy them both.

V121

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PARIS SUITS. Showing up this season is the high throat-concealing collar made in luxury tweed. Two examples (above) from Maison Dior. Color note: Fruit shades are new: watch plum, orange, grape, and raspberry.

HAT NEWS. The padre hat, introduced by Pierre Cardin, was one of the hit millinery shapes in the autumn Paris collections. Example (above) in fur.

SMASH HITS from the

● Paris has done it again. In autumn fashion there is so much excitement in so many directions that every woman has the chance to find some new addition to her wardrobe. The silhouette is natural, round, and supple.

NEW fur excitement swept Paris this autumn. Furs are being made with new know-how, and linings and trims are all the rage.

Fur elegance covers both town wear and the ski slopes.

Note for the fur fancier: fur can be real or fake, and it's chic to wear amusing fakes.

Suits come most often in tweed, and they often have neck-muffling collars.

Watch for the new chic look of a chiffon cravat worn with a sportive wool suit or dress.

Paris likes the bathrobe coat made in a pretty color. Worth considering, too, is the Givenchy straight-cut coat and Saint-Laurent's new roomy silhouette.

When the sun goes down, keep an eye on length and the fabulous look of a floor-sweeping evening coat in vivid wool.

At the same hour, superb embroideries glitter luxuriously.

For hat people, Cardin's padre shape in anything from fur to velours is the hat silhouette of Paris.

For deluxe Beats, boots and colored textured wool stockings swing to a popular peak.

—*BETTY KEEP*

BATHROBE COAT. As the name suggests, the coat is soft, pretty, and self-belted. Example (right) is from the Laroche collection. Details to note—fur-banded hat in matching wool, fur cravat, and pale creamy-beige gloves and shoes.

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STUDENT COIF. Padre hat for the girl who likes to look kookie. Example (above) made in black velours is designed to perch on the wearer's head and flatter a short-cut student coif.

NEW LENGTH. Floor-length evening coat is based on the classic tailored lines of a front-buttoned coat-dress. Coats in this category are made in luxury fabrics and vivid colors. Pure wool is No. 1 fabric choice.

PARIS AUTUMN COLLECTIONS

CASUAL chiffon. New chic for sportive types (below) — a chiffon cravat with generous proportions tied casually under the collar of an easy-fit two-piece suit. The suit is made in wool tweed.

GLITTER. The luxury look via glitter was an important detail in the Dior and Laurent collections. Rich jewel embroidery trims are used for cocktail and restaurant dresses. Laurent design below.

FUR BOOM. Desses' mink-trimmed late-day dress (right), worn with a matching hat. Even the girl who has never had a fur thought in her head will be fur-enticed this season.

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HAY FEVER?

Then get quick relief with tried and proven

Bethal TABLETS

When your eyes smart and the poor old nose twitches and itches with irritant Hay Fever . . . be sure to have your **Bethal Tablets** handy. Thousands of sufferers have proved Bethal's effectiveness over many years. This effectiveness is soon noticed as **Bethal Tablets** work swiftly through the bloodstream.
Bethal Tablets are easy to carry and easy to take . . . two tablets bring quick, long-lasting relief. Try them!
See your chemist today and dry up Hay Fever sniffles with **Bethal Tablets,** only 2/9, 6/3 and 19/6.

Bethals also give wonderful relief from Asthma & Catarrh

Is your baby bottle-fed?

Baby knows by instinct this Maw's Teat conforms with the shape of nursing mother's breast. Maw's Teats are cherry-shaped for correct feeding action. The tender softness of pure rubber allows baby to control the flow of milk instinctively.
A world-famous baby health authority pronounced one teat only to be entirely satisfactory for bottle-feeding — a Maw's Teat! Maw's Teats in four hole sizes fit any bottle with the new Maw's Adaptor. Your chemist has a full range of Maw's baby-feeding needs.
Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's "little" drinks . . . Maw's Sterilization Outfit keeps baby's teats and bottles germ-free . . . spotless! T13

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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Brides' big washday

LIKE "Patsy" (N.S.W.), I, too, had the job of mending my new husband's clothes when first married. I was also handed his soiled clothing in a suitcase—including greasy overalls.

£1/1/- to "Jenny Wren" (name supplied), Footscray, Vic.

★ ★ ★

THE mother-in-law in all probability belongs to that happy band of women who hate mending, and just can't sew. "Patsy" should count her blessings — a mother-in-law who won't look askance at cobbled darns and missing buttons, and a husband who, after long years of tattered garments, will appreciate a wife who keeps him mended and tidy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Wilson, Bingara, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY new mother-in-law bought me a sewing machine for which she paid £45. I was very surprised and delighted to receive the gift—but, the week after, I knew the reason. She delivered to my flat a tea-chest of mending that took me eight whole days to complete. I am still wondering if it was worth the £45 to her to have me do it.

£1/1/- to "Daughter-in-law" (name supplied), Innisfail, Qld.

★ ★ ★

NOT all mothers-in-law are alike. Mine made sure that my husband had a "glory-box," including new shirts, undies, socks, etc.

£1/1/- to "Thankful" (name supplied), Findon West, S.A.

★ ★ ★

I DON'T think it is usual for a bride to inherit her husband's clothing repairs, but it is not unknown. When I was a bride, 28 years ago, not only did I get the darning, but a huge swag of unwashed clothes. However, I learned from this, and when my own son was married, not only were all his things meticulously mended and laundered, but he was also supplied with quite a lot of new underwear. I didn't want my new daughter-in-law to feel as I had all those years ago.

£1/1/- to "Biddy" (name supplied), Glenhuntly, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I visited my prospective in-laws, just after my fiance and I had become engaged, my future mother-in-law handed over a pile of his patching and darning, saying, "You may as well get your hand in now."

£1/1/- to "Bemused" (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

Ringing the changes

A BEAUTIFUL blue sapphire was my choice for my engagement ring, and my fiance and I were very proud and happy with it. However, quite a few of my girl-friends have been shocked that we did not choose a diamond ring. I would be interested to know if other readers approve or disapprove of colored engagement rings.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ferrara, North Perth.

Demonstrate resuscitation

RECENTLY my children brought home a pamphlet on mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. But how much better it would be if once a week local ambulance men went to school to give an hour's practical demonstration of the life-saving procedure, and first-aid instruction in general. Children learn much better if they can "see how it's done."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. J. Element, Mundubbera, Qld.

Nervous habit runs in family

IT is strange how habits are inherited. Always, if worried and anxious, I keep smoothing my hair back around my ears. Although I do not remember her, I am told that my grandmother did this, too. Now my daughter is starting the same habit as she puzzles over her homework.

£1/1/- to "Full Circle" (name supplied), East Kew, Vic.

Penfriends' lives have many parallels

DURING the war, while I was a member of the W.R.A.N.S., I started corresponding with a woman member of the Canadian Air Force. We received our discharges at the same time, and both married in the same year. She now has three daughters, and so have I, and our two 11-year-old daughters have started penfriendships of their own. I wonder if this correspondence will last as long as that of their mothers?

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Walsh, Greenacre, N.S.W.

Worried by baby's birthmark

AS the mother of a baby with a facial birthmark, when I take him out I never know whether to rush straight in and explain that the mark can be removed when he is two (thus drawing attention to it), or be embarrassed by tactless comments. How do readers in similar positions handle this problem?

£1/1/- to "Sensitive" (name supplied), Wentworthville, N.S.W.

BEATLE NUTS

• The Beatles took the staid Plaza Hotel in New York by surprise, having booked under their own names. "Oh, please don't do that at the Plaza," said a woman hotel official when a Beatle sprawled on a bed, displaying his boots for a Press photographer. "That's not the sort of image we want to project."

Oh, please don't do THAT at the Plaza!
The image we want to project
Is Vanderbilt rather than Zsa Zsa,
Conservative, rich, and select.

The Beatles may do for the Berkeley,
The English know what to expect,
But the Plaza, to state it quite starkly,
Has an image we wish to protect.

Oh, please! Don't do THAT! At the Plaza,
Regardless, the crowds still collect.
Publicity's driving us gaga
And more than our image is wrecked.

—DOROTHY DRAIN

School's out – after 27 years

WITH a family of nine, 1964 will be the first year for 27 years that I have not had a child at school. What does 1964 mean to others?

£1/1/- to "Mum B." (name supplied), New Plymouth, N.Z.

"Disgust" at churchgoers' dress

LAST Sunday as I came past one of our local churches I was filled with disgust. Almost every male attending had on an open-necked shirt. My husband agreed as to the comfort of it on a hot day, but surely one can sit in church just for one hour dressed formally. Don't other readers agree?

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Klima, Broadmeadows, Vic.

For more leisurely reading

EVERY now and then I come across advertisements offering to speed up my reading. But can anyone suggest a method to slow it down? The Australian Women's Weekly seems to last other people about a week. I finish mine in an evening—even the crossword—and get through five or six magazines and at least four books a week — or more, if I can get them. I live alone, but have many visitors, animals to cater for, go for walks, knit, and watch TV with the neighbors.

£1/1/- to "Avid Reader" (name supplied), Hurstbridge, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

THERE are two common types of eaters — the ones who don't eat enough and those who eat too much.

At our place we have both kinds.

This morning my wife was trying to persuade Little Nell to finish a hot-dog.

"You need it to get up strength for your ballet practice," she pleaded. She suggested that Dame Margot Fonteyn would never have got where she was without eating hot-dogs.

"I don't want a hot-dog," was the glum reply.

At the same time I was looking at the hot-dog with longing eyes. I could not touch it because it contained umpteen calories.

The same thing happens in many other places.

Parents implore children to eat eggs, peas, toast, sardines. The maddening young persons refuse sadly, often adding: "I've got a pain — *here.*"

Mothers murmur: "That child's off color," or: "Wendy only picks at her food lately."

Kind Auntie Belle gives Wendy

TAKE THAT NASTY SOUP AWAY

some caramels and is ticked off for her pains. "I do wish you wouldn't give her those sweets—it only spoils her dinner."

Some children, like Rodney Gipps, don't seem to eat at all. Rodney came to a party at our place once. He took a look at the array of saus-

age-rolls, jellies, nuts, etc., and said: "I hate everything here."

Noeline McWhirter is hard to cater for, too, though she is more polite in her refusals. When asked if she liked fried fish, she said: "Yes, but I won't have any, thank you."

The most uneaten foods are vegetables, or vegies.

For more than a decade my wife has been trying to get non-starters to eat potatoes, carrots, peas, and, above all, beans.

She has assured Baby Pip repeatedly that beans make bones. But Pip is not interested in her bones.

After refusing beans she would go to the fridge and look for chocolate. A new rule was laid down to stop this: No beans, no chocky. But it did not make Pip eat beans.

There is a harmful side-effect to all this faddy feeding. It puts temptation in the way of parents who are offered the unwanted bits.

Every day I have pieces of surplus potato, or sausage, or even apple-pie pushed at me.

It is hard to imagine anyone not liking apple-pie. Yet I have a daughter who is not keen on the crust, and I can't bear to see it go to waste.

If only appetites could be swapped it would be a wonderful thing. I would like to transfer my excessive one to various finicky tots, and start feeling finicky myself for a change.

It would be good just to see the look on my wife's face when I pushed some apple-pie away, saying petulantly: "I don't *want* any!"

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Cool drinks. Gay music. Stomping by the pool. It's a kicky way of life. Swim . . . . then dress for the steaks. Did you bring your Goya Talc? It's fresh, it's cool. It scents your skin. Stops you feeling sticky when you don your clothes. Comes in 6 cherished perfumes too. Affaire, Entice, Passport, Goya No. 5, Gardenia, Black Rose. Sells at 6/9 at your favourite local chemist or Retail store.

Lead a Gay Young Life with Goya

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LIZ TAYLOR and her then husband, Eddie Fisher, take Bettina for a holiday after Aly's death. Liz and Bettina have been friends all through Liz's marriages, helping each other in ups-and-downs.

BETTINA by Bettina

(Final instalment)

THE STORY SO FAR. Originally a poor girl from the French provinces, Bettina rose to stardom as a Paris mannequin and cover-girl. She had a youthful marriage which failed, travelled the world, and made friends with many rich and famous people. While modelling for Jacques Fath, she first met Prince Aly Khan, wealthy son of the still wealthier Aga Khan. Seven years later, in 1955, after Aly's marriage to Rita Hayworth had foundered in divorce, Bettina and Aly met again and fell in love. When she hesitated to share the life of one born into circumstances so different from her own, Aly "kidnapped" her.

Bettina finally gave up her modelling and devoted herself to Aly. She found he was a man of enormous generosity yet funny little meannesses, a man-about-town and a lover of racehorses, yet a deeply serious and religious oriental prince. For love of him she learned to overlook his eternal unpunctuality and his attractiveness to women, who openly chased him and wrote innumerable love-letters. Bettina visited Syria with Aly, noting his princely behaviour in the presence of his father's subjects and their utter veneration of Aly.

● "I'll take you there when we are married, Zine, my love," Prince Aly would say to me. "When we are married." How often I heard that phrase!

IN Cannes, the first time we ever stayed there, Aly had asked me to give up my job as a model, and had said: "One day I shall marry you." And Aly never broke his pledged word.

So I was utterly and unshakeably convinced that he would do so, and never did the slightest shadow of doubt cross my mind that one day I would become Aly's legal wedded wife.

But we had to wait for favorable circumstances before we could marry, and those circumstances were a long time in coming, which made me sad.

The first obstacle was that although his divorce from Rita Hayworth had gone through in America, it had still not been registered in France.

Aly's father, the Aga Khan, who was very fond of me, at one time considered arranging for us to marry in Pakistan, which would have made it possible for me to accompany Aly to India.

Then the old Aga died. Then Aly accepted a very important job with the United Nations, which gave him a very great deal of work and many responsibilities.

But Aly had a tremendous instinctive knowledge of what I was thinking, and would suddenly say point-blank:

"You'll see, Zine my love, when we are married."

To which I would reply:

"I sometimes begin to wonder if we ever will be."

"But don't you trust me?" Aly said.

"I see the years go by and still you go on saying the same thing."

"But how could you not believe me? Have I ever made you any promise that I have not kept?" he asked.

"No," came my reply, to which he answered:

"Well, then!"

So I had to give in. And I gave in because I knew he loved me and needed me, and that I must trust him.

Aly's fears

Aly would have liked to have a child, although for him it would have meant the end of living dangerously and the beginning of another life in which risk-taking and gambling played a much smaller part.

But he hesitated before renouncing these things.

And, of course, he feared finding himself married, thinking it might change our feelings toward one another. Might it perhaps not make me a more demanding woman?

Aly's first marriage, to Joan Guinness, took place when he was very young, too young, in fact, for he was only twenty-two. Even at that age he was a great charmer and loved to use his charm.

His wife bore him two sons, a year apart. Then war broke out and he had to go away. But when he came back years later he did not go back to his wife.

So there he was, alone and leading a bachelor life that his sons, Karim and Amyn, could not share. It was then that Aly insisted they should be brought up at the Rosay School in Switzerland.

Meanwhile, Aly was busy dashing from place to place, permanently surrounded by women.

Then he met Rita Hayworth and fell in love with her. He loved her for her great beauty and was also attracted by the aura of glamor surrounding a great film star.

But, in fact, there was an unbridgeable gulf between them, which Aly would sometimes talk about to me.

Rita, like a true American woman, had no intention of being eclipsed by her husband's personality. Merely being Aly's wife was not enough; she had also to remain Hollywood's biggest star

And she undoubtedly suffered from the ensuing clashes, for she did love Aly.

But her love was that of a jealous woman, even granted that it was hard not to be jealous of Aly. And on this score she never understood the oriental side of Aly's nature, his ideas about women, and the way he considered certain things to be of little importance.

I was once told about a distressing scene that took place after a big dinner in Cairo. A belly-dancer had been engaged to dance, and she went all out to captivate Aly, who was vastly entertained by it all. But Rita went off in tears.

At one time Aly made a considerable effort, an effort that must have cost him dear, to save his marriage with Rita.

Yasmine had been born of this marriage, and he would have been capable of many a sacrifice to enable him to keep his little girl.

So the day Rita left for America taking her daughter with her was a bitter one indeed for Aly.

Sometimes he talked to me about this period of his life as if it had been a bad dream.

His father had disapproved of the much-publicised breach, which the newspapers had seized on with glee, so Aly had the added sadness of having displeased the Aga.

Aly had never spent much time with his father, but he feared and admired him.

During the last years of his life the Aga did seem to draw closer to Aly. He would phone him frequently and whenever we stayed at The Horizon Aly would go up to Yakimour (the Aga's home) every day to see him and talk about racing, buying and selling horses, and matters concerning the Ismaili communities.

The Aga would receive his visitors with infinite courtesy, sitting in a chair with a cashmere shawl across his knees, by the fireside in the sitting-room during winter, or in summer in a big room whose large expanses of window looked over the most magnificent gardens.

He was a fascinating person to talk to, in spite of the fact that he was both tired and ill.

He loved roses, so I used sometimes to take him a few, and he would smell each bloom and comment on its perfume with a delicate, poetic touch that could only have come from an Oriental.

He always had a Persian cat and an Indian mynah beside him, and lived in his comfortable house surrounded by attentive womenfolk. For, apart from Solomon (his Ismaili secretary and personal servant), and his chauffeur, he wanted nothing but women about the place.

And as for the Begum she showed him utter, never-failing devotion and patience.

I loved going to see him, for he radiated intelligence and humanity.

I remember how deeply touched I was when one Christmas he gave me a clip from Cartier. Aly was staggered, for it was the first time the Begum and his father had given a present to the woman he loved.

Father, son

Aly said later to his sons: "Look, your Grandfather gave that to Bettina as a present."

He felt very proud about it, and I was very moved.

Unfortunately I only came to know the Aga toward the end of his life when he was sick and almost infirm. I would so have liked to have met him earlier, and might have helped his son to draw closer to him.

Aly's proud, independent nature, his need to dominate, and his lack of emotional discipline all undoubtedly helped to prevent him and the Aga drawing closer together; and perhaps the Aga had never properly understood his eldest son.

"My father never once said to me: 'That's good'," Aly told me one day.

Another time he told me:

"We were in Bombay once, and my father was sitting reading on the terrace. Someone brought him a bundle of newspapers, among them 'Paris-Turf,' sent specially from Paris.

"I was 12 at the time and passionately interested in horses, and there was the newspaper lying on the table so temptingly that I could not resist and opened it.

"But my father flew into such a rage I can still recall it. He could have killed me.

"Just think, I had opened his newspaper, I had spoiled it, I had desecrated it!"

But I, too, had often seen Aly furious because other hands than his had opened his newspapers!

His father and he shared the same passion for horses, a passion that had been handed down through several generations of their family.

In 1956, the year before he died, the Aga came to Chantilly to see the Diana Stakes. He was brought right to the door by car, drawing up beside the track, where he saw one of Aly's fillies win.

He came to Chantilly the following year but was too ill to attend the races, and

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"A road smash ends it all"

DISTRACTED, Bettina grieves for Aly Khan.

so remained at the house, where he had lunch with us.

He still very much enjoyed his food, and the chef put all his considerable skills into the preparation of a calf's head and a strawberry mousse, which the Aga adored.

When the calf's head was carried in, Aly called to mind how once in Bombay he had given a big dinner-party to which several maharajas had been invited.

There had been some ghastly mistake in choosing the menu, and the servants entered the room bearing a magnificent calf's head with sprigs of parsley sticking out of each nostril, served on a silver dish.

A cry of horror went up through the room, and one of the maharajas slid under the table in a dead faint.

For it had been the most monumental blunder to offer a calf's head to people who, for religious reasons, consider the cow to be sacred.

When the maharaja recovered from his faint, it was merely to say:

"It's just as if they had walked in with my child's head on a platter."

Everyone laughed at this story, and we were glad to see the Aga remained in a good mood.

A few days later the Aga returned to Switzerland, where his busy life drew to an end the following month. The day before he died, he said to Aly:

"Tell your wife to come!"

Whenever the Aga talked about me to Aly, he always said: "Your wife." Aly phoned me, and asked me to bring Yasmine, too.

Yasmine and I caught a plane that very evening.

Aly took me to his father's bedside, and the Aga grasped my hand and held it for a long time. Then, in a voice heavy with weariness, he said something to the Begum that shattered me.

He told her that I was the perfect wife for his son, that Aly should marry me, and that he wished him to.

"Why isn't he married already? Why? He must get married!"

Yasmine knew her grandfather was very ill, and was upset, although she did not yet fully comprehend the full meaning of sickness and death.

This intelligent and charming little girl had very soon won her grandfather's heart.

The first time she ever visited Yakimour, she had tea with the Aga and the Begum and soon realised she had cast her spell over this new family of hers. Before she went home, the Aga said to her:

"What would you like me to give you?"

And Yasmine pointed to the Venetian chandelier and replied: "That."

So the Aga had the chandelier taken down. Yasmine was delighted to have been given it.

Yasmine was also very proud of her big brothers and would say gravely:

"Karim doesn't want me to talk with an American accent. Karim won't let me eat pork; it's forbidden by our religion."

And whenever she saw a slice of ham she would say: "Ugh! We never eat pork meat!"

The Aga passed away in the morning of July 13, 1957, with his family gathered about him.

I felt horribly dispirited, for I knew Aly was going to have to face a serious ordeal and, although he suspected he might not be named his father's successor, as yet he had no certainty that this was to be so.

I myself thought he might well not be.

The Aga once talked to me on the telephone about a speech Aly had made in Pakistan, which the Aga thought good, and about his fantastic knowledge of horses. Then suddenly he had begun talking about Karim.

"A good Aga"

"I'm very pleased he has had a good education," he went on. "That's what Aly lacked. Aly never went to school.

"Now Karim has received a very full religious training ever since he was a child.

"He would make good speeches. He's a serious-minded boy, and young, too. He'd make a good Aga."

Then the old man added:

"Aly is intelligent, but he lives too dangerously. You should stop him."

I could not have agreed with him more. But I also knew that the time had not yet come to stop Aly living in his own way.

The conversation left me very uneasy, for it seemed to have been a veiled way of telling me that Aly was not to be the next Aga. But I could never bring myself to talk about it to Aly.

The Aga tried several times to warn Aly. He disapproved of his reputation as a light-hearted man-about-town, he did not like the way he gambled, and considered he behaved in an undignified manner.

But it was certainly not only Aly's way of life that made his father decide on Karim as his successor. In his will he gave another reason, namely, Aly's age.

The Aga had become Imam very early, at the age of seven, so had been the spiritual leader of the Ismailis for over seventy years. When he died, his son Aly was already 42.

It seemed quite logical that the Aga should have wanted to entrust the fate of his millions of faithful subjects to someone very young who would be capable of ensuring, as he had done, a continuity of rule for many years to come in a world that showed less and less stability.

But to Aly it seemed that his father's preference for his son was a kind of public humiliation for him. He showed great pluck in bowing to his father's will, but was never quite the same from that day on.

If anyone thought Aly felt the slightest resentment toward Karim, they did not know Aly, for pettiness was something utterly alien to him.

He regarded Karim as an utterly worthy successor to the old Aga.

Tennis, swim

On the very day the Aga's will was read in Geneva, Aly took his son by the arm, placed a hand on his shoulder and said:

"Now you are the leader."

Three weeks later, after the intense emotions engendered at the time had died down, Karim and Aly met again. Nothing seemed to have changed betweeen them, at least not that one could see.

"Come on, Father, let's have a game of tennis," called Karim on his first day with us.

And they both went out for a game. Karim was a far better player than his father and had him running all over the court.

After a game, they would go for a swim or have long talks together that would often go on late.

I only saw them together during meals. The atmosphere was very relaxed. Aly asked his son about his studies and Karim talked about the exams he still had to sit for, and his friends.

Then Aly would say: "You ought to take an interest in horses."

"But, Father, I'd never dare talk about horses in front of you; I'd be too frightened of seeming ridiculous."

Both father and son laughed, but Aly, who had always hoped Karim would one day cheerfully take over his life's work, remained pensive.

In spite of the fact that their day-to-day relationship seemed not to have changed, I sensed how delicate a situation had been created by Karim's succession.

His grandfather's wishes had made Karim the head of the family, and also spiritual father to his own father.

On the human family plane, Aly could expect respect and obedience from his son, whereas from the religious standpoint he had to show Karim, the new Aga, both devotion and respect.

Fortunately for Aly, he had friends. Iskander Mizra, who at the time was still President of Pakistan, realising that Aly needed to take some action against his depression, offered him a job as head of the Pakistani delegation to the United Nations.

And Aly proved to be a great diplomat.

He had a difficult start at the U.N., for everyone had an eye on him. Everyone had been waiting suspiciously for him to arrive,

To page 35

***SWEETHEARTS** Aly Khan and Bettina dancing together. Aly loved dancing, and would put up with the nightclub atmosphere (he didn't drink at all) to dance all night with Bettina.*

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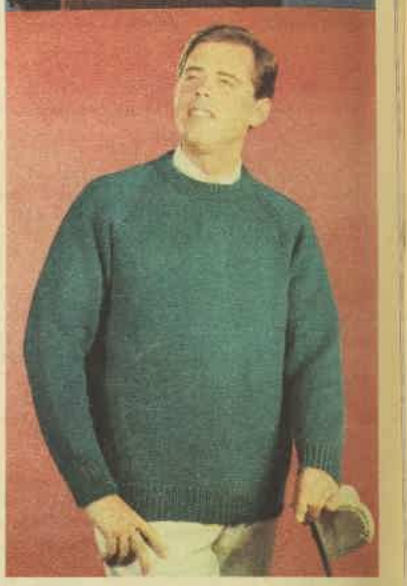

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BETTINA by Bettina — "A road smash ends it all"

From page 33

wondering what a socialite like him was doing in so grave an assembly.

But Aly was quick to prove to his denigrators how wrong they had been. His first speech caused quite a sensation.

I later had the feeling Aly's position at the U.N. was growing stronger with every day that passed. Thanks to his personality, his moral courage, and the influence he had over people, he was enabling Pakistan to play an ever-increasing part in world affairs.

I often wonder how long he would have continued in this career of his if the accident which ended his life had not happened.

Aly did not want to go out the evening of the accident. For several days he had been saying that he was tired and worried.

Dinner date

The U.N., from which he had just returned, the racing season that was just beginning, his business affairs, his meetings, the house always full of people, all the comings and goings, those lightning plane trips—everything conspired to wear him out.

So his friends had to take second place.

We had been invited out to dinner at Marnes-la-Coquette, to Lorraine Dubonnet's. Andre Dubonnet's daughter.

But right up till the last minute Aly would not commit himself, and only finally decided to accept the invitation that same morning, after much hesitation.

For me that May 12 was a day like so many others.

I spent the morning tending the house and the dogs. Then, in the afternoon, I went round the garden before going to the hairdresser's.

All unconscious of what awaited me, I let that peaceful day in May, that was so brutally to be my last day of happiness, just slip away.

That evening when Aly arrived home late, as was his wont, I was ready to leave. But Aly still had some business interviews pending, and then had to change.

After a while I went upstairs to remind him about the dinner engagement, but simply could not get him to break off.

He was talking horses and giving instructions for the Grand Prix dinner that was to take place several weeks later.

Toward ten o'clock the Dubonnets phoned, for they were themselves beginning to grow impatient to find out what had become of us. They said all their guests had arrived and were only waiting for us before sitting down to the meal.

Aly's secretary replied that he had got home very late, but that we were on the point of leaving, and would be with them almost immediately, which was a considerable exaggeration, since Aly was still in his study working.

But after this telephone call he at last consented to leave his visitors and came downstairs to change, grumbling, and making no particular attempt to hurry.

"Aly, for goodness' sake hurry up!" I called. "They're all waiting for us!"

"Yes, Zine, my dear, I'll just have a quick shave, then I'll be down."

I can still hear the purr of the electric razor just as I had done that first time five years earlier, when on the occasion of our first outing together I had had to wait for him for over an hour.

Things were still the same. But never mind, we were late, so why worry? I should have been used to it by now.

"Zine, tell Lucien (the chauffeur) to have the car ready!"

Aly always insisted on his car being ready when he came down, and expected to find the engine already turning over, so that all he had to do was to seat himself at the wheel.

This order boded well, for he nearly always came down one minute later, or rather dashed headlong down the stairs and rushed out to the car, always managing somehow to get there first.

Then as if the chauffeur and I were to blame for the delay, he would call us out by tooting loud and long on the horn, delighted at being in a position to tell us off like this.

That evening everything took place as usual, and he was just tucking the ends of his bow-tie under his dinner jacket collar when I caught up with him, having run all the way out to the car behind him.

Headlights

We dived into the brand-new car.

Aly was driving. I got in beside him and Lucien sat behind us in the back seat.

The chauffeur used to come with us to help on the return journey, when Aly, tired after the evening's activities, would allow himself to be driven.

The new car was being run in. Aly was talking to the chauffeur over his shoulder, without turning his head, and I was only half listening to their conversation, for my chief interest in life was not the flexibility of this engine that Aly seemed so proud of.

As we began to climb toward St. Cloud, Aly was enthusing just like a child about the car.

"I think I shall keep it," he told Lucien. "Don't forget to have a cheque sent to the garage tomorrow."

It was the first time we had been out in the car, which was now climbing the broad avenue.

I thought to myself that here we were, terribly late again.

But it was quite impossible to change Aly, who merely laughed at the way I got upset, "all for nothing," he declared.

Then suddenly two headlamps appeared straight ahead.

They came racing toward us, blinding me with their glare. I had just time to shout "Mind!" then closed my eyes . . . I found myself standing up, with no shoes on, I have no idea how.

Between the moment when the lights came racing toward us and the moment I found myself in the street, there was a complete blank. Whether it lasted a few minutes or a few seconds only, I do not know.

It was all so quick.

I can still hear that terrible sound of shattering glass and rending steel, that excruciating whistle that still fills my ears.

I can see Aly, motionless, his head fallen forward over the steering wheel.

His stillness was striking. A few drops of blood stood out in beads on his forehead, and in a flash I knew.

"What about Aly? What about Aly?" I can still hear myself shrieking, in a state of semi-consciousness. The chauffeur was just beginning to stir, and was rubbing his head.

They took me away. I could hear a babble of voices all round me, and someone shouting:

"But for goodness' sake switch off the engine, quick!"

The vision I had of Aly would not leave me.

Where *was* Aly? I can see the cafe where they took me. I had not quite lost consciousness. It was some time before the doctor arrived, and I was still bleeding.

Among my many confused memories, I can still see a woman, probably the waitress from the cafe, wiping my face with a cloth.

"It's not serious. She hasn't anything broken," someone said. "She can walk back to her car."

"But you must be mad. She'll have to be carried," came the reply from the doctor who lived nearby, and had heard the noise of the impact.

I went on saying: "Aly! Where's Aly!" But no one replied. It was just as if they could not hear me, as if my lips were moving, but no sound was coming out.

I was carried to a police van, and the doctor and another silent man escorted me as far as the hospital operating theatre. The doctor kept his hand on my forehead, pressing on the severed artery.

I had the impression I had become an automaton, for everything seemed empty inside me. Once at the hospital, the doctor quickly sewed up my forehead, for it was not a serious wound.

"Is that everything?" he asked.

"There's another gentleman," the nurse replied.

The silent man who had been beside me in the police van was now sitting on a chair, looking completely overcome.

"Yes, I've been cut on the chin," he said.

He was the driver of the other car. The doctor wanted to take a blood sample to ascertain whether he were drunk, but the man protested violently.

I felt utterly indifferent to his fate. All I could see was the blinding light, and Aly with his head dropped forward over the steering-wheel.

"Aly! Where's Aly?"

No one at the hospital seemed to want to tell me, but I had to know. My cotton wool legs got as far as the doctor's surgery where I telephoned the Neuilly house.

The chambermaid answered the phone. She apparently knew all about the accident already, no doubt through the chauffeur.

But did she know the truth? Whether she did or not, she told me nothing, but gave me the Bonnets' telephone number, and I rang them immediately.

Then followed a conversation that left me utterly exhausted.

At first the phone was answered by their maid. I asked to speak to Madame Bonnet.

"Just a moment, Madame; I'll go and fetch her."

There was a minute's pause, then the maid returned:

"Madame wishes me to tell you that she is waiting for you and that they have begun the meal."

"Tell her to come to the phone. We've had an accident," I shrieked. "I must speak to her."

It seemed an eternity before she came. They must have thought the accident was just an excuse for our being so late.

Then at last I heard Lorraine's voice, and said:

"Lorraine, you'll have to come over."

I must have sounded quite shattered. A quarter of an hour later she arrived at the hospital with Elie de Rothschild, who was also a guest at the dinner-party.

They told me they had heard Aly had been taken to the Foch Hospital, but said that "no further particulars" had been given.

Today I can recall every detail of what went on. I can still hear their voices. Was my mind as clear as that?

I am under the impression that a strange mechanism had been set going within me. I seemed to have been severed somewhere and had become my own double.

Injection

I was aware of the fact that my legs would scarcely carry me, and yet my mind was crystal clear, far too clear, and I was registering everything that went on as I had never registered things before.

I felt like ice inside, and completely empty. It is quite impossible to foresee how one will behave in certain situations of extreme gravity.

Lorraine took me back to her house, and put me to bed in her room. The doctor who had accompanied us gave me an injection to calm me down. But I did not want to sleep.

Then, one by one, all the dinner guests filed past my bed, smiled at me, but said nothing. I so wanted someone to talk to me about Aly.

I started several times when I heard the phone ring, but could never manage to make out what people were saying; everyone was talking so softly.

Elie de Rothschild came and sat on my bed. I knew he had just been speaking on the phone, for I was sure I recognised his voice.

"What happened to Aly? Please, *please* tell me!"

Elie took my hand.

"It's nothing. He's in the hospital. He's just having a sleep. Don't worry! You go to sleep."

And Elie repeated several times: "Go to sleep."

Then the injection took effect and I lost consciousness.

I do not know how long I slept for. I only remember seeing the sunshine and the trees in the garden as I woke. As I lay there in bed I could see what looked like countless heads all round me, slowly emerging from a cloud, and tried very hard to identify them one by one.

There was my sister Catherine and her husband . . . there really were a lot of people.

The doctor was there, too.

Nobody said anything, so I began to talk to myself. I can still hear myself talking about how lovely the garden looked and how I could see the trees.

I could not make out at all what I was doing there.

I was aware of various confabulations going on round me.

"We shall have to tell her, we can't go on like this," I heard someone say.

It was Doctor Laennec.

In my heart of hearts I knew what they were going to tell me, but I was doing everything I could to delay the moment when they would actually say the words I did not want to hear.

So every time anyone moved toward me, I managed to take avoiding action, by telling myself not to let them talk, and by saying anything that came into my head . . .

"Just look how pretty this room is . . . how lovely it is outside . . ."

But the truth had flashed intuitively through my brain when I saw Aly so still, with the strangely serene look on his face, and heard the terrible silence after the impact.

Night after night I wake in a cold sweat with that same image always engraved deeply in my memory. And often when I am driving on my own I have a vision of that moment again, of Aly, of his face. I have to give myself a good shake and try to think of something else. But I shall never forget it.

I clung to hope as long as I could, but then gave up the struggle. Doctor Laennec bent down toward me and I never heard myself utter a single word in an attempt to stop him saying what he had to.

"Where's Aly?"

I clung on for still another second. "It's all over . . . he felt nothing."

All round me people were silently weeping. A feeling of numbness began to steal over me, as another extremely powerful injection began to take effect.

To page 37

I didn't have to look very far for Tampax advantages

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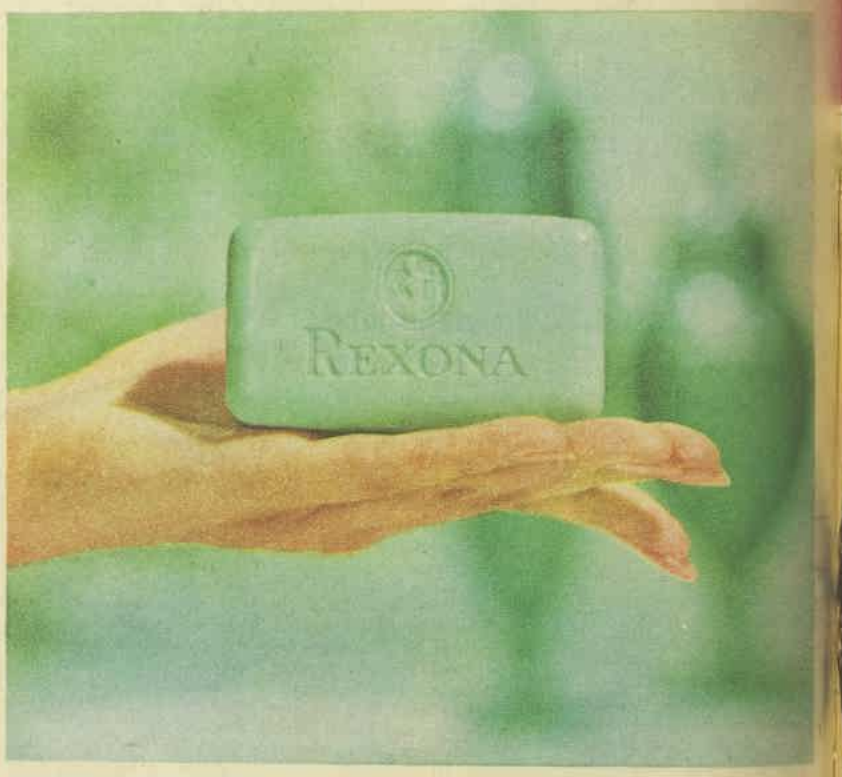

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 26, 1964

Teenagers' WEEKLY

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE.

LET'S HAVE A LEAP YEAR PARTY

—pages 4, 5

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Friends for all is aim of club

LAST year at high school we formed a Friendly Club. Its aim was to make sure that no girl at school went without a friend.

The club consisted of about 50 girls, so this meant that about 50 girls in the school had friends, and all felt wanted.

It would be a good idea for other schools to form similar clubs. — *"True Friend," New Town, Tas.*

Fake jazzers

I WOULD like to lodge a protest against those teenagers who call themselves jazzers but who have no real appreciation of jazz, using this name merely to adopt extreme and often ridiculous styles of dress.

What makes me furious is that these idiots, who like to appear and sound intellectual, just bring ridicule on real jazzers who are lovers of jazz.

Recently a friend and I travelled 74 miles to the Jazz Convention in Melbourne. This was really an experience well worth having. The bands were marvellous, but some of the weird characters there amazed us.

Shoulder-length hair is quite common for boys, it seems. But I wouldn't call them boys — let's just call them fops.

While seated on the lawns before the programme began, we were assailed by one of these fops, whose actual words were, "I just blew in from Torquay, man. It's just vile there, man. Isn't this just a gas, man!"

His vocabulary contained three adjectives — gas, vile, and immaculate (which was used by him as meaning "terrific fun" or something).

Why do ordinary fun-loving, but authentic, jazzers have to put up with these poseurs and their idiotic mannerisms? — *R. Hemingway, Ballarat, Vic.*

Voting age

THERE has been a lot said in favor of lowering the voting age from 21 to 18 because of taxes, driving licences, national service, etc. But I would like to defend the present situation.

Ask the average 18-year-old how many seats there are in the Senate, who are in the Cabinets of their State and Federal Governments, and the correct answers are few and far between.

Ask what is the policy of each party, why it was formed, and how does it work, and again the results will be poor. Admittedly adults will do little better.

Most important of all, ask what are someone's aims in life, what he wants in life, what he wants from his country, what does he want to strive for, and what type of society he wants his children to be brought up in.

As it stands now, some mature people can't answer these questions, and I think that the majority of the 18-to-20-year-old bracket couldn't, either.—*Marilyn Freeman, Portarlington, Vic.*

Poor writing

I AM a 14-year-old schoolgirl and correspond with four girls of the same age — one in Japan and three in Australia.

By comparing their letters I find that my Japanese friend writes better letters than the three Australian girls, even though she has been learning English for only two years.

Considering that English is a difficult language to learn, I would say that the standard of English written by my Australian penfriends is poor compared with that of my Japanese penfriend.

Although faultless grammar is difficult to achieve, correct spelling should not be too difficult for teenagers. — *Barbara, Rockhampton, Qld.*

Drag racing

AS we all know, drag racing is unofficially carried on between budding speed aces on any flat piece of road.

This is, of course, dangerous to the public, but why should teenagers be deprived of the thrills and satisfaction of this very popular sport?

Why not build suitable tracks somewhere and call the place Drag City or something similar? With a weekend admission of a few shillings, I am sure building costs would soon be regained.

A venture of this kind could also be a watch-tower for the future Moss or Brabham — one who might otherwise not have been discovered because he could not meet the cost of big-time motor racing.— *K. Driver, Lakemba, N.S.W.*

Age problem

THIS year I will be in third year at high school and will not be 14 until May. My friends are practically all 15 (the normal age for this grade) and are already allowed to wear a little make-up, stockings, and small heels on outings.

My mother insists that I still wear socks and flatties and no make-up. I feel that if I am intelligent enough to be in third year, and 3A at that, I should be allowed to wear stockings at least on some occasions.

Do readers agree? — *"Perplexed," Yarralumla, A.C.T.*

From London

WE are five London schoolgirls, and have just finished reading some old copies of T.W., and were interested to see how Australian teenagers differ from us.

We reckon the gear (our favorite things) is The Beatles, Rolf Harris, boys with Beatle haircuts, Australian butter, rhythm and blues, Ray Charles and Little Richard, rain and smog, cold, foggy summers, casual clothes in dark subdued colors, bowler hats and pinstripe trousers, Australian boys with tanned faces and fair hair (but we don't like crew cuts, as they are dated here).

On TV we like documentaries, the American series such as "Route 66," "77 Sunset Strip."

We also like egg and chips, steak and kidney pud, boiled beef and carrots, jellied eels, rice pudding, fried bananas, chip sandwiches, jam butties (jam sandwiches), marmalade and tomato sandwiches, and tomato sauce sandwiches.

NEXT WEEK . . .

● New shapes and colors in autumn fashions for teenagers. ● A 17-year-old Melbourne boy makes a dramatic debut as a TV sports commentator. ● Hayley Mills fan collects 1200 pictures of her idol. ● Pin-up of new Australian pop star Little Pattie.

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We do not like boys without Beatle hair; that's all, because we love living!

We are determined to come to Australia one day and revolutionise the pop scene. We think your cricket team is the essence (tops).

We hope that Australian teenagers do not think British teenagers are snobs with funny accents. Actually, we are a lot of crazy, off-beat Beatle worshippers.

We have two new Australian teachers at our school, and that is why we are all Australia-mad.

We didn't realise that you were so Americanised.

Do you have mods and rockers out there? We are all individualists or mods. Policy: not to become Americanised and not to become too conservatively British. Ambition: To own a Beatle. — *Chris Ingram, Diane Ingram, Suzanne Pettit, Margaret Marriner, Rose Hutton, Mortlake Girls' School, London SW14.*

P.S. Do you really walk on your hands?

Horror lover

I ENJOY reading horror stories and think little of reading such matter just before going to bed. I never have nightmares concerning the stories I read — which are supposed to chill the blood and send one screaming up the wall.

And, by the way, I am by no means bloodthirsty. — *B.S., Subiaco, W.A.*

Long or short?

SOME friends and I were discussing hairstyles the other day and the question arose as to whether boys prefer girls with long or short hair. I am trying to decide whether to grow mine or have it cut, so what do the boys say? — *"Lee," Somerton Park, S.A.*

Surf danger

IT could be that the surfing fad has gone so far as to steal all of our future sporting champions.

At present Australia lacks outstanding men and women in almost every sport, while a few years ago it produced brilliant sporting stars who won our country world-wide recognition.

It is our duty to keep up the high standard that our predecessors have set. So wake up, you future champions. Forget your surfboards and blond hair, and concentrate on upholding the prestige of Australian sport. — *Peter Kilian, Mt. Beauty, Vic.*

Assembly hall

THIS year we are to have a much-needed high school built in our town and are very grateful and excited. But we are very disappointed to hear that there will be no assembly hall.

Surely the assembly hall is the centre of school affairs, the one place where the school is truly united. Surely it would be worth the extra cost. — *"Disappointed," Grenfell, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Ready for your first swimming lesson?"

More in life than a rat-race and boredom

● Calling modern life a rat-race, peopled by bored, depressed zombies, A. L. Heenan (T.W., 8/1/64) claimed that mankind was apparently doomed unless something was done about it.

SCEPTICS who run down the modern world as a rat-race are trying to run away from life.

People have been running down the world since the beginning of life on earth. Socrates, the great Greek philosopher, was disturbed at Athenian life in the fifth century B.C. The poet Matthew Arnold was of the same mind concerning 17th - century England.

So let's try and live with things as they are. It's not so bad after all. — *John Sullivan, Parkdale, Vic.*

"BORED, depressed zombies walk the streets," said he, but I notice that he did not say how many!

No, sir, the world is not doomed. Perhaps some people do just exist, but many more have no intention of dying within the next 50 years if they can help it (e.g., myself).

Perhaps you are doomed, and some bored city folk with you, but the country folk, the real workers, are not awaiting death, and you cannot take the whole world to destruction with you.

We smile occasionally. Why don't you try it? It might cheer you up. — *N. W. Abley, Geelong, Vic.*

THERE is no need for man to "merely exist," even though the "organised system" is necessary to maintain law and order. The life described, "bored and discontented," is definitely not the life that man was created for, nor is it the life that most people live.

As a Christian, I find that the real meaning of life is found when one realises that this is a form of preparation for eternal life. My life here is made worth while by helping my fellow man as much as possible.

But even an atheist can find a meaning in life, for why would there be any need for an instinct for self-preservation if there were no point to existence? —*"Purposeful Seventeen," Reservoir, Vic.*

I AM mystified by such a confused philosophy of life, in which it is believed that civilised man's conventions serve only to suppress the self-expression of the individual.

Certainly, modern civilisation has its drawbacks, with such things as social strata and racial prejudice, but the life of each man is what he himself makes it.

Mr. Heenan could improve his obviously purposeless life by helping the "zombies in civilisation's distress," rather than adopting his beatnik-style, sit - on - the - fence - and - criticise attitude. — *Peter B. King, Peterborough, S.A.*

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LET'S HAVE A

LEAP YEAR PARTY

● *Why not make February 29 this year a once-every-four-years Saturday night to remember with a swinging Leap Year Party?*

IT is a perfect excuse, after the first few weeks back at school or a job, to let your hair down a little.

Being a Leap Year Party, the girls, of course, take the initiative in organising it and deciding which boys will be invited.

First make a list of the girls you want to come, and then ask each of them to nominate the boy of their choice.

This gives the girls a chance to leap into a new romance.

Make the first dance a Lady's Choice.

Leap years are necessary to make the average length of a calendar year equal the time it takes the earth to orbit the sun — approximately 365¼ days.

The first leap year was introduced during the reign of Julius Caesar, so an authentic leap year party should have a Roman theme.

Ask your guests to wear sandals and a toga, and present them with headbands of leaves (make them yourself from dark green fabric or suitable leaves from your garden) as they arrive.

Wonderful togas can be made from an old sheet or curtain, a couple of safety pins, the odd piece of cording, and some ingenuity.

Rather than arrive in full regalia, guests could bring their own equipment and have a do-it-yourself-toga contest to get the party moving.

Decorate the room with bowls of fruit and Italian travel posters.

Here are some supper recipes, including a special leap year cake.

Bite-size savories

Small chipolata sausages, bacon, pineapple chunks.

Grill or fry sausages until brown. Cut bacon into squares large enough to wrap around each sausage, secure with small wooden pick. Return to pan and cook until bacon is crisp, or place under griller.

Serve some hot chipolatas without bacon; spear them to a pineapple chunk which has been sauteed in a little butter until hot and glazed.

Canapes

Choose a variety of shapes and sizes in savory biscuits. We used these toppings:

● Devilled ham spread on biscuit, topped with tomato slice, chopped parsley, egg slice, slice of stuffed olive.

● Biscuit spread with half cream cheese, half anchovy paste, topped with an olive slice.

● Biscuit topped with a cheese spread, garnished with gherkin rings and a shelled prawn.

● Spread with cream cheese mixed with finely chopped pickled onion, topped with chopped green pepper.

Party fried rice

One pound cooked long-grain rice (cook rice in chicken stock for extra flavor), 2 eggs, ½lb. bacon or diced ham, 1lb. prawns, ½ cup chopped celery, shallots, oil for frying.

Beat eggs lightly. Heat large frypan, pour in a little oil, add eggs and cook, turning once until set. Remove from pan, cut into strips or squares. If using bacon, cut into dice, add to pan, and cook until crisp; remove.

Add a little more oil to pan and, when hot, add rice. Cook, lifting and turning rice, until it is lightly browned and heated through. Add egg strips, bacon or ham, chopped shallots, celery, shelled prawns, fork through the rice until well mixed.

Pile on to large serving-platter or dish.

● Did you know that the custom allowing a woman to propose marriage during leap year once had the force of law?

In Scotland in 1288 a law was made providing that if a man refused a proposal he was cast into prison and his property impounded. A similar law operated in France and the Italian States of Genoa and Florence during the Fifteenth Century.

Over the centuries the law lapsed, and the custom grew for a man to present the woman with a pair of white gloves if he refused her.

Fortune cakes

Make one of these for each guest at the party. On a small slip of paper write out a forfeit — or a fortune — twist or fold into foil or rice paper and push down into the batter of each little cake before it is cooked.

The paper will bake in the centre of the cake. When the cakes are bitten into, or broken open, there is a fortune or a forfeit to be claimed for everybody. The funnier these are the better.

Of course, you can make lots more of the cakes, without the hidden message. They're light and so good to eat. Split them when they're iced, fill with whipped cream.

One and a half cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt into basin. Rub in butter, add sugar. Separate the egg; mix egg-yolk with milk. Fold into flour, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-white.

Three-quarters fill into hot, greased gem-irons, push in the small covered paper. Bake in a hot oven approximately 10 minutes. Cool, coat with chocolate icing, roll in coconut. Or, when hot from the oven, roll in a mixture of sugar and cinnamon. (Makes 2 dozen.)

Chocolate Icing: Put into a saucepan 2oz. chopped chocolate and 2 tablespoons warm water; melt over hot water, cool. Sift in ½lb. icing-

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sugar, add 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Stir over hot water or low heat until well mixed. Use while warm.

Leap year cake

Make up a two-layer cake from your favorite recipe, or use packaged cake mix. Join layers with whipped cream. Frost cake with whipped cream into which a little pink coloring has been blended.

Cut out a large heart-shape from marshmallow, place in centre of cake. Pipe "29" in centre of heart with pink whipped cream, icing, or melted chocolate.

Marshmallow: One ounce gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1lb. sugar, ¾ cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Place sugar and boiling water in saucepan, bring to the boil, add softened gelatine; boil 15 minutes. Cool, add flavoring. Beat until white and thick. Pour into lightly greased tin; leave until set.

Cut a large heart-shape from paper, dampen so it won't stick, place on top of marshmallow, and cut around. Carefully lift out with spatula and place in centre of cake.

Caramel-nut ice-cream

Two large bricks of ice-cream (one vanilla, one strawberry, or other flavors), caramel sauce, chopped nuts.

Have ice-cream well chilled and firm; cut into slices and place on serving plates. Pour over caramel sauce, sprinkle with nuts.

If desired, top a slice of strawberry ice-cream with one of vanilla; pour over sauce, add nuts.

Caramel Sauce: One and half cups sugar, 1 cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon butter, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Heat sugar in heavy pan over low heat, stirring, until melted and golden brown; remove from heat. Gradually stir in water, return to heat, bring to boiling point. Simmer until sauce thickens. Remove from heat, add butter, salt, and vanilla; cool.

BITE-SIZED savories, canapes, Party Fried Rice, Leap Year Cake, small Fortune Cakes (each with a fortune or forfeit baked right in), Ice-cream with Caramel Sauce and Nuts, a wonderful Party Fruit Punch — all gay, good-tasting for your Leap Year Party.

Fruity party punch

Two oranges, 2 apples, 2 bananas, 1 small can pineapple pieces, ½ cup sugar, ½ bottle each lemon and fruit-cup cordial, 4 bottles lemonade, 1 pint water, 4 bottles ginger ale, 1 box strawberries, 2 passionfruit, ice-cubes, lemon juice.

Peel and chop oranges, bananas, apple (dip apples and bananas in lemon juice to retain their fresh color); cut passionfruit in half, remove pulp. Combine in large basin with pineapple pieces, juice from can, and sugar; allow to stand.

Mix together the lemon and fruit cordials, water, and 1 bottle lemonade; refrigerate. When ready to serve, add remaining chilled lemonade, ginger ale. Mix in ice, fruit, and strawberries. Makes 40 glasses.

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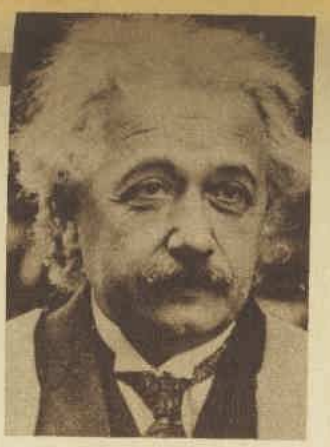
Great Discoveries—By WILLIAM JOY

The greatest scientist of all

● One of history's most fateful letters dropped on the desk of American President Franklin D. Roosevelt in August, 1939, as the world plunged to war.



ALBERT EINSTEIN

THE letter, from an untidy, dumpy little scientist by the name of Albert Einstein, told Roosevelt that the splitting of the uranium atom would lead to bombs of such magnitude that one could destroy a city and its people.

Spurred by Hitler, German scientists were already at work on such a bomb, wrote Einstein. He called on Roosevelt to make and maintain contact with scientists who were working on nuclear fission in America.

Roosevelt acted at once. He assembled the best nuclear scientists, and set them to make an atom bomb. They won the race with Germany.

Yet Einstein, whose letter inspired this fearsome arms race, was a pacifist.

He was considered by most to be the world's greatest scientist.

His Theory of Relativity and his Unified Field Theory changed all previous concepts of space and time, energy and matter.

He discovered new laws governing the two fundamental forces of the universe — gravitation and electro-magnetism.

He declared that space was curved, and his discoveries led to the development of atomic energy.

Albert Einstein, who threw these bombshells into the world of physics, was born of Jewish parents at Ulm, Germany, on March 14, 1879.

"Dull," to teachers

His teachers thought him dull. His favorite author was Euclid, and his only interests were science and mathematics.

At 16, Einstein taught himself calculus and higher mathematics. He won a place in Zurich Polytechnic, and graduated brilliantly in physics.

Despite this, the only job he could get was in the Patents Office at Berne. There, in 1905 when he was only 26, Einstein published his first papers and equations on the Theory of Relativity.

Among them was his shattering declaration that mass could be converted into energy, energy into mass, and that neither mass nor energy could be destroyed.

Einstein even fixed the enormous energy released by such change as equivalent to the mass, multiplied by the square of the speed of light —34,596 million. Which is just what practical scientists discovered when at last they split the atom.

Einstein needed no laboratory for his work. A mathematician and theorist, he was concerned mainly with abstract ideas. His laboratory was his head, his apparatus, pens and paper.

If he had been asked to split an atom, he would not have known where to start.

Shower of honors

Only the greatest scientific brains can hope to understand Einstein's theories. Einstein himself said it would take him about three days to give even a short definition.

He was pestered so persistently that finally he told his secretary to tell inquirers: "When you sit with a girl you love for two hours, you think it is only a minute. When you sit on a red-hot stove for a minute, you think it is two hours. That is relativity."

After publication of his first papers in 1905, honors came to Einstein. He lectured at many great universities. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921 and gave the £10,000 to charity.

Einstein had no idea of money. He once used a 1500-dollar cheque as a book mark and lost the book.

He was a strange character, small and rotund, with a shock of silvery hair, a puckish sense of humor, and a twinkle in his eye.

He hated tyranny and cruelty, was unimpressed by wealth and show. He shocked his more austere colleagues by walking through the streets in old slacks, a sloppy Joe sweater, sandals on his bare feet— and sometimes licking an ice-cream.

He was happy with beggars and with kings. Once at Bermuda his host had police scouring the island when he disappeared. Einstein turned up after dark. He had been fishing with the cook.

Often when he passed through Brussels, he played violin duets with Belgium's Queen Elizabeth. Once, when she was at the summer palace at Laeken, the Queen was alarmed when the car she sent to meet Einstein at the station returned without him.

A search party found him striding along the road, dusty, his hair flying in the wind, violin case in hand, and whistling gaily.

He had seen the car with its chauffeur and footman, but did not think for a moment it was there for him.

The footman, for his part, could not believe that the shabby little man who tumbled from a third-class carriage could be the guest of the Queen.

By 1929, all Germany was proud of Einstein. Students rushed his lectures at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin in such numbers that once they tore down the doors.

Nazi persecution

The nation gave him a house and a boat. Potsdam erected a statue to him.

Three years later his world crashed. The shadow of the swastika fell across Germany.

Hitler and his gang hated Einstein. The little Jew with the wizened face, brilliant brain, and outspoken attacks on ignorance and tyranny was the antithesis of the strutting Aryan superman.

In 1933, Hitler branded Einstein a Jew and put a price on his head. The Nazis burned his books.

Friends feared for Einstein's safety. They spirited him away to a secret hide-out in Belgium with a bodyguard to protect him from Nazi assassins.

He was welcomed gladly by America's Princeton University which gave him a special post i the school for advanced studies.

Albert Einstein was still puzzling out the riddles of the universe when he died in April, 1955.

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YOU can study better—part 4

By Peter O'Meara, Don Shirley, and R. D. Walshe, education experts and authors of "How to Study Better" *

● Tests in Australia and overseas have proved that every student can improve his reading rate by 50 per cent. or more in a few weeks. This is a great gain which becomes all the more spectacular when we realise that increased speed in reading usually involves also an increase in comprehension of what is read.

SPEED YOUR READING

ARE you a fast reader? Most students reply to this question by saying they think they should be reading more quickly; only a few say they haven't given the matter any thought.

The fact is that you can substantially speed your reading. Moreover, you can lift your understanding by doing so.

It is not the slow reader who understands most, for his very slowness permits random thoughts to intrude.

By reading rapidly you will be preventing random thoughts from wedging themselves between the thoughts that are coming to you from the page.

"What can I do to become a good reader — fast and accurate?" This is a question that both students and parents ask frequently nowadays.

Common faults

First of all, check yourself against this list of common reading faults:

● Do random thoughts intrude while you read?

● Do you find that you remember little of what you read?

● Do you have to keep going back over what you have just read?

● Do you mouth the words as you read?

● Do you point with finger or pencil at the words?

● Does your head move from side to side as you read?

● Do you read word by word, rather than in groups of words?

When you read a line of print the eyes do not move in a continuous flow of vision; they stop and start.

Each time they stop they see a certain amount of print. The amount may be one word or several words.

These "eye stops" are called fixations. A good reader is one who takes a short time to see a whole phrase, or "thought unit," each time he fixates.

Success formula

Beware of these faults if you have them, and eliminate them by conscious self-control where you can.

Then apply this reading success formula, S-I-R-E, which means:

S Scan
I Inquire
R Read
E Estimate

1. **SCAN.** Don't just sit down and start reading. Begin by spending two or three minutes in scanning or skimming the whole chapter, looking only at the title, first paragraph, sub-headings, topic sentences of main paragraphs, and the concluding paragraph.

2. **INQUIRE.** Scanning will give you enough insight to frame a question which it will be your goal to answer as you read. This will take only a minute or two. Jot down your question (or questions) so that it becomes a definite inquiry which you will now proceed to answer.

3. **READ.** Read the chapter in detail, pushing yourself to read a little faster than is quite comfortable. Underline any significant points (if the book is your own!), so that you can revision-read more easily later. Hold your question(s) in mind all the time.

4. **ESTIMATE.** Before you shut the book, estimate what you have gained. Did you find the answer to that question? This is consolidation. It is a good idea to scan the chapter once again. Then think over, say aloud, or write down the main things you have learnt.

At first sight, using this formula might seem time-consuming; in fact it is the opposite. By making it part of your routine you will save time and make your reading more effective — and your retention of important facts will improve.

Speed-up list

Here is a list of things you can do to speed-up your reading:

● Make S-I-R-E a habit.

● Get rid of the bad habits listed above.

● Read in thought units (word groups) instead of word by word.

● On reaching the end of a line, go swiftly down to the second, not the first, word of the next line.

● Search for the plan or structure that underlies each chapter, and then for the main ideas.

● Anticipate what the author is about to say, then glance ahead to see if you were right.

● Vary your reading rate to suit different books — a history text requires more care than most novels.

● Read widely, for leisure-time reading makes you a better reader and better fitted for study reading.

What to do

Think of the big place that reading occupies in your life. It is important to increase your skill in reading!

So go through this article again. Apply S-I-R-E whenever possible, and apply the other ideas as well.

For the next fortnight do 10 to 15 minutes of conscious rapid reading every day. You will be surprised by the improvement that will follow.

NEXT WEEK: Skill in listening.

* "How to Study Better," published by Martindale Press, 57 Woronora Cres., West Como, N.S.W. Price 2/6 plus postage.

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Girls win dates with U.S. pop stars

● "Breakfast with The Beach Boys" and "Supper with The Surfaris" were competitions recently run by a Sydney radio station — and I went along on BOTH dates without even entering the contest!

By JAYNE O'FLAHERTIE

TEENAGE girls were invited to list ten articles they would need on a surfing safari with members of these two popular American groups.

The ten girls whose entries were selected by Station 2SM were then offered a breakfast date with The Beach Boys or supper with The Surfaris.

Rosemonde McCaffrey, of Mosman, Virginia Shelley, of Vaucluse, Jan White, of Eastwood, Carol Howett, of Auburn, and Jan Gabriel, of Marrickville, chose breakfast with The Beach Boys.

It was an occasion they won't forget, for they were guests of a Sydney hotel at a lush Hawaiian breakfast.

They met in the early hours at the radio station, and were escorted by disc-jockeys Bob Rogers and Tony Murphy to the hotel.

There they were introduced to The Beach Boys — Mike Love, 22, Al Jardine, 21, and the three Wilson brothers, Brian, 21, Dennis, 19, and Carl, 17.

Plans to have the breakfast on the beach had dissolved in the rain that hit Sydney that day.

But hotel employees had captured a beach atmosphere — even providing sand, fresh from Nielsen Park Beach that morning, strewn on the floor.

As the downpour had made the sand soggy, the hotel chefs turned their ovens on full blast to dry it out.

The palm-covered table was laden with a luscious breakfast of ham and eggs American style, hot rolls, a Hawaiian fish dish, and plenty of fruit juice served in scooped-out coconut shells, with coffee to follow.

Tall, sandy-haired Mike Love helped to break the girls' rather nervous silence. His slow drawl and twinkling blue eyes proved a winner.

Soon the boys and girls were talking about everything from local politics to the stomp.

Mr. Murry Wilson, The Beach Boys' manager, and father of three of them, told me of the boys' success since 1961.

"In September of that year my wife and I were down in Mexico for a few days and had left the boys 80 dollars to look after themselves," he said.

"Boy, did we get a shock when we got back. The mess was fantastic. Nothing had been done to tidy up while we were away.

"The boys had spent the money on hiring sound and musical equipment, and so the group was formed."

Quick fame

Al plays rhythm guitar, Carl lead guitar, Brian is songwriter, arranger, producer, and bass guitar, Dennis plays drums, and Mike the sax.

Soon The Beach Boys' music spread from their own small town, Hawthorne, near Los Angeles, across America. "Surfer Girl," "Surfin' U.S.A.," and "Surfin' Safari" were all big hits.

Mike Love, who is the Wilsons' cousin, is the group's lead singer, except for ballads, when Brian Wilson leads.

Mr. Wilson keeps a firm hand on the boys.

"I have a very successful system," he said. "For acts of disobedience the boys must pay fines — ranging from 25 dollars to 200 dollars — according to the offence."

Each of the boys owns a car (Dennis has a 1963 Stingray Corvette which he boasts can reach 112 m.p.h. in 15 seconds), and all have a special interest in hot-rodding songs, which

THE SURFARIS, pictured during their stay in Sydney. From left, standing, Jim Pash (sax) and Bob Berryhill (rhythm guitar); sitting, Ron Wilson (drums), Pat Connolly (bass guitar), Jim Fuller (lead guitar).

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are the current craze in the States and fast becoming popular in Australia.

Their hot-rod hits so far include "Little Deuce Coupe," "409," and "Shutdown."

Brian, apart from producing the group's records, has a publishing and record production business in Hollywood.

He has produced records for Paul Peterson and The Castells and has assisted the singing duo Jan and Dean with some of their hits.

On Australian girls the boys were outspoken.

"What a change," said Carl. "They enjoy the sun and wind — and a brisk walk.

"American girls are the laziest creatures. They must catch a bus — or be driven — even one block.

"Australian girls don't wear tight clothes, and their make-up isn't heavy. They're your biggest tourist attraction!"

Later the same day it was The Surfaris' turn to date five other attractive teenagers — Barbara Black, of North Balgowlah, Marea Verhayen, of Girraween, Dianne Trudgeon, of Brighton-le-Sands, Jennifer Johnston, of Northbridge, and Barbara Behounek, of Bellevue Hill.

The Surfaris — Ron Wilson, 18; Jim Fuller, 16; Bob Berryhill, 16; Pat Connolly, 16; and Jim Pash, 15 — looking no older than their years but with all the self-assurance of 25-year-olds, took the girls to a city nightclub.

Before the floorshow they all had great fun swopping pet likes and dislikes and discussing their favorite records.

The only criticism Ron Wilson had about Australia was the traffic.

"Boy, does your traffic get me down," he said. "I have to stop and think real hard before I cross the street, and as for driving in Sydney — I'd probably be killed in the first five minutes."

Ron, the lead singer of the group, told me that the boys had been together for only 18 months.

"We were neighborhood friends in Charteroack, a suburb of Los Angeles," he said, "and we made our first public appearance at a local dance only six hours after we started practising together.

"Since then 'Wipeout,' which sold about two million records, and 'Surfer Joe' have been big hits for us."

Hot-rod craze

The Surfaris' latest release in Australia is "Scatter Shield," on the hot-rodding theme, with the surfing song "I Wanna Take a Trip to the Islands" on the flip.

The weird, hyena-like laugh at the beginning of "Wipeout" is the work of the boys' former manager, Dale Smallin.

"Dale had this crazy hobby," said Jim Pash. "He used to practise chipmunk noises and witches' cackling, and that's how we got the effect."

HAWAIIAN BREAKFAST with The Beach Boys. From left, standing, Bob Rogers, Jan Gabriel, Mike Love, Dennis Wilson, Virginia Shelley, and Tony Murphy; sitting, Jan White, Carl Wilson, Al Jardine, Rosemonde McCoffrey, Brian Wilson, and Carol Howett.

"With the hot-rod craze a new vocabulary has sprung up among American kids," said Mr. Clay Hentcy, the boys' road manager.

"For example, 'scatter shield' is a quarter-inch metal safety shield between the engine and the driver, 'burn' means race, and 'shutdown' is to beat another car in a drag race.

"Hot-rodding music is basically the same as surfing music — only the lyrics are different — so I believe the surfing sound will be around for quite a long time."

All The Surfaris are keen surfers and own surfboards.

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Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

First of Liverpool boys booked to tour

● The first of the Mersey beaters to bring the original Liverpool Sound to Australia will arrive in April.

ALREADY **Gerry and the Pacemakers** and **Brian Poole and his Tremeloes**, have been signed to appear in Sydney, Brisbane, and Melbourne for several shows in each city.

One of the most talented Liverpool boys to hit the pop scene, **Gerry Marsden** is a friendly, unassuming young man who has been rather overshadowed by the tremendous publicity given to The Beatles.

Yet Gerry and his Pacemakers have accomplished something that neither The Beatles nor any other English artist has ever achieved.

Their first three recordings made the No. 1 position on the English charts, and their latest release, "I'm The One," makes it four hits in a row.

Gerry has lived all his life in Liverpool not far from The Beatles' childhood homes, and he often shared the same stage with them at the now famous Cavern coffee bar and on tours.

Both groups were discovered at the same time by Brian Epstein, who has guided and managed their careers ever since.

However, while police have to be called out in force to protect The Beatles from their ardent fans everywhere they go, Gerry Marsden can still move around freely without creating similar riots.

And unlike The Beatles, he has not adopted any unusual hairstyle or fashion trend. He remains today what he has always been, a quiet, personable boy just like anyone's favorite brother.

Although he spends many hours trying out ideas for new songs, his latest was almost an accident.

While playing a one-night stand in Lowestoft, Gerry drifted into the ballroom of the hotel where he was staying to tune his guitar at the piano.

A musical phrase just "happened" as he was tuning-up. He rushed back to his room, played the phrase into a tape recorder, and later worked on it until he had the melody of "I'm The One."

Guitar hit

AUSTRALIA'S top pop guitarist **Rob E G** has come up with yet another great number to add to his long list of hits.

Like "Si Senor" and the wild "Jezebel," his new record also has a Latin flavor.

It's entitled "Carmen" and is taken from Bizet's score for the opera, which proves to be a really exciting sound with Rob's guitar backed by the Festival orchestra and chorus.

Maintaining the Spanish mood, the flipside is a number Rob wrote himself, "Senorita."

Dusty takes a rest

THE price of fame is high — and **Dusty Springfield** is the latest to discover the truth of this.

Currently riding high on the charts of England, Australia, and America with her first solo record, "I Only Want To Be With You," Dusty was recently forced to give up work for several weeks to retire to a sick bed.

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

"I've been suffering from a mixture of laryngitis and tonsillitis," she reported hoarsely. "And it's all due to the fact that I was completely run down."

Lately Dusty has been very much in demand for TV shows and tours, but she plans to take things at a less hectic pace in future.

She is now working on her first album which will be released here in about two months.

Although the Springfields have split up, they will be together on disc

Adelaide protests

● The Denvermen's claim that Adelaide is "Rocker territory" (T.W., 15/1/64) has drawn several protests from Adelaide surfies.

One, from "Surfie," of Stradbroke, says: "Adelaide used to be a strict Rocker city, but during the summer many like myself have found that it is much more fun to be a surfie — swimming and surfing and stomping.

"It is also better to wear loose clothes than leather jackets.

"Adelaide surfies are just as gone, if not more, with the surfing sounds. Each time I hear surf music I really go crazy with the stomp."

Another, signed by Susan and Dianne Hales, of Edwardstown, and 25 other surfies, says: "We may not have as much surf as Sydney and Brisbane, but we thoroughly enjoy surf music and dancing."

Don't miss

Disc

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*

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once more when a song they recorded early last year for a film, "If I Was Down and Out," will be released on Philips shortly.

Bryan off for England

NEXT week we say farewell to yet another young Australian artist who is off for a trip overseas. **Bryan Davies** sails for England at the end of the month and the good wishes of all Australians go with him.

Bryan's decision to visit England was influenced by **Norrie Paramor**, the great English promoter who has been responsible for so many hits by Cliff Richard, The Shadows, and Frank Ifield.

Norrie met Bryan while visiting Sydney last year with **Helen Shapiro** and was very impressed with his work.

Bryan will certainly be among friends in Britain, where a colony of young Australians are striving for fame and fortune.

JAY JUSTIN, who discovered Little Pattie at a surf club dance.

ROB E G gives "Carmen" an exciting sound on his guitar.

THE BEE GEES. From top, Barry and his twin brothers, Maurice and Robin. Barry, who is making a big name as a song writer, wrote their latest disc, "Peace of Mind."

Frankie Davidson, Patsy Ann Noble, and **Judy Cannon** will all be waiting to give Bryan a warm welcome and a load of good advice.

14-year-old hits the top

THE girls are very much in the news. The youngest on the Australian record scene is 14-year-old Little Pattie, who will have a new record out shortly.

Pattie's short career has been unusually lucky. A year ago she was Patricia Amphlette, just another pupil at Sydney Girls' High.

Then the stomp craze started and Pattie asked Paul Graham, who ran a dance at Bronte Surf Club, if she could sing a song with the band.

The audience reaction was so great that her parents gave permission for her to appear regularly with the group, and when Jay Justin heard her singing one night he recommended her to E.M.I.

After a successful audition with that company she cut her double-sided hit, "He's My Blond Headed Stompie Wompie Real Gone Surfer Boy" and C and W "Stompin' at Maroubra.".

Pattie passed the Intermediate last year and has left school to concentrate on her career.

You will find a pin-up of Pattie in next week's issue.

Beatle-style

AN Australian group with a genuine English sound is **The Bee Gees.** The boys were born on the Isle of Man, but later lived for some years in Manchester, not far from Liverpool.

Their family migrated to Australia four years ago, but the three boys still retain their North Country accent and an English feel for music.

Their latest effort is a Beatle-style number entitled "Peace of Mind," which **Barry Gibb,** leader of the group, wrote himself.

These days Barry can lay claim to the title of Australia's most prolific young composer.

He turns out tunes with apparent ease in little more than 15 minutes. **Col Joye, Noeleen Batley,** and **Jimmy Little** have all released Gibb tunes recently.

Sure shots

"I'm the One," Gerry and The Pacemakers (Columbia), "I'm the Lonely One," Cliff Richard (Columbia), "Surfin' Bird," The Trashmen (Stateside).

WORTH HEARING

RAVEL: Orchestral dances

THREE of Ravel's best-known orchestral works take the form of symphonic "enlargements" of particular dance rhythms. These are the "Pavan For a Dead Princess," "La Valse," and "Bolero"; they are brought together, splendidly played and recorded, on a new R.C.A. disc by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under conductor Charles Munch.

The earliest of these works is the "Pavan," written (first for piano) in 1899. The pavan was a slow, stately dance of Renaissance times; Ravel in this beautiful piece calls to mind a courtly, antique procession of mourning.

"La Valse," which dates from 1920, applies the full range of modern orchestral colors and harmonies to the swirling rhythms of the Viennese waltz. The music irresistibly suggests a ballet; it is no surprise that it has been used by at least half a dozen choreographers.

"Bolero" (1929) was written specifically as a ballet and really needs the stage action for its full appreciation. It is a remarkable experiment in what might be called musical psychology — a long, uninterrupted crescendo which keeps to the same tune, the same key, and the same rhythm until the climax explodes to break the tension a few bars from the end. — MARTIN LONG.

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TEENA
by Lilda Terry

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http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5796432

TOPS IN SPORT

Champion in two sports

BY CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● It's a tough enough task to become a national champion in any one sport, but to take the title in two sports takes talent by the ton.

PRETTY Pat McClennaughan, of Caringbah, N.S.W., has talent of this type and at 18 has already proved her potential both in tennis and squash.

For three successive years now she has wielded her squash racquet such effect that she has been both N.S.W. and national junior champion and last year she hit her way into the role of Australian junior doubles and mixed doubles tennis champion.

Pat's squash talent is currently being tested in Britain, where, with three other Australian girls — defending world champion Heather Blundell, Barbara Baxter, and Jenny Irving — she is competing in this month's British Open Squash Championships, which are world title events.

And next month Pat will head for the French Riviera, where she'll begin travelling the international tennis circuit.

She hopes to play in every tournament, including Wimbledon, before returning to Australia in August in time to switch again to her squash racquet in the national squash titles.

All Pat's friends keep hounding her with the question "Which is your second string? Tennis or squash?"

As yet, Pat hasn't been prepared to give them an answer, but she knows that sometime soon she'll have to decide whether her love of squash is stronger than her love of tennis, or vice versa.

"I love both sports," she said before she flew to London, "and when time makes it impossible for me to continue playing both games competitively I'll probably keep on with whichever one I'm winning more success with."

Pat, who is a trim 5ft. 7in., first began playing the strenuous game of squash six years ago.

Since then she has travelled extensively interstate to play in squash tournaments, and in 1962 she represented Australia in New Zealand, where she won both the open and junior championships.

At the end of 1962 Pat passed her Leaving Certificate examinations and won a scholarship to study physical education teaching, but she still hasn't begun these studies because she has been playing so much competition squash and tennis.

PAT McCLENNAUGHAN, who will play the world tennis circuit after the British Squash Championships this month.

A great "promoter" of squash, Pat claims that an hour on the squash court provides better exercise than a two-mile swim.

But Pat, a sportswoman of especially great stamina, doesn't depend entirely on squash and tennis for her exercise.

She makes doubly sure she's fit by swimming "a mile or two" whenever possible, and by skipping.

"Apart from tennis and squash practice, I suppose skipping is really my main exercise," she said. "It's wonderful for toning everything up, and it also helps you to turn like a flash — which is really important in squash."

NEXT WEEK: Russell Phegan.

Beauty in brief: BRUSH-UP ON LIPSTICK

A PRETTY mouth is a beauty asset at any age — that's why learning to apply your lipstick with a small brush is more than worth any time and effort you devote to the job.

Use a lip-brush if you would have a perfect lip-line, and pick a good one while you're about it, with real sable hairs — you'll get more than your money's worth out of it before it wears out.

For the best results make sure that your lips are perfectly dry before you put any color on them.

Begin by filling the lip-brush, stroking it back and forth over the lipstick and adding more color to it as needed.

Some people find it simpler to begin the basic outline at the outer corner of the upper lip, drawing the line toward the centre for as pretty and natural a shape as possible. The idea is to do one side of the mouth, then the other, checking all the time that the sides are equal.

When the top lip is outlined, fill it in — with the brush for preference, or with the lipstick itself to start with. Repeat the routine of outlining and filling in the lower lip, then blot carefully.

Practice will help to perfect your lip-brush technique. If your wish to re-do your lip make-up or correct its line, simply wipe it away with cleansing tissue, pat a bit of powder over the damaged edge, and redraw the line.

A lip-brush not only gives your mouth a glamorous finish but it also enables you to get more out of your lipstick because you can use it right down to the end. — **CAROLYN EARLE.**

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Let her grow up

"I am 18½ years old and have been going steady with a 14½-year-old girl who lives about 40 miles away, so I don't get to see her very often. Although our parents know each other they don't approve of our friendship. Every time her name is mentioned at home my parents keep telling me to get some sense and grow up."

J.S., N.S.W.

How about showing your parents that you DO have some sense — by mixing more with boys and girls of your own age group and a little nearer home?

Try joining a club or two — social and sporting. Since your parents know your girl-friend's parents, you'll still be able to keep in touch with her. But give her a chance to grow up, too.

Marriageable ages

"I WOULD like to know the marrying age for both boy and girl. I've asked my parents and friends, but they all have different answers. When can you marry with, or without, parents' consent?"

"Curious," Vic.

The Commonwealth Marriage Act, which came into force last September, states that a male must be at least 18 and a female at least 16 before they can be legally married. Couples under 21 must produce written consent of both parents to their marriage. A person under marriageable age cannot marry — even with parental consent — unless a judge or magistrate makes an order. This can be done only in an exceptional case and only if the other party has reached marriageable age.

Color snobbery

"ABOUT three weeks ago I broke with my boy-friend because he said something to me which I think was very unfair. He told me he thought I should not talk to some aboriginal boys whom I know very well. He said he could understand my talking to white boys, but not to dark boys. I love him very much, and I was upset when he told me all this. In haste, I told him he was unfair, and I broke with him. I told him my family had taught me to treat people as my equals, no matter what color they are, but he doesn't think that way. I have no hope of getting him back, because he has gone back to a girl he used to write to. Do you think I was stupid to break with him?"

"Unfair," N.S.W.

No. It's never stupid to stick to your principles, even though the consequences may seem hurtful for a while.

Keep talking to your aboriginal friends. You'll realise in a little while that you couldn't have been happy with a boy who does not respect the sound principles your family has taught you, and finds someone else so soon after breaking with you.

Hobbies, steadies

"I AM starting work this year and would like to take up some hobbies so I will not be idle in the evenings. I intend to take up sewing and I do a little drawing. I don't want to collect anything as we don't have the room at home. Could you please suggest something I could do? Also, I have been going steady for 11 months. I have no wish to go out with other boys because I like my steady better than anyone else I have met. We go out in groups and I have plenty of chances to meet other boys. Do you think this attitude is wrong?"

"Wondering," S.A.

(a) Why not try your hand at fashion designing? Magazines will give you a few ideas, and the materials needed would not present any space problem.

(b) Not at all — as long as you continue giving yourself the chance to meet and get to know other boys.

Hair and holidays

"I AM a teenage girl with what might be called a trivial but frustrating problem. I have a plump face, and long hair slims it down and makes me more attractive. But whenever I begin to grow my hair, my sister and all my girl-friends (all with short hair) tell me to get it cut. When I do get it cut, all the boys tell me that I shouldn't have. Should I grow it? Also, do you think it is wrong for five 17-year-old girls to go away for two weeks without an adult to chaperon them?"

"Confused," N.S.W.

(a) Yes. If it suits you long, and the boys like it, why worry about what the girls say?

(b) No, provided they're the type of girls who can be trusted to behave sensibly with or without a chaperon. And provided their parents approve their place of accommodation.

Long-haired rebel

"I AM a 14-year-old boy. I have an old-fashioned mother who insists that I carry on the tradition. She thinks anybody wearing blue jeans is a bodgie or a larrikin. She does not know that nearly all Victorian teenagers are wearing them. She insists I wear my shorts long and baggy. She is always telling me my hair is too long. I think a trip to the city would do her good. Will

A word from Debbie . . .

• *Here are some ideas to brighten up your room — and the cost is practically nil.*

COMB the house for some old copies of The Australian Women's Weekly and a largish cardboard or wooden box, preferably with a top.

Cut out the prettiest pictures you can find and glue them to the outside and inside of the box. Trim the edges with gold braid or pretty bobble fringe.

Makes an ideal wastepaper basket, hat-box, storage space for jumpers, or a place for your knitting needles, patterns, and wools.

CONCOCT a sugar and spice box for keeping your hair ribbons all in one place from an old cigar box. Just cover it with pretty gingham or any other remnant from your dressmaking, and trim it with a frilly lace edging.

LINE that old bookcase with a bold print. Try some fake leopard-skin fabric.

Glue the material to the wood, making sure that all the creases disappear, and, voila! — a touch of the jungle in your room.

The same idea can be applied to the inside of your dressing-table and wardrobe drawers.

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she ever wake up to herself or will I always have to dress like a Northern Territory boundary rider?"

"Square," Vic.

You'll have more success in persuading your mother to let you choose some of your own clothes if you're more patient and tolerant about her views — not rude and rebellious.

Why not ask her if you can have a pair of jeans (for casual wear, of course!) for your next birthday?

Incidentally, it's not customary for boundary riders to wear shorts — even in the Northern Territory. They're not an ideal garment in the saddle.

Speech lessons

"I AM a girl of 11, and I am very anxious to learn elocution. I think I would do well at it, and have asked my parents if I could learn. My mother always says I have enough to do with my music, and my father doesn't say anything. My sister thinks it's a silly idea. Could you please help me?"

"Anxious," Qld.

It's certainly NOT a silly idea. Learning to speak well and to use your voice correctly can do much to make you a more poised and charming person as you grow up, as well as being a career asset.

Your mother's point of view is understandable. Perhaps you could persuade her to give you one term's trial, on condition that you work to a schedule — say, music practice before school in the morning, and art of speech practice in the afternoon.

If she agrees, it's up to you to show that you're keen enough to stick to this arrangement without neglecting your music or school homework.

Marriage-shy

"SIX months ago I met a very nice man in his late 20s who was eager to take me out. I am 21 and fairly attractive. Everything went well at first, and he even mentioned marriage. I then fell in love with him, and thought he felt the same. One night a few months later I got carried away and told him of my feelings. He told me he liked me very much, but wasn't in love with me. I was very disappointed and hurt about it. He is quite willing to treat me as a good friend, but I'm not really satisfied with that. There is no other girl in his life, and he continues to take me out. He is quite cool toward me in public but not when we are alone. Do you think he does care for me, but doesn't want to lead me on further as he is maybe scared of marriage? Do you think he may change his mind if I wait around, or should I take work in another town and try to forget him? I don't think that I could ever stop loving him, but I just don't know what to do."

"Waiting," Vic.

Don't waste any more of your time waiting around. This man likes the convenience of having a girl-friend, but has no intention of being hooked.

A new job, new surroundings, new friends, and new interests add up to the best possible therapy for forgetting him.

Early ambition

"I AM endeavoring to become a nurse, and as I am on 14 now, I am not putting my name down until I am 15 or 16. But my father's ideas are different to mine. He said he will not let me leave home until I am 18 or 19. Suppose I am called up when I am 17 — what will I do? Do you think I am right in saying my father is not giving me a fair deal? We often have heated arguments over this age business."

"In Despair," Qld.

At the least, you have three years before you are called for training. It may seem unlikely now, but by then you might not even want to be a nurse! In any case, you have lots of time to show your father (who only wants to protect you) that you are developing into a mature young woman, worthy of trust.

Stop discussing the problem now. Don't try to persuade him that you're grown up — show him by taking more responsibilities at school and at home that he can be proud of and have confidence in his grown-up daughter.

WHAT'S SAUCY FOR THE GOOSE, ETC.

● I think it's about time someone had a word or two in the ears of more than a few adults—before they make complete goats of themselves.

I REFER, of course, to the habit of criticising teenagers for habits that keep adults equally happy.

For instance, let's consider wigs.

A boy who for fun wears a Beatle wig is scoffed at as a ratbag, pointing up what sensible adults have always known — that teenagers are stupid and irresponsible lairs.

Why doesn't the same rule apply, in all fairness, to an august judge or silver-tongued barrister?

Why is a Beatle wig any more ludicrous a sight than the curly, merino-fleece monstrosity that well-balanced jurists wear on their distinguished domes — usually like pimples on pumpkins?

And don't fool yourself that other adult males don't wear wigs.

So it's bad for a Beatle to wear funny hair while performing, eh?

But for some strange reason it's okay for Bing Crosby to have worn someone else's for 20 years!

Also, surfies are roundly (or should I say squarely?) scorned for dying their hair.

I wonder how many discreet grey-templed businessmen who cluck over their stock-market reports are really in a different boat?

Yes, for every bleached-hair boy surfie there's a tinted-hair man who's pushing 55!

You'll often see the latter, too, in shorts. With less result.

The same business also applies to transistors.

Kids are always accused of wandering or sitting around with ears glued to music.

It's okay, of course, for a fully grown, mature, responsible man to listen to cricket, football, or races.

Frankly, I just don't know what the older generation is coming to.

— Robin Adair

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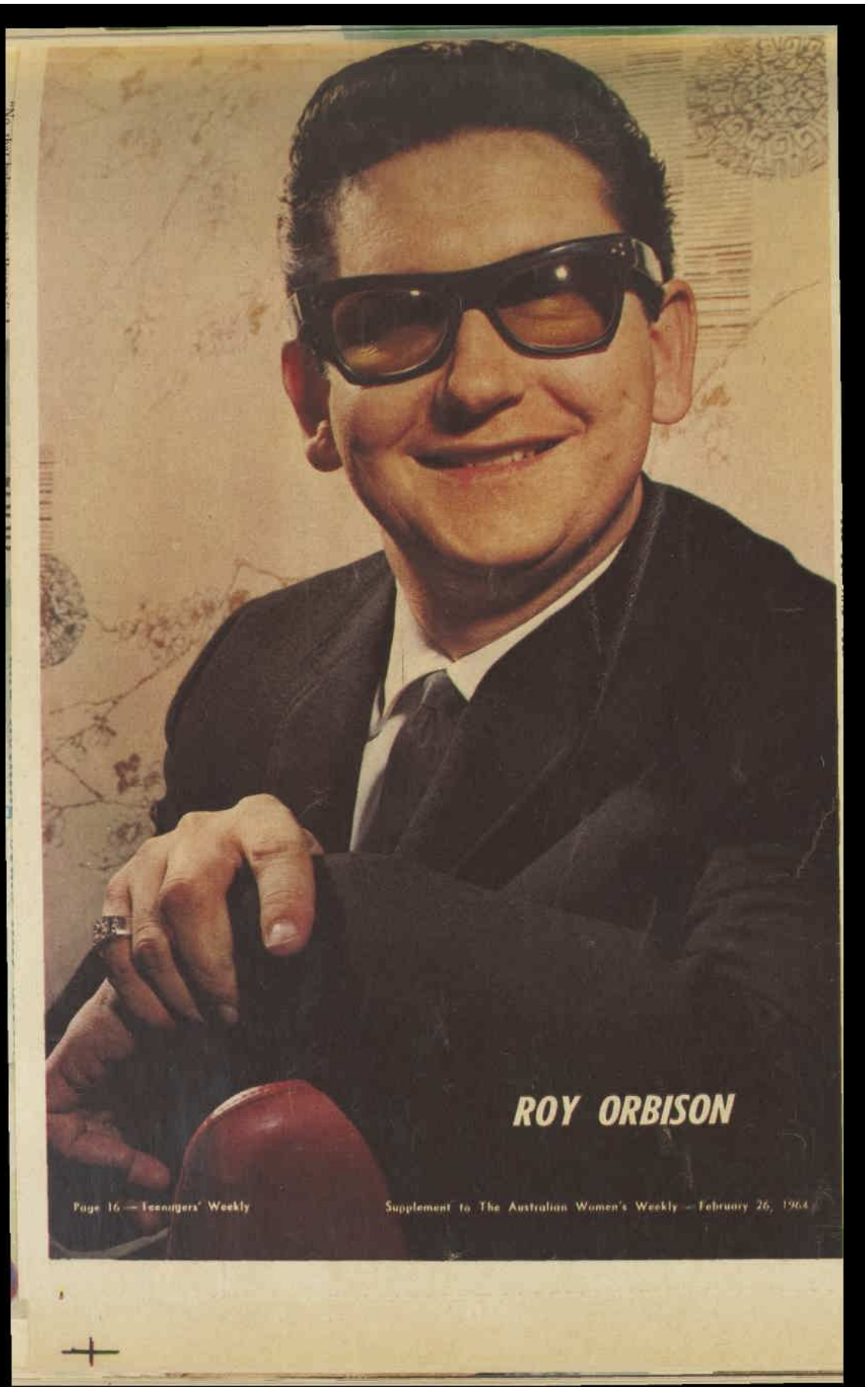

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BETTINA by Bettina — "A road smash ends it all"

From page 35

I slept, and finally, half asleep, aching with stiffness, and unable to move a single muscle, I was taken home.

I woke up the next time in my own bed in the Neuilly house, without the faintest idea whether I had been asleep for five minutes, half an hour, or three days.

I could hear myself talking, but could not make out the answers.

There were a lot of people in my room, and I recognised my mother, my sister, and the Begum. But I felt alone, terribly alone.

Karim came, and the feeling of emptiness he felt, and made me feel, too, did something to revive me. For his loneliness was mine, and this comforted me a little.

Then friends began to file past. There must have been hundreds of them outside my room.

Today I have no doubts about the genuine grief felt by those who came to see me, and without them my ordeal would have been still more terrible.

But my grief could not be theirs; I felt more and more a stranger to them, and my mind could not take in the fact that Aly was dead and that my life had collapsed about me.

Aly's body was brought from the hospital to the house, and was laid out in the drawing-room on the first floor, the drawing-room he had been so fond of.

As soon as I knew he was there I realised that this evening would be the last I would ever have him to myself.

I summoned up enough energy to get up. Night had fallen, and the house was deserted. Only the Begum and my mother were there looking after me, and, seeing me staggering down the stairs clutching at the banisters, they realised where I was going.

They tried to stop me, but I screamed and struggled, and begged them to let me go. In the end they gave up their attempts to stop me.

Room of flowers

I spent that night beside Aly, obsessed by my vision of the accident. Aly had not changed. His face looked even more relaxed than before and seemed almost to be smiling.

My mother and the Begum placed a sofa beside the bed on which Aly lay, and I slept there till morning, one hand resting on his arm.

I was never to see Aly again. The next day he no longer belonged to me. They embalmed him, and the Ismailis came to say prayers over him, and soon the drawing-room was full of flowers and people.

It was all so formal, so well organised and impersonal that I no longer felt I could cross the threshold into the room.

I was going to need a great deal of strength.

First there was the inventory, a necessary formality, but how ever did I manage to bear it? The entire house, with all its furniture and fittings, had to be gone through.

Everything was written down by a very understanding gentleman, but to me he seemed so totally inhuman. Nothing escaped his scrutiny, even bottles of perfume and my lipsticks were listed.

"That is Madame's."

"No, that belongs to the Prince."

"That belongs to Madame," the chambermaid would insist.

I wept bitterly throughout it all.

Naturally enough, every tragedy attracts a certain type of person who is brought to the scene by morbid curiosity.

I never even attempted to have all the strangers who had managed to get in driven from the house, and they wandered from room to room as if in a museum; nor did I bother with the English chauffeur we had sacked years before, who took upon himself the job of keeping the Press informed of what was going on.

Before being finally laid to rest far away in Syria, Aly's body was to be temporarily interred at The Horizon, Aly's house in Cannes.

A great crowd of people, relatives, friends, Ismailis, and mere onlookers came that morning to see him taken away for the last time.

Aly's grave

This was the most appalling experience I had to undergo.

As I came down from the second floor toward the drawing-room I heard a litany being chanted. The Ismailis were singing most movingly in unison, as they bore the coffin on their shoulders slowly down through the crowd, who stood overcome.

In Cannes the sky was overcast, and everything about me seemed so gloomy. Later I learned of the great grief of an unknown woman whose husband, a member of the State Security Police, had been posted on the railway line where it runs along beside the grounds of The Horizon to prevent people from peering in, and had been killed by a passing train.

Aly's grave had been dug in the middle of the lawn, right beside the study where he had always spent the greater part of each day, and only those very close to him attended the burial ceremony.

Karim, the head of the family, recited the Moslem prayers with his palms turned toward the heavens. Ismaili officiants gave the responses.

The green-and-white Pakistani flag covering the coffin was removed, then slowly Aly left us for ever.

To page 38

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BETTINA by Bettina — "A road smash ends it all"

From page 37

Aly's family and friends could hardly have been kinder to me. They told me the houses were mine to stay whenever I liked and for as long as I wanted.

I did think I could indeed take refuge in a special house Aly had built for us both in Geneva, but in fact I soon found it had not been a good idea.

I suddenly felt a complete stranger in the house, alone there without Aly, and I began to hate the place.

Then there were the journalists lying in wait all the time behind a hedge, trying to take shots through their telephoto lenses.

I had invitations to go and stay from a great number of my friends, but on returning to Paris I went straight to a flat Genevieve Fath had lent me.

Genevieve had filled it with flowers and put pretty sheets on the bed to welcome me, and Doris Brynner, Yul Brynner's wife, and my maid, together had moved my dogs and all my personal things over for me.

I felt very depressed at having to arrange all the things I was so used to seeing in other surroundings, in this strange, rather dark flat.

My dogs lay cowering in their basket. They seemed as miserable as me, as the house, and as the weather.

There was nothing I wanted to do, only not to have to make any decisions; I wanted someone to look after me, to decide things for me. I would have liked to have slept for a long time.

Besides the hundreds of telegrams I received the first few days after Aly's death, innumerable letters continued to pour in from all corners of the globe, some from people I knew, and others from strangers. The injustice of Aly's death seemed to have stirred everyone's heart.

It is a wonderful thing to realise that in times of great sorrow men are not as indifferent to one another as one might have thought.

Along with all these letters of comfort came a handful of anonymous ones, too, but who cared? This type of letter counts for nothing.

In July friends took me to Holland for a week. The trip both did me good and depressed me.

Next I went south, as Aly and I had done every year, but this also turned out to be a bad idea.

And so on. Everywhere I went I found I wanted to be somewhere else.

I found myself deluged with offers of work, and even more overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

A great number of the latter came from America, and were often accompanied by a photograph, not, I must admit, very persuasive.

I could have taken my choice between a farmer, a doctor, a dentist, a student, a painter, or a garage proprietor. I could have gone to live in Germany, Italy, or Brazil — in fact, a regular matrimonial world tour.

I was even offered the title of duchess; this time the suggestion was made to me in person at Maxim's. But I turned down the duke, who could have been my father.

My friend Liz

Then I received a quite unexpected invitation. Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher were passing through Paris on their way from London after Elizabeth's first serious illness there, and insisted that I should accompany them to Palm Springs, where they had rented a house.

Elizabeth had remained a friend of mine through all her marriages. After my first meeting with her in California, when she was married to Michael Wilding, I saw her again in Paris when she was married to Mike Todd.

She had seemed radiant, loaded with gifts, and utterly dependent on her husband, who made all the decisions.

Square-set little Mike never seemed to stop, and his brain was in a permanent ferment, looking for ideas about films or publicity.

He was forever buying things: a huge Rolls-Royce with a bar inside, or a diamond diadem for Elizabeth.

He used to smoke the very biggest imaginable cigars and would rent the very best house on the Cote d'Azur or at Cap Ferrat.

His luncheon parties would see a gathering of every celebrity along the Riviera. Elizabeth would never come down from her room before three or four in the afternoon and their guests, by then nearly dead with hunger, would welcome her with an attempt at a smile.

Aly liked Todd, but found him exhausting. He had found someone stronger than he was in the field of action.

Elizabeth alternated between playing at being the great star or a spoilt little girl, but she never took herself seriously, and people forgave her many a caprice because of her sense of humor.

Elizabeth and Mike used to have the most beautifully worked out quarrels that would go on until they began to hurl abuse at one another. The uninitiated thought they were witnessing the break-up of the Todd marriage, until a great burst of laughter would put an end to the game.

Mike's death must have left a great gap in Elizabeth's life, even if appearances seemed to lead people to believe the opposite.

One day when I was at The Horizon I saw Elizabeth on the steps of the Carlton Hotel, in Cannes. She had just married Eddie Fisher.

I phoned her immediately and invited her to the house, and she came over with Eddie and a great deal of luggage, delighted to be able to escape a pack of photographers.

I had met Eddie and his wife, Debbie Reynolds, when Aly had invited them and Mike Todd and Elizabeth to the Epsom races. Mike treated Eddie like a son, and the Fisher menage was far from perfect.

Liz told us how, after Mike's death, she had felt so desperate that she had fled Hollywood to come to Paris.

On the way she stopped in New York, where by chance she ran into Eddie, who was also alone and depressed about his marriage.

Their solitude had brought them together, and the result was a marriage that astonished the whole world.

When sorrow came to my life, too, the letter Liz wrote to me was one of the nicest and most touching one woman could possibly have written to another, and greatly strengthened my friendship with her.

So I was delighted now to set off with her and Eddie.

Our journey to Palm Springs was nothing but one long photographic session. Elizabeth, an expert in her role of film star, was photographed as we left in Paris, in New York, where we stayed at the Airport Hotel, and in Los Angeles.

She was capable of remaining perfectly calm while scores of reporters fired questions at her, as she stood there dazzled by flashbulbs and blinded by television lights.

I watched these scenes from afar, and did my utmost to keep out of these inhuman free-for-alls.

But the Palm Springs house with its swimming-pool seemed a real haven of rest.

Every day was peaceful there. Liz was convalescing and used to sleep practically all day long. Occasionally, however, I did catch sight of Eddie at lunch.

I spent the days reading, watching television, or swimming; evenings were quiet family affairs in which we played gin rummy and backgammon.

One day, in a fit of unaccustomed activity, Elizabeth and Eddie took me to play a game of golf.

I rather liked the idea of walking several miles in the open air, but I was sadly disappointed. There was a small car no bigger than a toy to carry the players from one green to the next.

Tony Curtis was my partner. Elizabeth was wrapped in a muslin scarf and was not playing.

Our game was by no means a serious one, for Tony, dressed in a yellow shirt and sky-blue trousers, was more interested in making me laugh than in scoring.

Everyone we saw was going about in identical little cars, and we would sit there in the middle of the course, between two holes, and gossip with Peter Lawford, President Kennedy's brother-in-law, just as if we had been in a drawing-room.

I could easily have let time slip by in this pleasant, pointless way, but was suddenly seized with a feeling of anguish. I felt an imperative need to get back to Paris. Now it all seems so stupid.

For, once back, my inner turmoil, which only my close friends could sense, seemed even worse. I wanted to be alone, and yet at the same time I wanted new faces.

So I began to go out every night, taking refuge with a band of night-birds. I danced very little, but would sit in the Epi-Club till dawn.

Sometimes Francoise Sagan (the novelist) and I would go afterwards to the Mars Club, a great meeting-place of singers and musicians on their way through Paris. The two of us would sit in the shadows with a bottle of champagne or a glass of whisky and listen to the music.

We talked about ourselves and our lives, and sometimes about Guy Schoeller, a former sweetheart of mine, and her former husband. I felt very close to Francoise and found her friendship and affection most touching.

Giggling

I sometimes had lunch with her, and the meal was always interspersed with fits of giggling, triggered off by something ridiculous, some triviality. We sometimes rang each other in the middle of the night.

"Are you asleep?"

"No."

"Well, then, come and have a drink."

I introduced her to the poet Jacques Prevert, and when she told him that she had been expelled from her school because they had caught her reading his book, "Paroles," he was absolutely delighted.

This night life did me good until the day I began to tire of it. All of a sudden I realised that this kind of existence bore absolutely no relation to my true character.

I made an immense effort to get back to reality, for ever since Aly's death there seemed to have been another person living in my place. I had to snap out of it, and snap out of it I did, though it took some time and some mental sorting out.

And so my story concludes, and I can stand aside and assess the woman my joy, grief, and loneliness have made me.

I have no husband; I have no child.

Aly never gave me the thing I wanted more than anything else in the world; he never made me his legal wedded wife. But never once, during those five years together, did he fail to treat me as a wife. And when he died his family and friends did not separate us.

Nor was "poor Bettina" forgotten in Aly's will.

I feel I have never cheated with life. I have always tried to act with the greatest possible sincerity and the least possible hypocrisy.

Perhaps because of my education, perhaps on account of my natural laziness, I have never considered social ambition of any importance. It never mattered to me all that much whether or not I had a car, or jewellery, or a bank account.

Neither is success to be equated with the list of famous people one happens to know, but rather the knowledge that one has done one's duty toward oneself and others in one's private life as well as in one's work.

Occasionally while living with Aly, I almost found myself wishing I were poor. For I had been poor, and it had never hurt me.

I think that had Aly been poor he would have faced adversity with extraordinary courage.

The world and all its pomp never won my heart, for, although I always enjoyed an elegant dinner-party, enjoyed wearing a dress I liked, and knowing I looked attractive, these things were never of paramount importance to me.

I was a success in my job as a cover-girl, and I owe that success more to an expressive face than to good looks. I consider that there is nothing more dull than to spend one's whole time looking after oneself, and that the more one can forget one's face the longer one will remain young.

Women who live in an agony of apprehension about losing their youth will lose it ten times quicker than those who don't.

When I was seventeen, back in Elbeuf, I knew I was the prettiest girl in the district, but soon realised that there were many, many lovely women in Paris; this fact did not make me unhappy, for I never envy people their good looks.

I am even more convinced than I was before I had lived through all my grief and loneliness that a woman's true role in life is the one Aly assigned to her. I have never felt so completely myself as when I knew I was indispensable to the man I loved.

A woman's freedom becomes useless from the moment she falls in love, for it is her very nature to be faithful and seek the protection of her beloved.

A woman's independence is no more than a makeshift arrangement and never brings happiness.

To love and understand a man is the only way to fulfil one's destiny harmoniously. I both loved and understood Aly, and it was with him that I found what I had been seeking my whole life long: inner peace.

THE END

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Loch Alsh and Eilean Donan Castle, Scotland

At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon

Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford-upon-Avon

In Parliament Square, London

How to plan your Shakespeare Year Trip to Britain

1964 is Shakespeare's Year — the fourth centenary of his birth. And in Britain during 1964 — from April to November — the most spectacular birthday party in a hundred years will be staged. Eight full months of celebrations. An ideal occasion for a *first* visit to Britain . . or a *return* visit.

The variety of celebrations is astonishing. Special plays and festivals are being put on by towns in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. In Stratford-upon-Avon — Shapespeare's own town — a special Shakespeare Exhibition is being presented — plus a seven-month-long Season of his plays and a poetry festival at Halls Croft, home of Shakespeare's daughter.

In London there will be performances of Othello, Macbeth, The Tempest and Henry V. And Covent Garden will be presenting Shakespeare-inspired operas. Outside of London there will be a Shakespeare Festival in Lincoln; and you'll be able to watch performances of Shakespeare's plays in Bristol, Belfast, Northampton, Pitlochry and elsewhere.

Shakespeare's Year in Britain will be an international affair. You'll meet Shakespeare-lovers from all over the world. After it all, you'll be able to look back and say "I was in Britain during the Shakespeare Year Celebrations". So plan to be there. And time your visit to take advantage of the September/May thrift season — when you'll save money travelling to and from Britain! Ask your travel agent about this.

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A father feels "a forgotten parent"

● *I want to share my children's tears and smiles and to feel my children need me, my help and advice. And so to my wife, who seems to be taking them away from me, I would like to write this letter of protest:*

By "FRUSTRATED DAD"
(This reader has supplied his full name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.)

MY Dear Joan,

I have a grudge against you which I haven't the courage to tell you face to face, so I am going to write you about it.

My grudge is just this: You are a perfect mother to your children, but you completely leave me out of your scheme of bringing up the family.

You read books on child care and child psychology, but you quite ignore the "father" side of it.

I could not say this directly to you, though I AM tempted to do so a hundred times a day.

You are so unconscious of it all, so full of good intentions, so loving, and so determined that I shall not feel the children are a "nuisance."

I come home tired, but ready for a romp, and you say quickly: "Don't make a noise, now—your father is coming," and the children shut up like clams at once.

I know you are remembering that time I was ill and threatened with a breakdown. True, their noise irritated me then, but it was only temporary.

Why make me appear an impatient tyrant who is unable to understand the very natural desire of children to make a noise?

When I ask young Bill to come for a walk, I hear you say to him quietly: "Don't worry your father. It's very good of him to take you."

GOOD! As though I don't enjoy his companionship and love, the ingenuous talk through which I can gather such an amazing insight into his character. But I sense at once an attitude of reserve.

He feels he mustn't "bother" me. It takes me nearly an hour to break through that shell of his, but once I have we are really good friends. The pity is that this delay is so unnecessary.

Mary, too. Do you honestly think I mind her experimenting with the delights of lipstick? Why do you make me the scapegoat when you try to stop her?

"Your father won't like it. He's so old-fashioned," you say.

But I'm not. We are all young once. The girls in her office wear lots of lipstick, she says, and she'll soon get over the plastery phase and learn discretion is the better part of make-up.

Bless you, Joan! You mean so well and you worry yourself like a hen as she sees her chicks straying.

But that hen would no more dream of saying: "Come here or your father will be angry" than she would be setting sail on the muddy pond.

Why then drag me into it? A father should be there for real authority, I agree, but not for little everyday occurrences. That is your department.

If you disapprove of their actions, have the courage to say so. Don't silently hide behind me.

Of course they feel you are their "pal," but children grow up surprisingly soon, and before long they will feel you are treating me unfairly.

Already Bill is making a friend of me, telling me secrets in which you have no place. He has asked me to go for outings with him alone.

"When Mother's about I don't seem to get a chance to have a good yarn to you, Dad. You seem to let Mum do all the talking," he said, half ashamed of the implied criticism of you.

But that shows the way they are thinking: That I am just pushed into the background.

Another thing, Joan. I feel I am a tyrant in my own home.

You may not know it, but I have heard your remarks to the children: "Wait until your father comes home," and, "Don't let your father catch you."

These threats have, I am sure, often frightened Bill and terrified Mary, but has it ever occurred to you what they have done to ruin my relationship with our son and daughter?

I want my children to be able to come to US with their worries and problems. I want US to share our children in EVERY sense.

Also, Joan, please don't undermine my authority. I know you mean to be loyal to me, so don't label me as old-fashioned or difficult.

Don't plant seeds of distrust and fear in my children's minds. I have equal rights to the love and companionship of Bill and Mary.

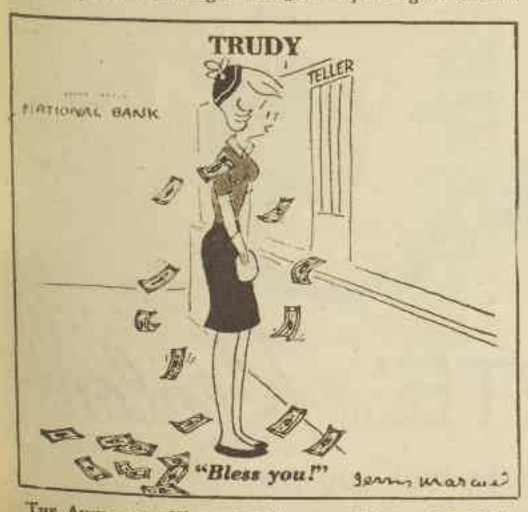
Parenthood is a sacred trust, but it should be an enjoyable one, too. It cannot be unless both parents are on the same footing.

It is much easier for the mother to win the confidence of her children, for it is to her that they automatically turn when in trouble! But I want you to share the happiness of these confidences with me.

I wish I had the courage to say all this to your face, but the shocked, incredulous pain your eyes would show stops me. You are a perfect mother to them, but don't leave me out.

Do let us make the well-being and upbringing of our children our JOINT concern, and let's begin to do it before it's too late.

— Your most loving but exasperated husband



...And a mother feels neglected

● **Am I alone feeling querulous and neglected? Am I, in all of Australia, the only woman who does not view with blissful complacency her role of homemaker and mother?**

By MARGARET McLEOD

OR have my sisters been shamed into silence by the glowing articles one reads at every turn of the page? And are they surreptitiously consulting text - books, feeling guiltily inadequate and inferior?

Surely I am not the only homemaker who fails to "greet the morn" in joyful anticipation of the day's dirty napkins, spilt milk, lost tempers, and fused vacuum-cleaners.

Oh, to lie forgotten, buried deep in blankets; for, once up, the daily battle to retain one's sanity begins.

Noise, odd socks, and burnt toast are trivialities.

The first real test comes when a bright-eyed three-year-old, with youthful disregard for the early hour and the fact that a teething baby had made the preceding night sleepless, begins her interrogation:

"Why am I upside-down in the spoon?"

"Why can't I have a moustache like Daddy?"

"Why can't I go to school?"

Having dutifully read all of the available "child-raising" books, I am fully aware of my responsibilities.

My job is to shape and mould my child's mind. Therefore, my answers must be carefully considered.

But why IS her image upside-down in the spoon?

I repair the damage made to the floor by a dropped jar of jam, and tell myself dispiritedly that I really should have obtained a degree in something or other.

The head of the house departs, with an understandably carefree wave of his hand.

Is there not another in this community who, as the door closes on her spouse, panics?

So many things could go wrong. One may even LOSE CONTROL. This, according to the experts, is the ultimate in disasters.

The morning routine is invariably making beds, dusting, washing dishes, sweeping, mixing baby's formula, washing clothes, and bathing and feeding baby.

If you are lucky this part of the day may be enlivened by one of those unexpected, unplanned, heart-warming incidents one reads about:

The discovery of chewing-gum in your daughter's hair.

The washing - machine turning itself into a fountain and flooding the laundry.

Or the baby swallowing a button.

Lunchtime is a time to sit down, kick off shoes, and have a cuppa — that is, of course, in between preparing a nutritious lunch for a reluctant pre-schooler, patiently coaxing her to eat it, then calmly cleaning up after she has flatly refused another mouthful.

It is about this time each day that I find it necessary to give myself a short, encouraging talk.

"Take heart," I say, staring aggressively at my haggard reflection. "After all, you are queen in your own castle, deviser of rules, judge and jury, dispenser of medicines and advice, moulder of young characters, pivot of the community."

These are all stimulating phrases culled from various books. They never fail to leave me tottering on the edge of hysteria.

My envy goes out to those oft-quoted mothers whose children have enriched and fulfilled their lives.

Have they never had to placate a usually genial baker after rescuing his bread rolls from the muddy hands of an inquisitive toddler?

Have they never had to kick a hole in the wall of the garden shed to escape the unintentional imprisonment imposed by a three-year-old?

Have they never queued, footsore and weary, for half an hour to allow a wriggling child a chance to speak to Father Christmas, only to be informed when only one away from the great man that a visit to the toilet was imperative?

Even the most devoted mother could not deny that with the advent of children outings degenerated into tests of strength and endurance.

Having planned many a family picnic, I have no hesitation in pronouncing my adequacy to equip a six months' expedition into the wilds of the New Guinea jungle.

Housewifery and motherhood are absorbing tasks. So absorbing, in fact, that there is a danger of waking up one morning to the frightening fact that you are 50 years old and haven't had a holiday in 30 years.

Perhaps one day a book will be written containing information and advice of such magnitude and wisdom as to cause me to see past the frustrating trivialities of my daily labors and realise that there may be compensations.

In the meantime, how do I control the impulse to topple downstairs, break a leg, and spend three blissful months with nothing to do but gaze at my plastercast?

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"You and I know that women are not all alike."

"Thank goodness Revlon knows it too! That's why they make three quite wonderful and different kinds of make-up—to let you choose the one that is just perfect for the look you love. As a matter of fact, I've bought all three marvelous 'Face Makers'... I'm delightfully unpredictable!"

Love Pat . . . complete compact make-up—foundation-and-powder in one.

Touch & Glow . . . moisturizing liquid make-up mists your face with delicate color.

Contempera...matte finish make-up in a tube. 2 formulas—for dry and normal skin.

'FACE MAKERS À LA CARTE' by *Revlon*

3 quite wonderful kinds of make-up...choose the one for the look you love

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● Nicest Leap Year news I have heard so far is that Scottish farm-laborer Jim Dunnachie has got himself a wife and his children a new "mother."

JIM DUNNACHIE was the widower with four young children who, knowing that he either had to find someone to look after them or else put them into a home, advertised for a new wife.

Fifty women replied to his advertisement. After he'd read all the replies and studied the photographs carefully, Mr. Dunnachie had reduced the field of "possibles" to half a dozen.

Then he went courting, taking with him the three eldest children, a nine-year-old, a six-year-old, and a three-year-old.

Mr. Dunnachie felt it was only right that his children should have a share in the job of choosing their new Mum.

The four Dunnachies made a unanimous choice — 48-year-old Rachel Watt—and plans were going ahead for their wedding day. Then a short time before they planned to marry, the bride became ill and died.

Soon afterwards an 18-year-old girl from Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, wrote Jim a letter of sympathy, and started a correspondence. Then she remembered that it was Leap Year, and decided, for the children's sake, to pop the question.

Jim accepted her proposal, and the Dunnachie children will have a stepmother to take care of them.

In proposing to Jim Dunnachie, Mary Ball (his new fiancee) was following an age-old national custom, because Scotland was the first country to enact a law licensing women to propose to the men of their choice. In 1288 the Scottish Parliament declared: "It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blessit Megeste for ilk year known as Leap Year ilk maydęn ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall hae libertie to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to taik her to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis (one pound) or less, as his estait may be: except awis if he is betrothit any ither wiman, he shall then be frey."

England never had a similar law, but in 1292 a law giving women the right to propose in Leap Year was passed in France, and during the fifteenth century it was legalised in Florence and Genoa.

In a good Leap Year a Scottish girl whom the young men regarded as unmarriageable might have turned a pretty penny with a well-planned campaign; and the existence of the law must have brought many slow suitors up to scratch, for fear they might be chosen by someone other than the girl they were courting, and have to part up with a good Scottish pound to get out of it.

The legend of the Leap Year baby . . .

STATISTICIANS say that one in every 1461 babies must be born on Leap Year Day, and legend has it that they are sensitive, fey people, to whom the appearances of ghosts and supernatural manifestations are common.

It was also believed in ancient times to be the devil's mother's birthday.

Like most old superstitions, the idea that Leap Year babies grow into strange people with supernatural powers is a survival of a genuine fear that existed a long time ago.

Our 29th of February, cropping up every four years, is an intercalary day, put in to keep our calendar in line with the universe's, and intercalary days have always been suspect.

By the year 63 B.C. the Roman's 354-day calendar had put the year so out of joint that midsummer was being celebrated in the cold blasts of winter. Julius Caesar decided to reform it, bringing in three 365-day years, followed by one of 366.

To start it off he announced that the current year would be known as The Year of Confusion, having 445 days to bring things back into their right positions again.

"That's a nice thing!" you can imagine Roman citizens saying. "Four hundred and forty-five days in the year, fifteen months or more, and taxes, taxes, taxes every step of the way."

Caesar's idea was a good one, and he celebrated by naming July in his own honor. But then along came Augustus Caesar. When he decided to name the next month after himself, he got sore at the idea of only having 30 days in his month when Julius Caesar had 31, so he fixed things up by borrowing a day from February and adding it to August. That gave him July, August, and September all with 31 days, which wasn't satisfactory, so he took one from September and added it to October, and one from November and added it to December.

Confusion! After a few centuries man's calendar was gaining on the solar one, and the seasons were again all out of point.

It wasn't until 1582 that Pope Gregory decided to reform the calendar, and the way he did it didn't please the common people, who shouted: "Down with the Pope—he's trying to confuse Christ at his second coming!"

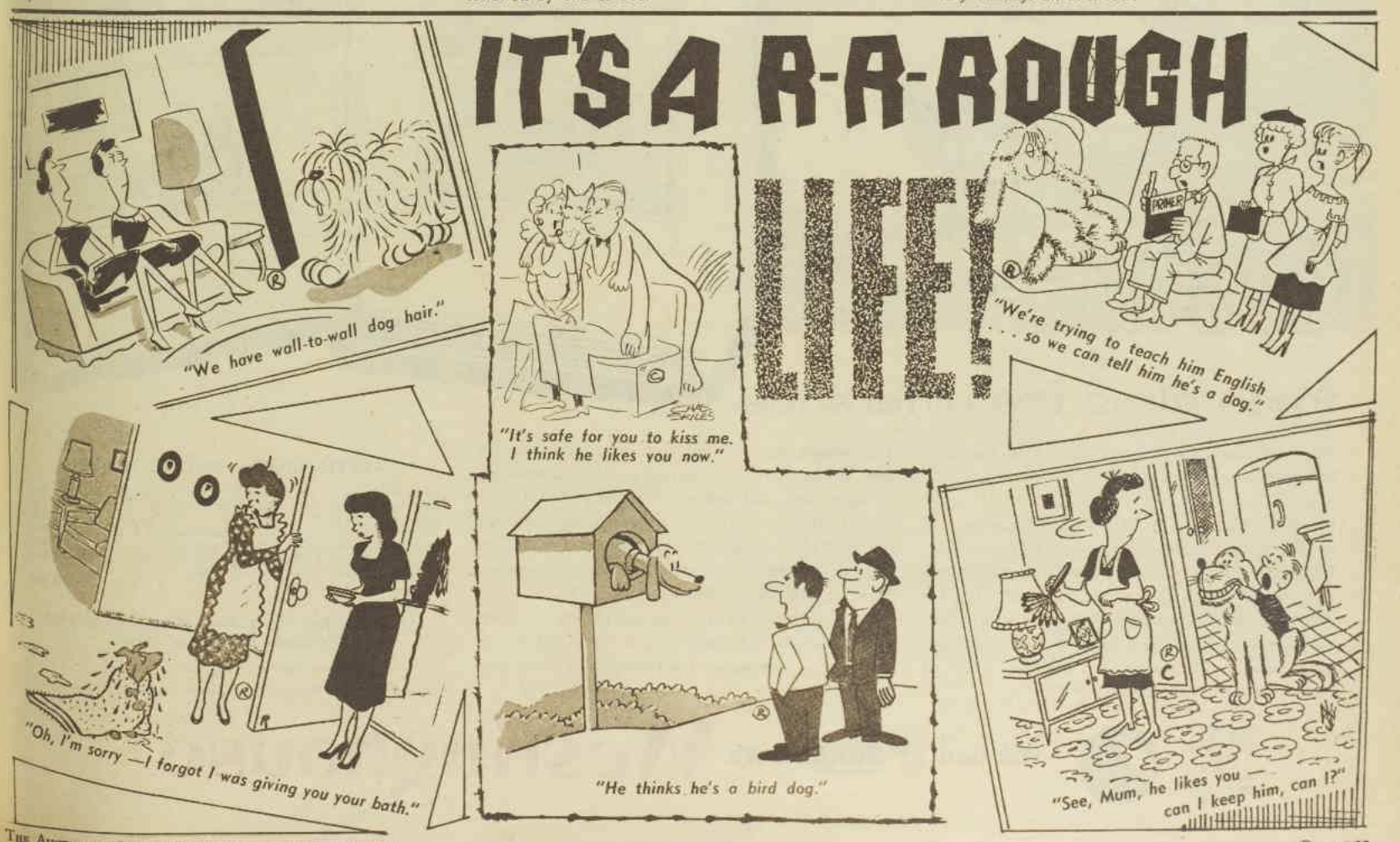
To put the calendar right the astronomers had ordained that the fourth day of October, 1582, would be followed immediately by the 15th day, and a lot of people, after thinking it over carefully, decided that they'd been robbed of 10 precious days out of their lives. The calendar wasn't altered in England till 1752, and by then it was 11 days that had to be dropped.

Men rioted in the streets, claiming they'd been robbed of 11 days' wages, and a failure of crops in that year was blamed on the impiety of the English Government.

In the old days, long before Caesar, intercalary days (appointed whenever the priests felt like it, to bring the calendar back into line with the seasons) were a nightmare to the ordinary people.

Only by paying tribute to the temples could you find out when next month would begin, and a rich man with his own axe to grind could bribe the priests to extend indefinitely a month in which he'd been granted some useful power over his fellow citizens.

Personally, I'm all for a bit of intercalation. How nice it would be if authority suddenly announced that the calendar was out of kilter, and we'd now have 16 lovely, lazy Sundays all in a row.



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fresh air is the difference...

The good pink look of ham! Cold roast beef in a hefty sandwich! Cold chicken—as only it can taste in a snack at midnight!

In your refrigerator, it takes more than mere cold to hold the hearty taste these good foods should have. It takes fresh air, too. Any good refrigerator will cool the air which surrounds your food. The big difference in Westinghouse is its unique FRESH-COLD system which ensures constant and complete air movement. Circulating air is fresh air. Fresh air means fresher, tastier food.

This season, too, Westinghouse have perfected the new concept in home refrigerators—a completely self-contained and independently operated home-freezer (100 lb. of frozen food storage) together with the most spacious refrigerator you can own—all in the one glistening cabinet. It's the Westinghouse Supreme Automatic TWO-DOOR 143.

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RCD 139 Combination refrigerator-freezer	269 gns.
RHD 143 2-Door Custom refrigerator-freezer	269 gns.
RED 143 2-Door Supreme Automatic refrigerator-freezer	289 gns.

All prices less big trade-in allowances at your Westinghouse retailer NOW!

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Illustrated is the Westinghouse 2-door Supreme Automatic 143.

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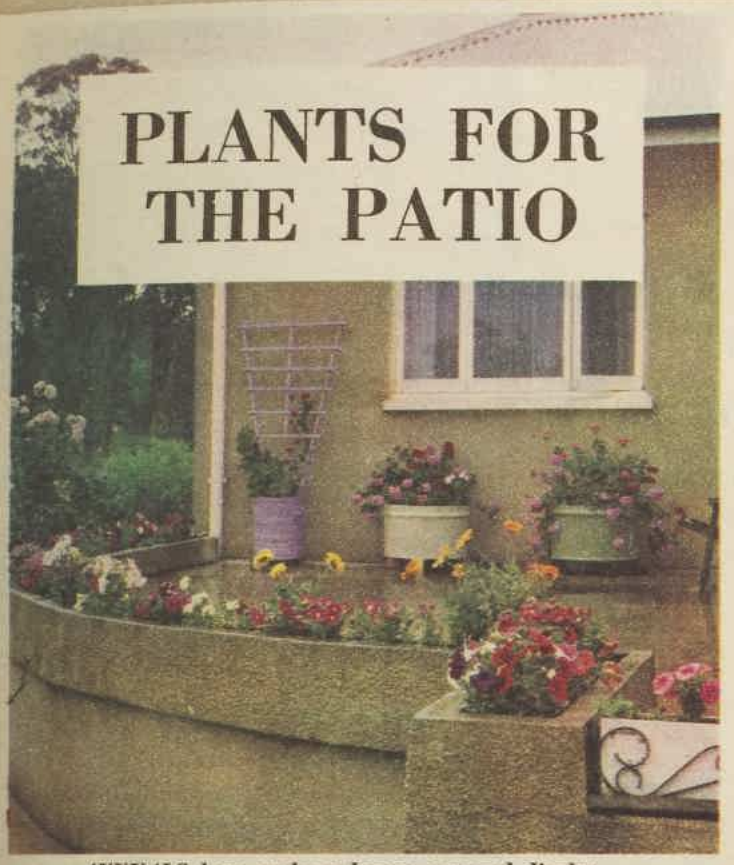
PLANTS FOR THE PATIO



ANNUALS here make a happy seasonal display — petunias (fringed and plain), marigolds, and phlox. In the pots are climbing geraniums. Patio is at home of Mr. and Mrs. K. Djuric, Bowral, N.S.W.

Gardening Book — page 262

BOUGAINVILLEA flaunts glorious color and gives dappled shade on Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrie's patio at their home in East Roseville, N.S.W. The variety is "Mrs. Butt." Begonias are in the flowerbox.

Gardening Book — page 264

● Patios and terraces, so characteristic of the modern Australian home, call for a choice of shade-giving but not sun-excluding vines and colorful plants.

VINES such as Antigonon leptopus (coral vine), which is deciduous, will allow the sun to shine through during winter.

Others that could be used overhead or for side cover are Ampelopsis henryana or veitchii or the small-leafed variety, A. lowii. These would provide shade during summer, color in autumn, and then admit five months of winter and spring sunshine.

Two of the clematis family, Clematis montana rubens (pink) and C. montana superba (white), are deciduous and would also cover the sides or roof with greenery and flowers for months.

For the walls on the south side, Hoya carnosa, an evergreen with fragrant pale pink flowers, would be very decorative.

Patios can reflect the artistic skill of the gardener, for it is in such places that a few well-chosen orchids, rhododendrons, bromeliads, African violets, or bulbous plants such as hyacinths, daffodils, or tulips may be grown; or some choice caladiums, callas, or dwarf azaleas in pots to provide long-lasting color.

Most of the philodendrons flourish out of doors in patios if they are well screened from cold southerlies and westerlies and given overhead protection from frost during winter. Jade-plants (Crassula arborescens) also need a well-protected position.

In the warmer districts of the north, tropical shrubs such as crotons make a wonderful display, and these can be fronted with caladiums, dracaenas, anthuriums, vriesias, sansevierias, pandanus, fatshederas, dieffenbachias, or pots filled with gloxinias, streptocarpus, and cacti that flower well under warm conditions.

Some patios carry tree-ferns for shade and may have elk or staghorn ferns, haresfoot ferns, and epiphytal native orchids clinging to a wall.

Hanging baskets, too, may be used. When plants such as achimenes, basket begonias, Tolmeia menziesi, geraniums and ferns that weep, and Fuchsia procumbens are grown, considerable interest is provided and much restful greenery as well as floral color can be obtained.

When preparing to grow things on a patio make sure you use sound potting soil. Gardeners often fill their pots, tubs, and troughs with mediums that are unsuitable for the plants they intend to grow, sometimes with fatal results.

Poor sandy loams never yet grew anything worth while, and heavy clayey soils are hard to break up, hold water only too well, and are often devoid of available nutriment.

Old cow manure, well-rotted vegetable matter, a little rabbit manure, poultry manure, and a generous helping of spent mushroom compost will add humus and bacteria to sand, and these materials can also be added to very heavy clay loams to advantage.

Gardening Book — page 263

CLIMBING PLANTS are jasmine and ornamental grape on the railing, climbing pink geranium, and (on the corner post) wisteria. This pretty patio is at the home of Mrs. P. F. Gow, West Pennant Hills.

Gardening Book — page 265

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ROSE GREY: For rose grey tonings on grey or white hair.

AZTEC COPPER: For copper lights on all shades of brown hair.

CARIBBEAN GOLD: For golden highlights on all shades of light brown or blonde hair.

CALYPSO BROWN: For rich brown highlights on all shades of brown hair.

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Another Napro first — this instant ready-for-use pack. Just snip and cream in! One application size avoids waste. Buy yours today — 3/6 at your chemist or store!

RICH BURGUNDY: For rich burgundy lights on all shades of brown and black hair.

SIERRA HAZE: For fashionable smoke tonings on all shades of brown and black hair. Adds a mauve-grey haze to dark hair flecked with grey.

GRANADA CHERRY: For rich cherry highlights on all shades of brown and black hair.

SILVER MINK: For silvery tonings on grey, streaked, or white hair.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Showy shrub provides winter color

● *The showy poinsettias (Euphorbia pulcherrima), so useful as winter flowers in Australia, are grown outdoors in and north of Sydney and as houseplants in the coldest parts. The shrubs should be planted out in warm weather, and pruned after flowering in late winter. Above is the scarlet poinsettia, the best-known and hardiest. There is also a double scarlet.*

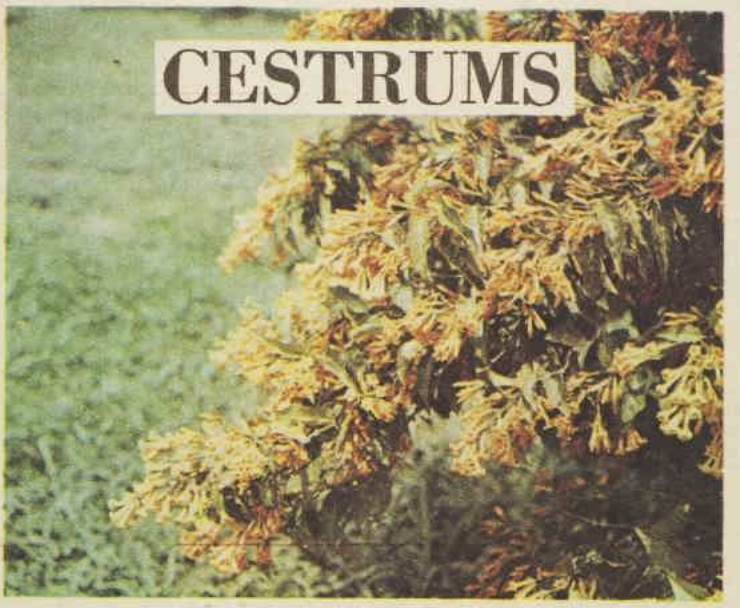
Gardening Book — page 266

PINK POINSETTIA (Euphorbia pulcherrima rosea) is a most attractive variety with its pale green leaves and delicate pink bracts streaked with darker rose or red. It shows at its best perhaps when grown near the scarlet poinsettia for contrast. Rosea is not quite so hardy as the single and double scarlet varieties.

AT LEFT: The variety Alba (sometimes known as Ecke's White Poinsettia) also makes an effective contrast to the more widely known scarlet types.

Gardening Book — page 267

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



An exotic that is so easy to grow

● *The hardy cestrums are summer-flowering shrubs which can be planted at any time from cuttings. They are faintly fragrant except for the heavily perfumed Cestrum nocturnum, whose insignificant little flowers open only on warm nights, emitting a fragrance which can be noticed for miles. Cestrums may be trained against walls. Pictured above is Cestrum aurantiacum.*

Gardening Book — page 268

AT RIGHT: Cestrum newellii (sometimes listed as C. roseum), the crimson member of the family, bears dense heads of tubular flowers throughout the spring and autumn. Like others of this group it is easily propagated from cuttings, and much benefits from a stiff cutting back after flowering.

BELOW: Cestrum nocturnum, also called the night-flowering jessamine. It's a native of the West Indies. This shrub grows at a furious rate from cuttings. It likes a damp, loamy corner.

Gardening Book — page 269

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Just Pears? Just Perfect!

Couldn't be sweeter, couldn't be simpler! Just open a can — and spoon out refreshing, delicious pears. Brimful of energy, canned pears served 'straight' are a sure hit for breakfast, dinner or tea.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

"LIVING CORAL"

—*The vivid Erythrina family*

● The strange and vivid flowers of the tropical plant family known as erythrinas lend an eye-catching flash of scarlet to Australian gardens.

NATIVE to Australia and other warm climates right around the globe, these valuable plants take their name from the unforgettable color of their flowers. Erythros was the ancient Greek word for bright red.

They do well in most conditions, but particularly appreciate a strong loamy soil, plenty of water except in their resting season, and full sunlight.

Like most tropical plants they are best planted out from nursery containers in the warm weather, when they are in full growth, but they are fairly easy to strike from young shoots with a heel of old wood—these are planted out in sandy soil in spring.

There are two principal types of erythrinas, both commonly grown in this country. First is the herbaceous, shrubby type, Erythrina crista-galli, the cockthorn or coral bush. These have a woody, thorny trunk which sends out green flowering shoots in summer. These die back to the trunk in autumn.

***ERYTHRINA CRISTA-GALLI.** This spectacular small tree is quite a feature of Sydney gardens during the summer, when its long sprays of scarlet flowers contrast beautifully with a dark-green foliage. Sometimes the flowers come before the leaves. Prune hard in winter.*

Gardening Book—page 270

"Tiger claw"

The second type are true trees, bearing their brilliant flowers at the branch tips in autumn or winter. Best known of this group is Erythrina indica, the coral tree or tiger claw, which brightens winter landscapes in the Sydney area with brilliant splashes of scarlet.

(It is often called, incorrectly, "Flame Tree," but this popular name rightly belongs to the Illawarra flame tree, Brachychiton acerifolius, which flowers in summer at the same time as jacarandas.)

Erythrinas are all deciduous, mostly dropping their leaves in autumn. Pruning for shape is done soon after the flowers drop. Most of them, particularly the herbaceous types, are frost-tender and grow best only at sea level in the cooler States.

One small word of caution is in order. Like many other tree-like members of the pea family to which they belong, erythrinas often have vicious thorns.

***ERYTHRINA INDICA PICTA.** This is grown almost as much for the beautiful variegated leaves as for the red winter flowers. Prune when dormant.*

***ERYTHRINA ACANTHOCARPA.** This South African is a gnarled shrub with deciduous leathery leaves. Blooms spring, early summer. Can get rather out of hand in warm climates.*

Gardening Book—page 271

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Vee-Form by Modess, with exclusive contoured shape and soft Masslinn* cover, fits smoothly, forgettably. Vee-Form by Modess is slimmer, yet deeper for full absorbency, complete protection

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A natural, sheer finish. Moisturises, too

Only from Max Factor: this completely *natural* make-up. Sheer Genius is a *moisturising* make-up that pampers and protects . . blends the lustre of liquid and the soft flattery of powder to give you a velvety perfection even hours after it has been applied. *The final flattering touch in your born-beautiful look* ? Go once-over-lightly with Creme Puff . . the "must" that perfects *any* make-up.

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this offer

. . . because only Max Factor has 4 different types of foundation. One of them is what you have been searching for. A foundation that gives you the exact "*look*" you want . . . and the exact *care* your individual skin needs.

Pick a foundation. The right foundation
Go once-over-it-lightly with Creme Puff
and look BORN-beautiful

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

FLOWERS TO SOW IN THE AUTUMN

AS the heat of summer wanes, seeds of most hardy annuals, a few biennials, and most perennials can be sown to give pleasure next spring and onwards.

Hardy annuals

AGERATUM or **floss flower** is an old-time favorite, once only a smoky-blue but now obtainable in rose-pink. Dwarf blues make good borders. Sow direct.

ALYSSUMS are all border plants, rarely exceeding 4in. except when in full flower. The old white type, A. maritimum, and the even older A. procumbens are highly fragrant. There are several new varieties ranging from pale lilac, deep purple, and the yellow perennial variety A. saxatile.

ARCTOTIS or blue-eyed **African daisy** makes a glorious display in winter and early spring if sown promptly. The hybrids include many new colors and resemble huge gerberas. Flowers often measure 5in. across.

CANTERBURY BELLS are in many fine colors and the annuals do best here. They grow to 2½ft. The cup-and-saucer types are even lovelier but may take two years to flower.

CINERARIAS or **painted daisies** are very showy. Seed should be sown early and young plants need regular spraying with DDT to check attacks from a pest which riddles the foliage. There are singles and double-flowered varieties, the singles usually making the finest display. Colors vary enormously. Grow in half-shade in the garden or indoors.

GODETIAS, if pinched back early, make shrubby plants that bear enormous masses of highly colored blooms. There are single dwarf types, single semi-dwarfs, single tall, double tall, and tall double or Schamini varieties, which grow to 2ft. Will grow in poor dryish soil.

LARKSPURS are well known, and the Giant Imperial and stock-flowered types are probably among the best. The seed is usually sold mixed but can be obtained in separate colors.

LINARIAS daintily resemble tiny snapdragons. They often flower through the winter into spring, and the variety Maroccana and its hybrids are the best types to buy. Excellent for massing, particularly when given a border of blue nemophila for an edging.

LUPINS come in various guises, tall hardy annuals and the hairy Hartwegii or King Giants. In recent years the lovely Russell lupins, which are perennials, have almost driven the older perennials off the market. The annual Pearl types include pink, white, and blues, and make fine cutters. They are very bushy.

NEMESIAS make fine borders if sown now, and there are many lovely color combinations in both the tall Strumosa suttonii and the dwarf Compacta varieties. Blue Gem nemesias add a color that is rare in this family and should be used for edgings to the other varieties.

CONTINUED OPPOSITE

Gardening Book — page 272

For a natural, "dewy" look. Moisturises, too

Only Hi-Fi imparts a delicate dewy look so *natural* no-one can tell you're wearing make-up. Hi-Fi, a blend of beauty oils and moisturisers, glides on at a finger-touch, covers completely. Never streaks or changes colour. *The final flattering touch in your born-beautiful look* ? Go once-over-lightly with Creme Puff . . the "must" that perfects *any* make-up.

hi-fi FLUID MAKE-UP ... exclusive to MAX FACTOR

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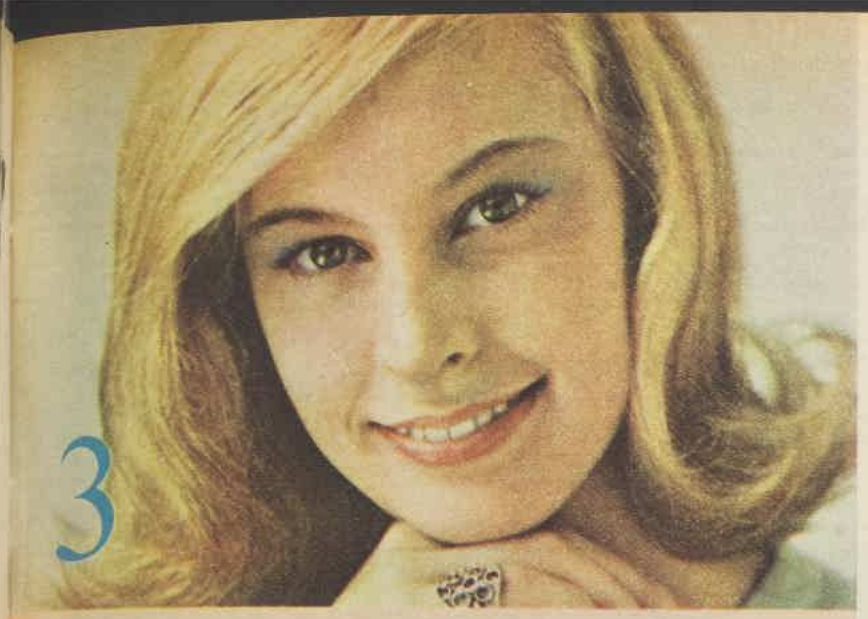

Flawless creamy beauty. Moisturises dry skin

No-one but Max Factor has it: this creamy make-up is designed for the woman who wants flawless coverage and creamy beauty. Pan-Stik contains precious creams that lock moisture *in*. In one application it softens, covers and beautifies. *The final flattering touch in your born-beautiful look?* Go once-over-lightly with Creme Puff . . the "must" that perfects *any* make-up.

Pan Stik ...exclusive to MAX FACTOR

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

VEGETABLES for winter and spring

● As summer advances and autumn approaches, it is time to think about winter vegetables.

THESE include, of course, the whole of the brassica or cabbage family, most root crops, onions, leeks, potatoes (in coastal N.S.W.), beetroots, green peas, radishes, celery, kohl rabi, and a final lot of warm-weather lettuces.

Prepare thoroughly for the brassicas, which include **cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, brussels sprouts.** Manure the ground well, and let it stand for a month or more before setting out seedlings.

Seed can be sown now of all those mentioned, in boxes under glass.

If you have a plot in which beans or greens grew during summer, reserve this for the root crops. They do not appreciate fresh manure, which causes "forking." **Turnips** and **swedes** will develop a lot of hairy roots if planted in freshly manured ground; this also applies to **radishes, carrots,** and **parsnips,** which should be sown in soil that previously grew crops that were well manured, such as lettuces, spinach, beans, tomatoes.

Carrots are best sown after the heat of summer has ended. The best varieties for home use are Early Nantes (a short-rooted type), Oxheart (stump-rooted), Manchester Table (early stump-rooted variety of good flavor), Improved Scarlet Intermediate (bigger than those previously mentioned), and Scarlet Long Horn (medium length). St. Valery is a long type and of good quality.

Parsnips are few in number, Hollow Crown and Large Guernsey being the only varieties sold today. Sow seed rather thickly, as it is often poor stuff to germinate.

Onions, which occupy the ground for about eight months, are usually sown from March to May in warm climates and from July to August in colder areas.

Firm the soil well over the seed at sowing time and transplant when big enough to handle. Pinch back the tops to an even length, say 4in. or thereabouts, and shorten the roots to an even ¾in. They then transplant easily.

Spinach or **Swiss chard** (silver beet) can also be sown now in ground that was well manured or given a complete fertiliser. This plant is a gross grower and requires plenty of nitrogen in the soil and ample watering.

It is very subject during hot weather to leaf-spot disease. Remove affected leaves and keep the plants trimmed back to prevent further development. If they get it at an early stage of growth, however, Bordeaux mixture spray will check it, but this should not be used on advanced plants.

Infected leaves that have been sprayed should not be cooked.

Get some soil ready for an early crop of **green peas.** Manure the ground well now and add some superphosphate or lime carbonate and hoe in well. Seeds are usually sown from March to the first week in May. Later sowings may be made in August to October, according to the climate.

Gardening Book — page 274

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

FLOWERS TO SOW IN AUTUMN—cont'd

PANSIES and **VIOLAS** make gorgeous borders, and can be sown now. There are many fine exhibition pansy mixtures on the market.

ICELAND POPPIES are a "must" in the garden during winter and spring. There are a dozen or more varieties. Sow and transplant.

STOCKS are also a "must" in winter. New Column gives single spikes that win many prizes at shows. Brompton, Early Giant Imperial, Giant Nice, Giant Perfection, and Super Giant Imperial, as well as Ten-week stocks, are all worth trying in roomy gardens.

SWEET PEAS are cranks at times, as they shed their buds just as they show promise of good flowers. This is usually due to constant weather changes, poor soil preparation, and bad drainage. The best varieties to get are Spencer Frilled, Early Multiflora, Seventh Heaven, and, for rockeries and borders, Little Sweetheart, a dwarf.

WALLFLOWERS come as annuals or biennials, and all are colorful and fragrant. Sow early in boxes. The biennial varieties are best suited to cold districts such as the tablelands and mountains, but the annuals do quite well in coastal areas.

Biennials

(Some biennials have been mentioned where both annuals and biennials are common in the same family.)

BELLIS PERENNIS, although regarded as a perennial, is best treated as a biennial; remove old, staggy plants after the second year. They usually seed freely, anyway.

Biennial **DIANTHUS** varieties are much grown as cut flowers.

The garden **PINKS** such as Heddewegii, the fringed garden pinks, Chinensis varieties, and Indian pinks are all biennials and produce lovely fragrant flowers over a long period.

Perennials

Many are suitable for raising from seed at this time of year. Here are the choicest of these hardy plants:

The little blue **AGATHAEA** (marguerite) is good for cutting. This dwarf shrubby plant likes a sunny position, grows to about 18in.

ANEMONES will flower from seed if given a position in the border where the soil is rich, rather acid, and moist. St. Brigid, Coronaria, Scarlet Emperor, and Blue Bonnet are some of the choicest. They develop small corms which should be lifted after the plants die down.

AQUILEGIA or **columbine** is a lovely plant with striking foliage. The long-spurred varieties are the best, and are obtainable in a wide color range. Sow in boxes.

CARNATIONS can be raised from seed at this time of the year. Normally the seed sold here is of rather poor quality, but occasionally a sport or mutation of more than ordinary quality will arise from a cheap packet.

CYCLAMENS are usually raised from seed sown in autumn and as they take 15 to 18 months before flowering the gardener will need to treat them with care and patience. The new fimbriated or filled varieties of British and German origin are outstanding.

POLYANTHUS is another member of the primula family, and some of the modern hybrids, such as the Barnhaven strain, produce huge flowers of most lovely color combinations. Seed sown now will not produce flowers for at least a year. Plants, however, are usually obtainable in autumn from those who specialise in this splendid plant. They need half-shade and acid soil but will flower in the open provided the water supply is good.

Gardening Book — page 273

Dresden-smooth, covers as no other make-up can

Pan-Cake is exclusive to Max Factor, and the ultimate in make-up. For Pan-Cake is superbly smooth, gives a soft, natural finish. Yet it covers flaws, freckles, blemishes, as no other make-up can. Enriched with beauty oils, it never dries your skin. *The final flattering touch in your born-beautiful look?* Go once-over-lightly with Creme Puff . . the "must" that perfects *any* make-up.

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Continued from page 21

Now Jonathan, after ten years in South Africa, had chosen to tour Europe and then go home to England. He wanted a complete change of scene and he was travelling tourist class in order not to meet anyone he knew. There would be no anxieties, for all his business had been concluded and liquidated.

Women had played almost no part in his life. But, during the frenzied hour before embarkation, something important had happened which had given Jonathan the belief that this was the most significant day in his life.

Two or three hundred taxis had deposited passengers and their baggage alongside the Queen of the Ocean. He watched them milling around helplessly, shouting and losing their tempers. Then Jonathan had seen a tall, graceful young woman who, calm and unruffled, had seemed merely to cock an eyebrow in order to command instant service.

A porter had pushed his way through the throng toward her, ignoring rich-looking baggage plastered with first-class labels and seeming quite unconcerned by the fact that hers were tourist. From then on, watched by Jonathan's admiring eyes, everything had gone smoothly. She had arranged her passport, passage ticket, and baggage labels with unhurried efficiency, so that her transition from the street had been one of smooth, unchecked progress.

When and if I marry, he said to himself, that is the woman for me.

Immediately after dinner, Jonathan sought out the tourist-class steward, gave him the other twenty-five pounds, plus the twenty-five pound bonus, before joining Carlotta in the lounge above.

He found her deep in a dull book about economics, which she closed at his approach, greeting him with a smile.

"A book about economics doesn't seem right for you," said Jonathan. "Does the subject interest you?"

"No," she replied with a mock shudder, "but some knowledge of it could be—well, important to me before long."

"To me," said Jonathan, "the way to learn economics is in the market place. Economics won't help you find out whether a horse is lame before you buy it, and that is all that matters."

"Horse trading must teach you to be very practical, Mr. Morehead. Don't you ever dream?"

"Of course I dream — all the time. But I don't waste time dreaming about things I know can never come true. Which reminds me — couldn't we drop this Miss Guarini and Mr. Morehead routine? I don't feel important enough to be called Mr. Morehead. How about you?"

"I don't feel important, either, so you may call me Carlotta, if you wish, and I will call you—what?"

"Jonathan is the name."

"This is your first trip to Europe, Jonathan? Are you going there to be practical or a dreamer?"

"I just don't know. All I hope is that among new scenes, new people, and old ideas I may find what I'm looking for. Perhaps you could help me. Will I be seeing you in Europe?"

"I don't expect so, Jonathan. Things are not going to be easy for me when I get home. I have —responsibilities, the kind I can't talk about. I wish I could, because I need help and advice. Not the kind you could give me, Jonathan, because the kind of life I'm going back to is completely outside your experience.

"You would be like a child in my world, as I am in yours. I am almost the last member of a tired, worn-out family that has always believed that it was at least ten times as important as it really was, and that the family was everything and the individual members of it nothing at all."

"I had an aunt like that," Jonathan said. "We learned, when it was too late, that she was too poor to have proper medical treatment, but, on the day she died, painters were at work putting a fresh coat of paint on the outside of the old family house. That doesn't make sense to me."

"But it does to me because it means that she was faithful to the things she believed in—faithful to the end."

"But you — you're worse than that. You're proposing to be faithful to things you don't believe in. The past is gone, swept away. The present and the future—the things that count."

"I have always noticed," said Carlotta haughtily, gathering up her belongings, "that people who profess to be contemptuous of the past are those who haven't any or, if they have, don't know anything about it. That," she added witheringly, "is what is known as making a virtue of necessity. Good night!"

"Have we just had our first quarrel?" asked Jonathan. "That's a good sign, because people who aren't interested in each other can't be bothered to quarrel."

A BLISTERING retort seemed to hover on Carlotta's lips, but it remained unuttered as she made an almost queenly exit.

"Good morning, Carlotta," said Jonathan as she took her seat at the breakfast table. "Been reading any books on economics lately?"

They spent most of the second day together, talking learned nonsense. As the days passed, Carlotta and Jonathan spent most of their waking hours together, but they grew no closer, for Carlotta was as shy as a wild bird. She seemed to live behind a barrier of reserve, which she used as armor. The voyage was too short, Jonathan realised, to break down the barrier.

"Do you realise, Carlotta," Jonathan asked on the sixth evening of sailing, "that I know almost nothing about you — not even your nationality?"

"How much do you expect to know about someone after only a few days?" asked Carlotta.

"Can I help it," he asked, "that the voyage is only ten days long? I wish it were long enough for us to get to know each other."

"I wish it took longer — much longer," said Carlotta, repressing a little shiver, "but for other reasons. It will be better when the ship reaches Marseilles that we don't know each other well. You will go your way and I will go mine."

"But where are you going?" Jonathan persisted. "More to the point, why go there if you don't want to?"

"Because it's my duty."

"Listen, Carlotta, you don't have to be so cagy with me. If you won't tell me these things yourself, I can find them out another way. Somewhere on the ship there is a record of your nationality, your passport number, the address you came from, and the address you're going to in Europe. For ten pounds I could get them in ten minutes, but why make me do it the hard way?"

To page 54

How New Surf can promise cleanest washing, cleanest rinsing ever

It's not your fault when dirt's left behind, or when left-in suds won't rinse out properly. Some detergents don't deliver the cleaning power they should. With most of them, suds never seem to rinse out properly.

Try Rinse-clean Surf and you'll lift the veil of left-in suds and dirt from your wash. Rinse-clean Surf is *specially formulated to penetrate better*, get deep into the weave loosening and lifting the dirt (even hair oil in pillowslips, grease in overalls). Then all the dirt, all the suds rinse out completely. That's how Rinse-clean Surf washes cleaner than all the rest.

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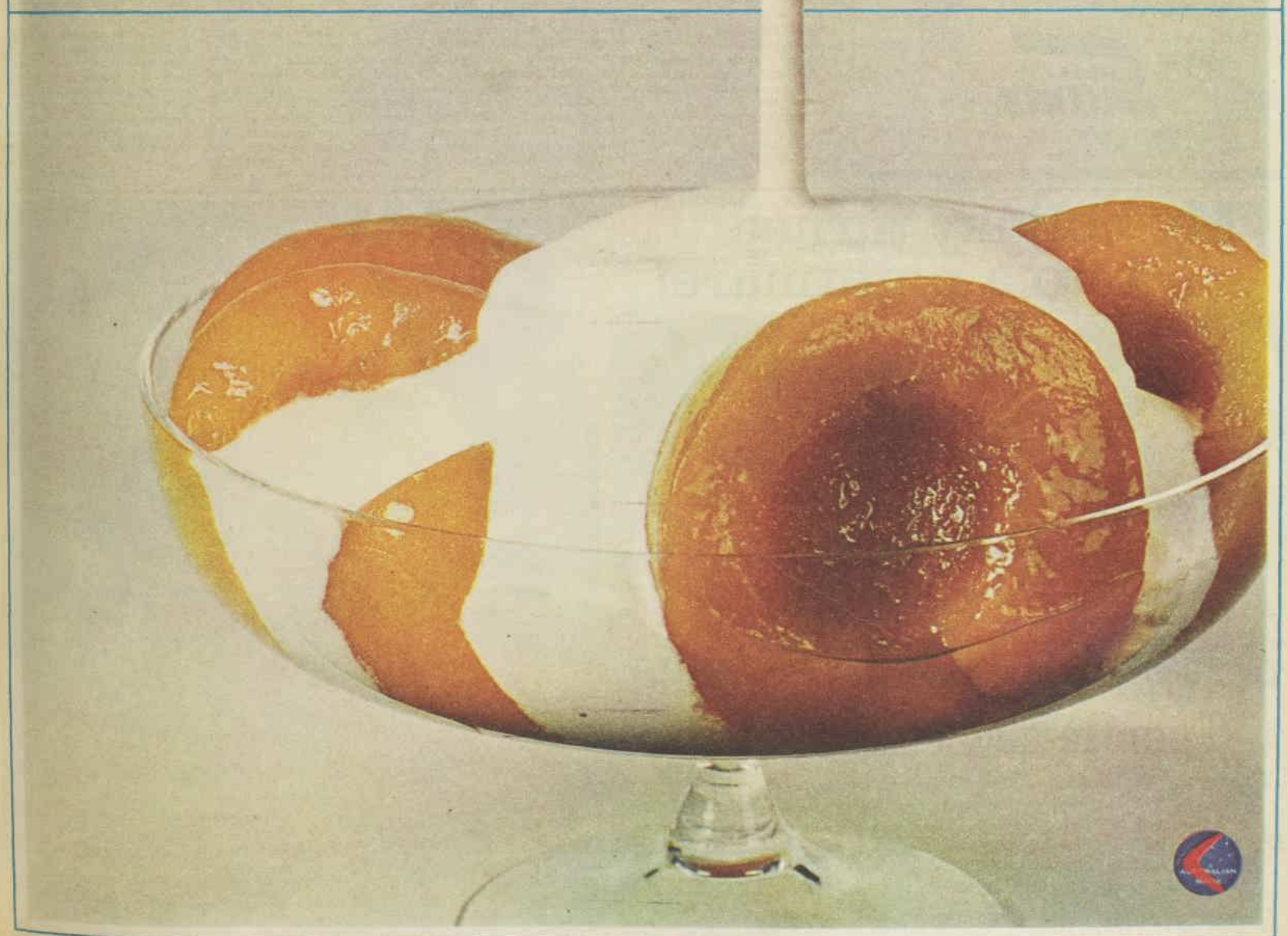

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THE AUTHORITY ON HAIR
From selected chemists and stores throughout Australia

Continued from page 52

THIRD CLASS PRINCESS

"You wouldn't dare!" said Carlotta, flushing, her eyes dark with anger.

"That's where you're wrong," said Jonathan with a grin, "and where we're different. I don't go around the world overloaded with delicacy and fine feelings, and when I want the answers to a question I go to the man that has the answers. That's how I got along in the world."

"You must be very proud of your success, Jonathan. How wonderful to have been so successful that you can afford a third-class ticket to Europe! And all done by asking impertinent questions."

"You can't needle me, Carlotta. My skin's too thick. I wish there were time to go about things more delicately. But there isn't, so I have to say quickly things that would sound better spread out over a few weeks.

"I saw you in the crowd at the pier entrance on sailing day, Carlotta. You didn't see me, because you didn't see anyone. You stood there, calm and cool, while all around you people were milling and yelling. You didn't scream for a porter, but you cocked an eyebrow and commanded one to come. He came as if he liked it, as if he'd been waiting all his life to serve you.

"Then and there, I said to myself, 'Jonathan, my boy, when and if you ever marry, there she goes. Don't let her get away from you.' Well, I didn't waste any time. Ten minutes later I'd fixed it so's we'd be at the same table — and a bonus if we were next to each other."

"How flattering! Just like buying a horse. But why didn't you have me examined by the ship's doctor to find out if I was lame or had fallen arches?"

"I didn't need to, Carlotta. I'm not blind, and I could see you weren't lame. So, what I'm getting around to Carlotta, is: Will you marry me? Will you let me spend the rest of my life trying to make you happy?"

"Yes, Jonathan, and the way you can make me happy is by getting out of my sight and staying there and, if you won't arrange to move from the table, I will."

She did, too.

From the tourist-class steward, who now considered he was badly underpaid at five pounds, Jonathan learned that Carlotta was travelling on a San Bernardino passport and that her address in Europe was Castello Magenta, San Bernardino.

A gazetteer in the library told him that San Bernardino was an alpine principality in Switzerland with a total area of 223 square miles and a population of 7132 souls at the last census. Its ruler was Prince Marco, the last male descendant of the Guarini family, which had ruled the principality since the Middle Ages.

He had one daughter, Carlotta Teresina, born in 1940.

Jonathan and Carlotta did not exchange another word aboard until the last moment, when Carlotta was getting off at Marseilles. "By the way," he said as, head in air, she swept past him, "when I see you in San Bernardino, do I have to curtsy?"

HE went straight to London, where he had distant cousins, and learned by chance that the owner of Zambatelli's Restaurant in Soho functioned as consul for the Principality of San Bernardino. Zambatelli, pleased by the young man's interest in his small country, was a mine of information and, when Jonathan set off by car from London, he carried with him a letter of introduction to a Zambatelli brother in San Bernardino, who spoke English and owned the only comfortable hotel in the principality.

From the same source he learned that Prince Marco had died three months previously and that his daughter, Carlotta, who was in South Africa and was not expected to return to her country, was now the reigning princess.

On the evening of the third day after leaving London, Jonathan drove into the little town of Moncalvo, the capital of San Bernardino. The first impression was one of extreme poverty. There were patches of cultivation in the valleys, but overgrazing by huge herds of goats in the mountains had wrought havoc with the land.

By pumping the Zambatelli brother at the hotel, Jonathan learned that all was not well. The death of Prince Marco had precipitated a political crisis, and it was believed that Princess Carlotta did not intend to take his place. She had been educated in France, England, and South Africa, where relatives of her mother lived, and had not been seen in her native land since she was a little girl of ten or eleven. "And, heaven will witness," said Zambatelli with a shrug, "there is little to bring her back here."

"If she does not come back," asked Jonathan, "what will happen?"

"The sensible thing would be for us to become a part of Italy. A few patriots might oppose this. We have been independent since the thirteenth century, they say, so let us go on being independent and become a republic."

"And what would you say?"

"To me, it does not matter," replied Zambatelli. "Prince, princess, republic—they are all alike. We are ruled by King Poverty. The only wealth we have we do not exploit. Our country is beautiful. It enjoys a mild climate, even in winter. We have hot mineral springs, low taxation, but foreigners do not come here. In my hotel there are eleven rooms. Tonight, nine of them are empty. In July and August they will fill for a few weeks, but—"

He left it hanging there.

There were only two other Guarinis left in Europe. One was the princess' aunt, who lived in Domodossola, and another a great-uncle, who was old and mad and lived in a villa on the Bay of Naples.

SOON after breakfast the following morning, Jonathan was on the road to Domodossola, two hours distant by car, at the foot of the Simplon Pass. There was only one Guarini in the phone book, and, making a note of the address, he inquired the way.

Jonathan found Carlotta in the garden of a tiny villa above the town. She was cutting early sweet peas from an untidy bush. When she looked up and saw him watching her, her face revealed neither pleasure nor surprise. "How did you find me here?" she asked. "Nobody knew that I had returned."

"I have my spies everywhere," replied Jonathan.

"Well, now that you have found me, what do you want?"

"I want you, Carlotta. Then I want to make a home, to build it around you and fill it with nice-mannered kids with a you-be-damned tilt to their chins."

"Go away from here, Jonathan, before you are hurt — hurt deep inside you. I expect in your ill-mannered pushing way you have learned everything there is to learn about me, so I don't have to tell you that with my father's death I have inherited his responsibilities.

"I am the reigning princess of my country, and I have a duty toward its people. There isn't any room in my life for you, Jonathan. There isn't any place for you in San Bernardino. All the wealth of all the people put together would not be enough to

To page 56

"My holiday turned into a nightmare!"

My husband and I ran into June, an old friend, on holidays . . . and I heard her husband say, "Is Sally *your* age? Boy, you look a lot younger!" I felt dreadful.

Next day by the pool I could see what he meant! June was younger looking — she told me her secret! "Easy," she said, "Palmolive soap facials can help almost any girl be younger looking."

Be Younger Looking use mild and gentle new Palmolive Care

Doctors prove that the Palmolive Beauty Plan can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days. From the very first day you use it, you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure, its rich creamy lather cleans so thoroughly that it gives new life to your complexion. Start your Palmolive Beauty Plan today — because only Palmolive, with gentle olive oil, gives your skin the care of a real beauty treatment.

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Low-calorie menus

● Both these low-calorie menus look so rich, taste so good you'd think they had been prepared for people who never give a thought to dieting. But the calorie count in each menu for one person is 500.

MENU No. 1 consists of a savory dish of veal and tomatoes served with rice, and a tangy dessert in which fresh oranges are combined with a sweet sauce.

Color pictures by Don Cameron.

MENU 1

Savory Tomato Veal
Fluffy Boiled Rice
Tangy Orange Dessert
Black Coffee

DINNER seems to be the meal when even the most dedicated dieters are tempted to cheat a little, especially when serving hearty food to other members of the family who couldn't care less about diet.

This menu gives a delicious meal to satisfy everyone without exceeding the low-calorie count.

SAVORY TOMATO VEAL

One and a half pounds stewing veal (cut into cubes), 1 tablespoon butter, 1 green pepper, 12 small whole onions, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 bayleaf, juice and grated rind of half a lemon, 1lb. peeled quartered tomatoes, ½ cup water, salt and freshly ground pepper; 1lb. sliced green beans, cooked rice.

Melt butter in saucepan, add meat, and brown well on all sides. Reduce heat; add onions, parsley, bayleaf, half the tomatoes, the lemon rind and juice, and water. Season well with salt and freshly ground pepper. Cover and simmer about ½ hour. Then add the chopped pepper and remaining tomato; cook further 20 minutes, or until meat is tender. Garnish with the cooked green beans. Serve with plain boiled rice, allowing ½ cup of rice (100 calories) per serving.

Serves 6. Calories per serving, 395, including rice.

TANGY ORANGE DESSERT

Six medium-sized oranges, orange sauce. (See below.)

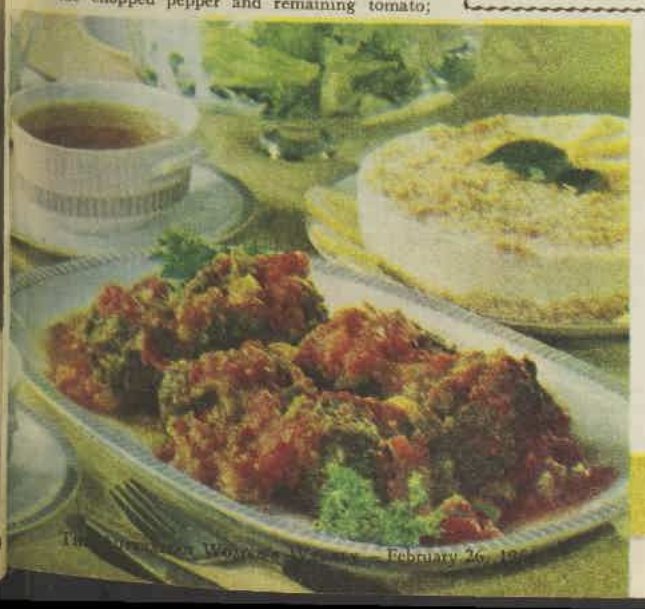
Peel oranges, removing pith and membranes, slice into rounds, and place in serving-dish. Reserve 1 or 2 pieces of peel, cut these into strips. Blanch strips, drain thoroughly. Scatter over orange slices, and pour over prepared sauce. Serve well chilled.

Serves 6. Calories per serving, 105, including sauce.

Orange Sauce: Quarter cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 2 teaspoons liquid sweetening solution, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, little cold water.

Combine fruit juices and sweetening solution in small saucepan. Mix cornflour to paste with a little cold water, add to fruit juices and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Reduce heat, cook 2 or 3 minutes, cool.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature.



MENU No. 2 is a well-planned meal with a low calorie count of 500. The recipes are at right.

MENU 2

Consomme
Creole Burgers
Green Salad with Low-calorie Dressing
Cheese Cake Chiffon
Black Coffee

ALTHOUGH totalling only 500 calories, the menu above will make a hearty, tasty meal for all the family. It's achieved by carefully combining individually low-caloried foods.

The clear consomme can be served hot or icy-cold; the creole burgers make a hearty main dish when served with a special sauce and crisp green salad with a low-calorie dressing; and who would think that cheesecake for dessert could be part of a 500 calorie menu?

CONSOMME

(Use canned, cube, or package consomme)

Allow 1 cup (8oz.) per serving. Season the consomme to taste with salt and freshly ground pepper, and serve hot. Or chill in the refrigerator and serve icy-cold.

If desired, add a small spoonful of finely chopped parsley, chives, cucumber, or celery to each cup—or add a squeeze of lemon juice. Lots of extra flavor, no extra calories.

Serves 1. Calories per serving, 20.

CREOLE BURGERS

One and a half pounds minced steak, salt and freshly ground pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, creole sauce.

Combine meat, seasonings, and parsley; mix well. Form into 6 large patties, place under heated grill. Cook until done to taste, turning once. Serve immediately, topping each patty with serving of creole sauce.

Serves 6. Calories per serving, 320 (without sauce).

Creole Sauce: Half cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 (1lb.) can tomatoes (undrained), 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 bayleaf, pinch powdered cloves.

Combine all ingredients in saucepan, place on heat. Bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer (uncovered) 20 minutes. Remove bayleaf, check seasoning before serving.

Each serving, 1-3rd cup. Calories per serving, 32.

GREEN SALAD

One medium-sized lettuce, salt and freshly ground pepper, low-calorie dressing.

Tear lettuce into small pieces, put into a salad bowl. Sprinkle with salt and freshly ground pepper. Just before serving, pour over low-calorie dressing.

Serves 6. Calories per serving (without dressing), approximately 5.

Low-calorie Salad Dressing: Two eggs, ½ cup reconstituted non-fat powdered milk, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 or 3 drops chilli sauce, ¼ cup cider vinegar.

Beat eggs slightly in top half of double boiler, add milk, paprika, dry mustard, and sauce. Place over simmering water, gradually add cider vinegar. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens (about 10 minutes). Remove from heat, cool.

Serving, 1 tablespoon. Calories per serving, 19.

CHEESE CAKE CHIFFON

Three-quarters cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, ¾ cup skim milk (reconstituted), 2 egg-yolks (slightly beaten), ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1½ cups sieved cottage cheese, 2 teaspoons liquid sweetening solution, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup skim milk powder or crystals, ½ cup iced water, extra tablespoon lemon juice, extra teaspoon liquid sweetening solution, 2 egg-whites.

Toast crumbs in moderate oven until golden brown (5 to 10 minutes). Stir in butter, mix well. Reserve 1 tablespoon crumbs, press remainder into bottom of 9in. square tin.

Combine skim milk, egg-yolks, salt, and gelatine in top of a double saucepan. Stir over boiling water until gelatine is dissolved and mixture slightly thickened. Cool, then stir in cottage cheese, 2 teaspoons sweetening solution, lemon juice and rind, and vanilla; mix well. Combine dry skim milk powder, water, extra lemon juice, and extra sweetening solution; beat until very thick. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into mixture. Then fold into prepared custard. Spoon into tin, sprinkle with reserved crumbs; chill until set.

Serves 12. Calories per serving, 104.

Note: The remainder of cheese cake, foil-wrapped and refrigerated, will keep for several days. Indeed, it seems to improve with keeping; the flavors have time to blend well, and the delicious lemony tang is accentuated.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5796455

Low-calorie recipe every week

● Our low-calorie recipes and recent diet features have created such interest among readers that we will publish a special low-calorie recipe each week.

THE first of these low-calorie recipes for dieters will appear in our next issue.

These recipes will cover a wide variety of foods suitable for family meals, and for desserts and drinks.

There will be special dieting-for-one dishes for the business girl, and menus for two (it's so much easier to diet in company) in which the recipes will be so planned your husband won't even know he's on a diet — unless you tell him!

Watch for the first of these special low-calorie recipes next week.

Readers' home hints

● Here are useful hints to help you with your mending, sewing, cooking and cleaning. Each wins £1/1/- prize.

VENEERED furniture will often crack and blister if it is standing in direct sunlight. To prevent this, rub it over occasionally with a silk cloth dipped in warm linseed oil. — Mrs. L. Buddee, 4 Leigh St., Merrylands, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To restore soiled white panama hats: Beat 1 egg-white to a stiff froth with 1 teaspoon salt, gradually add juice of 1 lemon, beat well. Remove trimmings from hat, brush on mixture with old toothbrush, wipe over with damp rag and place in sun to dry. The egg-white stiffens, the salt cleanses, and the lemon juice whitens the straw. —Miss S. Sundberg, P.O. Residence, Imbil, Qld.

Press delicate lace or hand-knitted jumpers under brown paper instead of a damp cloth; this will give them a better finish.—Miss F. Sutherland, 51 Capt. Piper's Rd., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To mend broken china vases and ornaments, mix a little powdered lime with sufficient egg-white to make a thin paste. Mix only a small quantity at a time, because mixture sets quickly. Brush on broken edges and fit pieces together, holding them firmly for a little while.—Mrs. P. Stuart, 36 Leichhardt St., East Victoria Park, W.A.

★ ★ ★

If you need mashed potatoes in a hurry, grate peeled raw potatoes, add a little salt, pepper, a spoonful of milk, knob of butter. Cook for a few minutes, beat well and serve.—Brenda Caban, Congewoi, via Paxton, N.S.W.

Use clip-on plastic pegs to hold together canvas or other heavy material when sewing it by hand when pins are not strong enough. — Mrs. W. Cram, c/o Post Office, North Nowra, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Mash a banana and add to it the white of an egg, beating until quite stiff. The banana will be absorbed completely, and in its place will be a rich, tasty cream.—Mrs. R. J. Gittus, 14 Carlisle St., Waverley, Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

To those who hate rummaging in cupboards for saucepan lids: Tie string or thin wire tautly across backs of cupboard doors and fit the lids into it. They can be seen at a glance and reached easily. — Mrs. R. Thompson, 16 Wolseley Grove, Brighton Beach, Vic.

★ ★ ★

When storing a good china teapot, fit a thumb from an old glove over the spout to prevent it from being broken. —Mrs. J. J. Ryan, 7 Blake St., Caulfield, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Line the shelves of your refrigerator with thin pieces of foam rubber to protect them from marks and scratches by tins and jars.—Miss J. L. Simmons, 14 Waruda St., Yagoona West, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Alum dissolved in hot water and brushed into cracks will rid furniture and cupboards of ants and moths.—Mrs. G. Gapps, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Wash floor rugs made of synthetic fibre by hand, hang them on the line dripping wet, then hose them well. When dry, brush with a stiff-bristled brush. They will be as good as new.—Mrs. A. Wilson, 596 Electra St., Albury, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Before bottling home-made pickles or sauce, rinse out the bottles or jars well with vinegar. This will help prevent fermentation. — Mrs. I. Nicholson, 4 Wellman St., Box Hill, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Before taking a toddler on a picnic place a tin of baby food in water, bring it to the boil, take out and wrap in a damp face-washer, then a plastic bag. When you reach your destination you have warm food for the child and a warm face-washer to wash him with.—G. Parslow, 4 Charter St., Ringwood, Vic.

CAKE WINS PRIZE

● A moist, tender chocolate cake with the rich flavor of apricots wins the £5 prize for a recipe this week.

CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a tasty hot potato salad.

All spoon measurements are level.

APRICOT FUDGE CAKE

Half cup dried apricots, 4oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 3oz. cooking chocolate, 1 tablespoon apricot juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¾ cup milk, 2 eggs, whipped cream.

Icing: Quarter cup apricot juice, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 6oz. icing sugar.

Soak apricots at least 2 hours in hot water, then drain and reserve liquid. Cream butter and sugar together, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Melt chocolate with apricot juice, then cool. Add chocolate, vanilla, and chopped apricots to creamed mixture. Sift flour and soda, add alternately with milk. Spoon batter into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Allow to cool, fill with whipped cream and ice with chocolate icing.

Icing: Blend butter and cocoa together, add apricot juice, bring to boil for 2 minutes. Add vanilla and sifted icing sugar, beat well.

First prize of £5 to Miss M. Ferguson, Fumina South, via Moe, Vic.

AMERICAN HOT POTATO SALAD

Four rashers bacon, ½ cup vinegar, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 medium onion (chopped), salt, pepper, 6 to 8 large steaming hot potatoes.

Fry bacon in pan until crisp. Remove, crumble finely and set aside. Brown onion in bacon drippings, adding a little butter if necessary. Combine vinegar, water, sugar, and mustard, add to onions in pan. Add the crumbled bacon, bring to the boil. Dice the hot potatoes (boiled in usual way), place in serving-bowl, then pour the hot liquid over and toss gently with a fork. Serve hot, topped with a little parsley, if desired.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss J. Altmann, 12 Stennis Street, Pascoe Vale, Vic.

Continued from page 54

THIRD CLASS PRINCESS

interest you. My aunt, the richest of the remaining Guarinis, lives here in this tiny place. So, please leave me and all of us alone."

"Before you send me away, Carlotta, I want to know just one thing. Do you want to spend your life as princess of this comic-opera San Bernardino?"

"Of course not, you fool!"

"Then why go back?"

SHE replied with dignity: "Because it is my duty. D-u-t-y. Perhaps you've never heard the word, because you've been too busy selling lame horses to blind men, or whatever it is you do to make enough for a third-class ticket to Europe. I didn't choose to be a princess, but I am one, and I don't intend to be the first Guarini to fail their people in more than seven hundred years."

"You know, Carlotta," said Jonathan, matching her contemptuous tone. "No unwilling man was ever made a king, or woman a queen or princess. I've nothing against them, so don't think it. They're human, same as the rest of us, which is why they're not perfect.

"You're no exception to the general rule, Carlotta. You'll go to San Bernardino to be a princess, or you won't go. But if you go, it will be because you want to go, not because of this high sense of duty you talk about.

"I love you, Carlotta, and though you're too damn mad to admit it right now, you love me. I'm nobody. I've no high sense of duty—except to the woman I love. Lots of people have tried to sell me lame horses, and only one succeeded — but it was all right because I paid him with bad money.

"Yes, Carlotta, I'm one of those contemptible people who like money and aren't ashamed to admit it. It takes money to do the things I want to do, to give you pretty things to wear, a home you'd be proud to live in, good schooling for our children, and a decent start in life; not like the poor deadbeats I've seen in Moncalvo.

"I wouldn't like my kids to be like those I saw in Moncalvo, who look as though they're fed on broken bottles and given the cork on Sundays for a treat. And if that's what seven hundred years of Guarini rule has done for them, I'll take vanilla.

"I'll tell you something else, Carlotta. I only spent twelve hours in San Bernardino, but I know more about it than you do. The people I talked to don't know, or care, whether you're going back, and, if I'm speaking the truth, why should you care, either? I'll tell you why, Carlotta. You want to be a princess in a fairy castle, so you invent a lot of noble-sounding reasons—"

CARLOTTA interrupted him.

"Have you quite finished? . . . You have? Good. Let me tell you, Jonathan Morehead, that if you were the last man on earth I wouldn't marry you. But if what you say is true and the people don't want me to go back, I don't want to go. I wish" — she looked at him searchingly — "that I could believe you."

Carlotta, even through the mist of rage, shivered as she realised how alone she was in the world and how utterly dependent she was on her own judgments of situations and people. Jonathan's cocksureness about matters of which, in the nature of things, he could know nothing irritated her profoundly.

But, illogically, she envied it, for she believed that it was better to be cocksure and wrong than to hover dithering ly upon the brink of decision. Even if Jonathan was wrong—and she believed he was—he might be the means of pointing out the right thing to do.

"You know all the answers, Jonathan, so prove to me they don't want me back."

"I can't prove it, Carlotta, because I don't think it's true. The truth is worse than that. They just don't give a damn."

"All right, prove that. Then I'll catch the first ship back to South Africa and pick up the threads of my life where I dropped them."

"I'll do just that, Carlotta. Be seeing you."

Jonathan ate a late lunch back at the hotel in Moncalvo, after which he sought out Zambatelli in the latter's small office. "Mr. Zambatelli," he said, "I'm a man in a hurry, so I won't beat about the bush. You told me last evening that the Guarini family owns all the mineral wealth of San Bernardino, down to the centre of the earth. Is that right?

"I want a mineral concession here. How do I set about getting one? All minerals — including oil."

"Legally there is only one way to get it—from the Princess Carlotta."

"Mr. Zambatelli," said Jonathan, "there is always a key man—the man who can fix things. Who is the man to see in San Bernardino?"

"There is such a man. I will take you to him. His name is Pellegrino, and he is the leader of the Republican Party. He is also a lawyer, but unfortunately he does not speak English."

"That does not matter," said Jonathan, rubbing the thumb and forefinger of his right hand together suggestively, "because I talk a language which everyone understands. Let's go."

Mr. Pellegrino used the sun-drenched terrace of a cafe as an office. He listened attentively to what Zambatelli, as interpreter, had to say. "Which minerals interest this Englishman?" he asked.

"All minerals, including oil."

"But there is no oil under the soil of San Bernardino," he protested.

"Then if that is so," said Jonathan when this had been translated to him, "it should be that much easier to give me the concession I want."

"But under the law only the Princess Carlotta can give you that."

"How much would she want as her cut?" asked Jonathan.

"More than you would be prepared to give," replied the lawyer. "The Guarinis drive hard bargains. But let that be as it may, how do we know there is mineral wealth beneath the soil of our country?"

"You never will know until someone looks," replied Jonathan. "I am prepared to take that risk and if, after I have the concession, it turns out that there is great wealth, I am ready to share it with those who help me now. Meanwhile, if Mr. Pellegrino will be my lawyer and represent my interests, I will pay him a retainer of two hundred pounds."

Hereupon, Jonathan countersigned ten traveller's cheques of twenty pounds each and passed them across to the lawyer. "I would propose," he said, "forming a company under the laws of San Bernardino with an authorised capital of two million pounds."

"Have you got the two million pounds?" asked Pellegrino.

"No, of course not; but if I can show that the mineral wealth exists, I can find others who will put up the money. People who can command such a sum have to be shown first."

"Two million pounds!" said Pellegrino reverently.

"There is one more thing," said Jonathan, rising to take his leave. "I have ascertained through inquiries that the Princess Carlotta is not far away. She is staying with her aunt in Domodossola. Good day, gentlemen!"

The silence which fell after Jonathan's departure was so tense as to be almost brittle. The hotel-keeper broke it. "This Englisman knows something," he said. "If it should transpire that there is oil beneath our feet, it would be a pity to let a foreigner have it."

"I agree," said the lawyer, dividing the traveller's cheques equally between them, "and it would be ten thousand pities if, after being oppressed by the Guarinis for seven hundred years, we allowed them to become rich again at our expense. My friend," he added, putting a hand firmly on the other's shoulder, "there is a time for talk and a time for action. This is the time for action."

JONATHAN was lying in a long chair behind a rose garden when the delegation from San Bernardino came to call upon Carlotta. They came solemnly down the garden path in strict order of precedence. Times, their spokesman said, had changed, and San Bernardino must change with them.

It had been decided that a republic was more in keeping with the spirit of the times than a principality. The princess, he assured her, would always be an honored guest of the land which her family had ruled for so long. But in the meanwhile—he unrolled a parchment deed — her signature to the abdication would make it official.

Without showing a flicker of emotion, Carlotta took the proffered pen and signed "Carlotta P." But when they had climbed into the car which brought them, her eyes filled with tears. "How did you know, Jonathan?" she asked when he came from the rose arbor. "How is it possible that you, who two weeks ago had not even heard of San Bernardino, understood the people so well?"

"As I've told you, Carlotta," Jonathan replied, "I'm a horse trader at heart, and to be a horse trader you have to understand people, who are all much the same when the chips are down. Your former loyal subjects, appalled at the thought of you growing rich from the rivers of oil beneath the soil, decided that you were a luxury they couldn't afford.

"Would you like to hear the whole story? I think it will be better for you because then you'll never have regrets or illusions."

He told her everything, just as it had happened, and she listened in numb silence.

"Well, Carlotta," he said when it was all off his chest, "what are we waiting for? Since those people don't want you as their princess, will you be mine?"

"I suppose so, Jonathan," she said with a queer mixture of tears, laughter, and bewilderment. "You bought and paid for me, so I suppose I'm yours. But please—please be very kind to me."

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From page 23

THE SINGING SILENCE

pointing to himself and shouting, "Me? Me! Number Seventy-three!"

One day a rich American from a Palma boat saw his frantic wave and beckoned. Vicente got in line with the other porters and pushed his way up the gangplank to the white boat. There this rich American said to him, "Here are six suitcases, and that thing. Be careful with it; it's an antique."

Vicente recognised the earthen vessel. It was an amphora, a Phoenician one, a fine, rare specimen of the big jugs used for transporting wine or grain. In the old days fishermen sometimes caught them in their nets. They had often thrown them back into the sea, but this they did no longer, not since the men from the town came to buy them for their museums.

Vicente hoisted the bags on his back, picked up the big, pinkish, sea-encrusted jug, and started down the gangplank. The people were pushing and pulling, getting off the boat, coming on board, and he shouted as they shouted. He came to the quay, and another porter, stumbling on a mooring rope, fell against him and he dropped the amphora.

Two thousand years went down in a dusty sound of earth falling. Well.

Ten years before there were still amphorae and other relics of the Greeks and Phoenicians and Romans in the shallow coves of the islands of Ibiza, but now there were mostly only almost valueless objects of more recent times; valuable specimens were very rare.

The American had paid 500 dollars for this waterjug of a Phoenician sailor, having had it verified as authentic by the authorities. Naturally he was angry.

But he was also a sensible man and knew that never in a lifetime could the porter Vicente make 500 dollars, so he was resigned and ready to forget his loss.

NOT so Vicente. He knew the value men set now on these useless old jugs and pots; he had seen the disappointment on the face of the American. Vicente was an honorable man and he wanted to make amends.

He followed the American to his hotel, pleaded for his name and address, and promised to pay him back. A ragged piece of paper torn from a diary and scribbled with Abraham Lincoln Smith, 72 Hudson Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., became his most valuable possession. It was to him the ultimate milepost on the long road of his search.

I believe that somehow, in his dreams, Vicente saw himself at last arriving in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., with the ancient Phoenician amphora under his arm, receiving with joy the praise that would greet him there.

Vicente knew that he would never have the money to buy an amphora, but what was to prevent his finding one? Others had, dozens of them in the time of his boyhood. Why not he?

He had no family, so it did not take him long to bid farewell to his life in Barcelona, that bustling, busy city by the sea, where he had carried bags for the price of a small glass of wine in a smoky wineshop and a windowless room to roof his nights.

When he had sold his few possessions he had the boat fare to Ibiza, and a little more. From the stern of the boat he looked back and saw the city sink into the sea, and for the first time he knew that his years there had been a prison of his own making. He had never, there, lifted up his eyes from the narrow streets to the wide sky.

And once again, as when he was a boy, the sea sang to him.

Back on the islands he set about the task he had chosen. He learned where the last amphorae had been found, and he realised, as had others before him, that since the ancient pieces were valuable, all the inshore places must have been searched and emptied of their treasure.

Young Sandik, of Santa Eulalia del Rio, the carpenter's son, had made himself a reputation as an undersea swimmer. He had found a cannon at the bottom of the sea — that's another story.

To consult him, Vicente travelled by bus to Santa Eulalia del Rio, and Sandik's advice was brief. Get a mask, get flippers, go far out into the sea. There, way out, were still unknown shallows, no deeper than the height of a man, or twice or thrice the height of a man, and caught in the caves of the sea bottom, treasures might still be.

Now Vicente, like many of the island-born, had never learned to swim. But he spent the rest of his money, as Sandik advised, on a good snorkel and flippers and a mask. Then he took the little mail boat Manolito back to his island of Formentera. There, camping on the beach, scrounging his meals, intent as are all men with a singleness of purpose to urge them on, he set about teaching himself to swim.

He was over 60 then. An old man, as time makes men like Vicente old. Yet he was young in his urgency to learn and go on toward the far horizon of his purpose.

He learned to swim, and he learned to dive with the snorkel and the flippers and the mask, a froglike, crablike figure in the clear shallows about the beaches of Cala Pujol. He ventured farther and farther, to where the water turned purple, where the deeps began. This was the most talkative time of his life, after his first dives, for he could not contain his wonder at the unexpected beauty of the deep sea.

The gardens of starfish, the varicolored, bug-eyed gentle fish that followed him, the slant of translucent sunlight on the mysterious caves and rocks — these he recounted to the fishermen who toiled upon the surface of the sea. And his tales were touched with wonder and awe. Never, he swore, had he known such freedom as at the bottom of the sea.

"But you can't breathe there!"

"One breathes with one's eyes, one's pores."

Never had he heard such music.

"But there is only silence under the sea!"

"It is a singing silence. Like many instruments sending their purest sounds up to the sky."

There is that to the Spanish language. The ploughman often speaks the language of poetry. It is the way the words arrange themselves.

DAY by day, week by week, month by month, and so on into the years, Vicente, searching for the amphora which in honor he felt he must find to replace the one he had broken, grew happier. Each day was a new delight, a new adventure.

No longer were his days imprisoned by the needs of the hours. Somehow there was always something for those needs, a fish to grill, a glass of wine, a piece of bread, a box of matches. To the fishermen his search had become a part of their life on the beach and the sea, and their generosity was quick, unthinking.

They told me the story of Vicente, that day the wind blew from Africa and stirred up the depths of the sea and sent the high green waves scurrying, and I, too, searched the horizon for the little boat. Then I turned to Father Pedro, the cure of San Fernando, who had joined us.

"What do you think, Father?" I said. "Will old Vicente find his amphora?"

The fat little priest joined his fingers. His eyes, too, were on the horizon, but he seemed undisturbed. The wind from Africa swayed the bamboo shelter over us.

"Well, now you see," he said, "Vicente has the search. It is not what one finds, you know, but the search itself that is important. Only the search."

Last year, on another day when the sea rose suddenly, stirred to tumult by the wind, the little boat Vicente had borrowed was tossed back to the beach.

No one saw the old man again.

The seas had been heavy. But tied securely, wrapped in seaweed at the bottom of the boat, was an amphora, an ancient Phoenician vessel salvaged from the centuries and the sea.

Father Pedro and the fishermen who had been Vicente's friends asked me, since I knew English, to write to Abraham Lincoln Smith of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A. I did. I wrote a number of times to the address we had and finally to the mayor of the city.

No one had heard of him.

Annoyed by the foolish old man who had dropped his souvenir, the American had fabricated a name to get rid of him. Perhaps, however, he did come from Milwaukee. We do not know.

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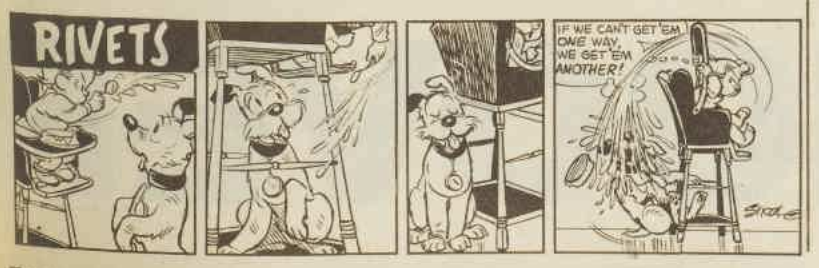

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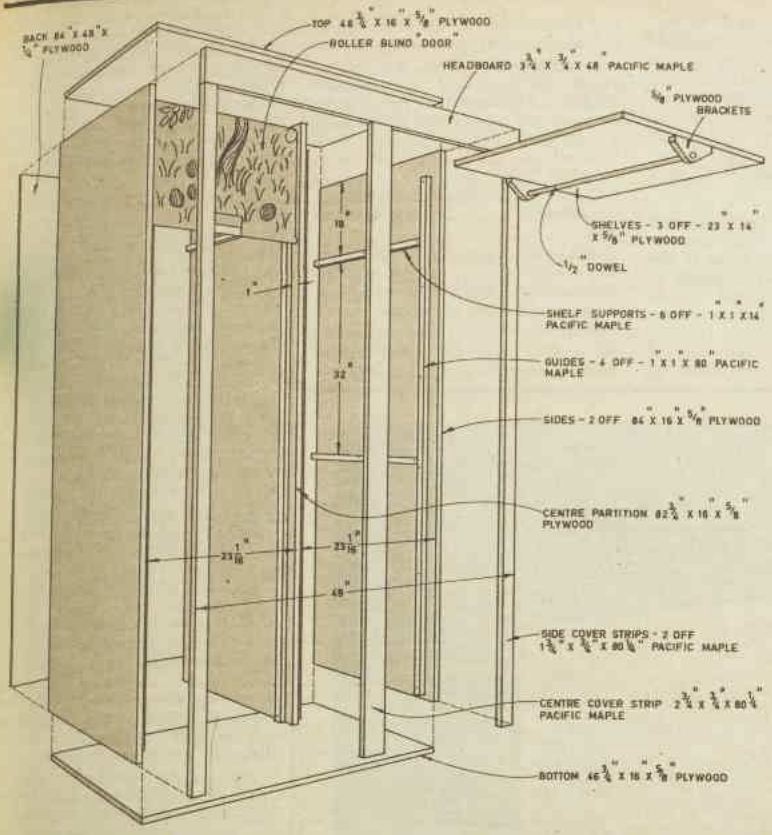


SKETCH (left) gives details for making wardrobe, plus timber required. Roller blind doors save space in a small bedroom.

WARDROBE WITH ROLL-UP DOORS

● Who wants a traditional wardrobe when you can build this effective unit with gay fabric roller-blind "doors."

THE roll-up doors of the wardrobe could match curtains or a bedspread, or they could spark off a color scheme.

Most of the measurements and details of the making are shown in the sketch above.

The wardrobe could be made any height, mounted against a wall, or left free-standing to act as a room-divider.

The wardrobe shown above consists of two 7ft. sections separated by a centre partition. At the top of each section is a shelf for hats and handbags. There is full-length hanging space on one side, and the other side is divided by a centre shelf for suits, shirts, etc.

Wardrobe and shelves are made from ⅝in. plywood. Strips of 1in. x 1in. Pacific maple nailed down the inside, 1in. from the front edge, provide guides for the roller-blind doors, which are also guided by the front cover strips.

The headboard has been made wide enough to conceal the roller mechanism.

All joints should be glued before nailing.

Choose plywood to suit a paint or polish finish as required.

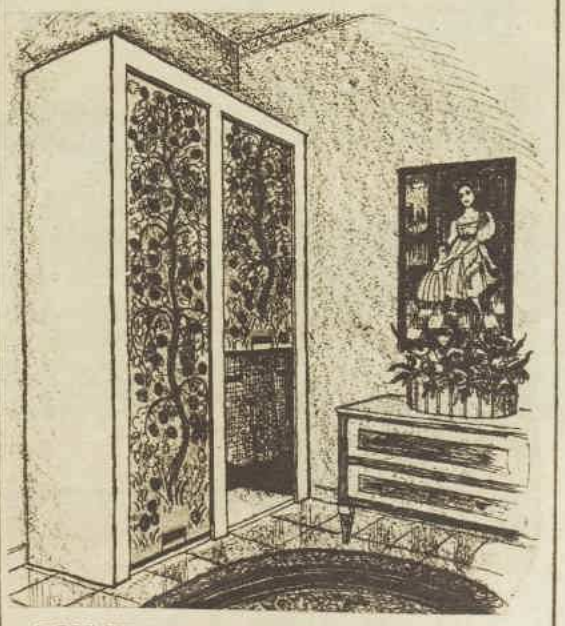
To make fabric doors, measure length; add 3in. for top hem, 3in. for bottom hem, and 2in. to width measurement for side hems.

Buy two roller-blind fittings as close as possible to the width measurement of each section. (Rollers come in many sizes, from 29in. costing about 6/6, and can be trimmed down at end opposite spring.)

The doors should be lined with holland blind fabric (bought by the yard), which should be treated as one with the patterned fabric.

Machine 1in. side hems first, then a 1½in. hem at top to hold roller.

Paint bottom slat to match color scheme and cut a 5in. x 4in. piece from centre of blind at base to make gap for pull. Slit top corners of gap ½in. and turn raw edges into centre. Machine round edges on right side. Now turn a 1½in. hem on bottom edges, machine and insert painted slat so it shows in the centre.



ROLL-UP fabric doors are a feature of this wardrobe. Fabric could match bedspread.

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Continued from page 19

CHILD'S PLAY

Again this was not conscience, or any fear of waking Libby and Kit, although the linen cupboard was past their door and a little down the hall. Tess, unnaturally wakeful as she was, would want to embark on all kinds of projects, like scrubbing the copper bottoms of the pots, while all Daniel wanted to do was get into bed and go to sleep.

And if Libby told about these late hours, as she undoubtedly would, Daniel would be severely catechised, as the oldest boy. ("She was sleeping in your room, and you're the oldest boy. Why didn't you see to it that she got to bed?")

Oldest boy was a position which Daniel occasionally hated, for all its benefits. He said again: "Tess, don't, get to bed," and Tess said confidently: "I'll be quick," and walked through the dining-room into the lighted kitchen and down the hall.

In spite of a line of light from under Libby's door, the hall was so dim that she had to reach upwards for the light switch.

Standing on a staircase she pulled a bath mat from the shelf in the linen cupboard and stuffed back part of a cascade of towels and washers that came with it; the rest she poked in with a bare foot and shut the door firmly upon.

She stood still and irresolute for a moment, and then she went back to the boys' room after a tiptoe dart at the switch again.

In their bathroom she laid down the blue-and-white mat. "Turn off the light," said Daniel, and she did, stumbling back to her cot from her last-glimpsed recollection of it. She said with dark satisfaction to invisible Daniel, the only one awake: "Well, somebody shut the door of Mum and Dad's room."

"The wind blew it shut," mumbled Daniel sleepily. "Go to sleep, Tess."

Although there had been no sound at all, Whelk saw the shadow moving on the lighted floor at the far end of the hall in which he stood. With his eyes accustomed to the night he had noted a door open on blackness immediately to his right as he entered, and by the time the shadow had sharpened he had sprung into the unknown room, pulling the door soundlessly to.

A child appeared in the hall, a small, barefoot girl in pyjamas. Whelk had a moment of panic, as he realised that he was looking through a glass pane, but it must have been masked on the other side with reflected light, because there was no pause in the child's gait, although she seemed to be heading for this room.

His hand crept over the doorknob, and there was a central locking mechanism which pressed in. Tensely, he kept his thumb on it.

Not four feet from where he stood the little girl stopped and reached upward, and the hall was suddenly lit. She opened a door on the inner wall, and after a few soft, thumping sounds emerged with a towel of some kind. When she had kicked something back into the cupboard and closed the door she turned her head and regarded the room.

He had seen the movement coming, and he was instantly back and to one side of the uncurtained pane, so that he had her only slantingly in view.

Even in normal circumstances he did not care for children; they filled him with the same sharp uncase that cats did. He especially did not care for the ruminative look on this child's face. Was she, just possibly, clever and cautious enough to go off and warn the woman that there was a strange man in the house?

. . . A man with a beard.

Although the chances of her having seen his features were microscopic, Leonard Whelk was briefly as tight as wire. There must be no mention of a bearded man, because how many were there in the valley?

And how many children did this wretched woman have, and when in heaven's name did she put them to bed?

Leonard Whelk began to breathe very quietly and calmly indeed, letting his hands hang still at his sides, because one of his dangerous rages was beginning to flicker and for a terrible second he had nearly flung this door wide, dashed down the hall and sent the other door, the one with the thin crack of light under it, smashing open.

Because she must be in there; he could hear music very faintly. The point was, did she have the boy with her in her husband's absence? He must catch her alone, and he must catch her quickly and in silence. It would be best to catch her in here. For the first time, as the hall stayed silent and empty, Whelk began to examine the possibilities of this room.

Moving cautiously, so as not to collide with anything, he stretched out a hand in blackness and presently encountered a length of polished wood with twirled tips at the corners — the footboard of a double bed; he was sure of it.

He was right, then; the woman did not intend to sleep in here alone, because surely at this hour she would have turned on a preparatory lamp?

So her husband was not coming back tonight.

There had to be wardrobes. Just in time Whelk's knee brushed fabric and wood; a small chair. He skirted it, went carefully forward, and gasped with pain as his wounded leg connected sharply with one edge of some object — a dressing-table.

Hatred rocked through his head, almost obliterating the pain, but it was moments before he could move again, patting the walls, presently finding a door that opened without sound on to hanging garments.

He would locate a lamp and switch it on, and then he would make some sound to attract the woman's attention. When she came in to investigate, thinking it to be one of the children; when she turned her back on the wardrobe . . .

With a flashing pivot that seemed to tear his leg open Whelk dived into a clothes cupboard, because the door of the room was opening.

"Daniel?" whispered Tess from her cot, and then in a bold, normal voice: "Hey, Daniel?"

There was no response from Daniel's bed, although it was only a minute or two since he had told her to go to sleep. He might be

To page 63

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—Isaiah 45:22.

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CHILD'S PLAY

Continued from page 62

only pretending to be asleep himself; Libby did that to her sometimes.

"I know where the lunch biscuits are," said Tess luringly to the silence.

Lunch biscuits for Harry and William, who attended a new school which had no cafeteria as yet, were a large problem in Mrs. Mannering's life; about to add them to the boys' sandwiches and fruit, she frequently found only empty packets.

The boys said (often through crumbs) that it was Tess who took them, whereupon Tess would rush indignantly into their room and reappear with some kind of guilty evidence from under a pillow.

In a burst of severity, Mrs. Mannering banished lunch-desserts, only to be confronted by William's forlorn face and Harry's tottering return from school with the explanation that he had had such terrible hunger pains — here he doubled up as though stricken with acute appendicitis — that he had been unable to do his maths or his spelling.

Weakly, knowing the psychological error of such a course, Mrs. Mannering took to hiding the biscuits.

She hid them everywhere, in laundry baskets, in wastepaper baskets, cunningly disguised as rubbish; in drawers and on high shelves.

Sometimes she hid them so cleverly that she never found them again. But most of the time it was as hopeless as hiding lettuce from rabbits or liquor from alcoholics; the whole business had taken on the open and professional air of a witch hunt.

TONIGHT, Tess knew from personal observation of the very act, the lunch biscuits were in a hatbox in her mother's clothes cupboard. She even knew what kind they were: chocolate-coated ones. She had been thinking of removing two, or at the most three, but the unexpected presence of Kit Austen, and the crisis over the locked door, had diverted her.

There was nothing to divert her now. The kitchen light was still on, and Libby's; it was not as though she had to walk through the whole dark house. Her long nap had taken the edge off her sleep, and, besides, somebody ought to see if that door had somehow become locked again.

Under this virtuous thought, unrealised was the genuine unpleasantness Tess had felt upon seeing the door closed when it had stood open such a short time before.

Wind, Daniel had said, but what wind? she wondered in her small constructive mind. The house was all locked up, she had seen Libby do that, and the only windows open were behind closed bedroom doors.

Tess left her cot and went silently out of the room. She paused outside Libby's door. The record-player had a sleepy sound, and so did Kit's voice: "You have a strand hanging down at the back. Here, I'll do it."

"It'll be all kinky," said Libby mournfully. "It always is when I put it up wet."

"Oh, shush," said Kit, and then there was a small, concentrating pause, and Tess moved away.

She did not know that she had been looking for assurance that there was someone still awake, that she would not open that door with all the others asleep and oblivious. Usually she was bolder than Harry about the dark, and got up and made her way unhesitatingly to her parents' bedroom when she felt sick, but tonight . . .

What the tea in his tomb had been to Harry, the chocolate-coated biscuits were to Tess. She switched on the hall light, opened the door, and reached for a bedside lamp.

The safe, familiar room bloomed dimly around her — big, white-tufted bed, flowered curtains against one wall, little tailored dark blue chair, long mirror, now a mass of half-sparkles, over the raised fireplace.

But one of the boys had been before her, thought Tess indignantly, because the clothes cupboard that held the hatbox in question was lightly open, and it hadn't been that way before.

She marched round the bed, prepared to raise a hue and cry if the biscuits were gone, and pulled the door wider. The hatbox was on the second shelf at the side, and she had to climb on the first one, bumping awkwardly into ranked dresses so that they sighed against each other almost like someone breathing.

Breathing. What if she looked, and all the dresses had somebody in them? What if they did this every night behind the secrecy of the door?

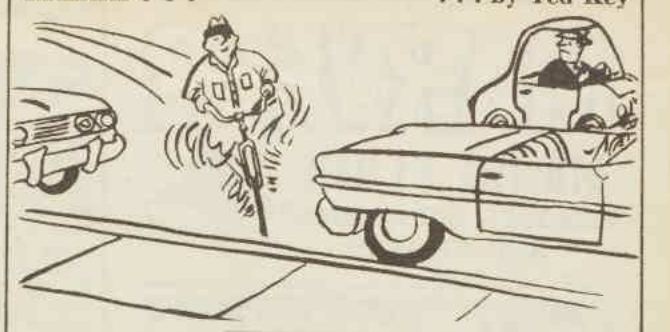
Heart beginning to pound, Tess dragged down the hatbox, lifted out a fur cloche, and scrabbled the biscuits open. In her sudden frantic haste she only took two.

She put the hat back, clapped the lid insecurely on the box, and stuffed it on to the first shelf; she did not want to climb again. She dropped one of the chocolate oblongs from her hurrying fingers, and when she bent to pick it up she saw, like deliverance, the tips of a lot of her mother's shoes.

And, half-buried under the trailing skirt of an evening dress at the end of the cupboard, a pair of her father's. They looked queerly wet

To page 64

HAZEL . . . **. . . by Ted Key**



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Continued from page 63

CHILD'S PLAY

and muddy to have been stood side my side under drifted folds of white chiffon.

Tess, seized by the odd reasonless panic of the unnatural, fled the room so fast that she stubbed a toe on the unevenly laid brick; it was almost as though somebody were after her.

She burst without ceremony into Libby's room, having had the forethought to drop the biscuits down the neck of her pyjama top first.

Libby, putting away her records, gave her a last-straw look and a menacing "Tess!" and Kit took her attention from painting her toenails with colorless polish to say: "Good grief, are you still up?"

"The light's on in Mum and Dad's room," said Tess austerely to Libby. "I came out to get a drink of water, and I saw it."

"Well, turn it off," said Libby.

"No, you." Tess had no intention of communicating her recent fright. She would be hooted at for days by her sister; further, she would be tied up irrevocably with the stolen biscuits, one of which was now beginning to melt against her small, hard stomach, and have to bear the blame of all the boys' raids for much longer than that.

And Libby, to Tess, was tall and grown-up, and capable of anything; cupboards would not worry Libby.

Without waiting for further argument she walked firmly away. Behind her she heard Libby say: "Want anything in the kitchen, Kit? Because I suppose we'd better get these lights out, or Tess'll never go to sleep."

Tess did not hear Kit's reply. She was in her cot again, half-way through her first biscuit and comfortably surrounded by the sleeping presence of the boys, when Libby switched off the kitchen light and walked down the hall to her parents' room.

. . . .

Mrs. Mannering knew in a despairing way that they were going to have to stop for coffee.

It was not something actually to drink that she was worried about, although in the assumption that they were going to spend the night at the hotel and under the impetus of a party they both had an extra drink or two; it was pure fatigue.

They were past La Bajada, the steep descent from Santa Fe which in winter marked the snow-line. She said: "Richard, let's stop for coffee at one of those all-night truck places," and Mannering, to whom some of her alarm had communicated itself, said gratefully: "Maybe we'd better. We'll make it quick."

But it wasn't particularly quick. The small, neon-lighted counter attached to a petrol station was crowded with truck-drivers, tired, expert-looking men who glanced curiously at the Mannerings' formal clothes and rejected them without thought. They said things like: "I should take the two o'clock run?" and "How about that? I mean, what do you say to a guy like that?"

Over the competing voices a radio announcer said: "And that's it, that's all the local news until—" and was flicked into silence by the man behind the counter. Someone said: "Doped up, like I'm always telling you guys. If the kid didn't speak any English—"

There was a muttered interjection which brought a brief roar of laughter. The man behind the counter eventually produced two black coffees for Richard Mannering, who knew, even before she began to hunt through her small purse, what his wife was going to do.

She walked to the wall telephone, self-conscious in her swishy taffeta skirt and open black sandals, and tried the house again on the off-chance that the earlier report had been a mistake.

An operator told her impersonally that that line was out of order, and gave her the number of the telephone repair service. Mrs. Mannering hesitated. The repair service would not come before morning. Still—

She dialled her neighbors, the Bishops. She said to a sleepy voice:

"Lois? Alma Mannering here. Did I get you out of bed?"

"Oh, I'll get back to sleep," said Mrs. Bishop; her tone implied that this would take place about dawn.

"I'm awfully sorry, but we're on our way home from Santa Fe and can't get any reply on the telephone from our house, and I wondered about the lights and everything. Are yours all right?"

"Yes — they flickered once or twice, that's all. How funny about the phone. But, of course," said Mrs. Bishop with a light laugh, "you never know with boys, do you?"

"Well, thanks very much, and I'm sorry again about waking you," said Mrs. Mannering in a civil voice, and went back to her coffee, which had cooled to a drinkable state.

She said to her husband: "The phone's still out of order, but the lights are still on."

Mannering put money on the counter. As they went out, the switched-on radio said: "And now five minutes of the local news. Still at large tonight, despite intensive investigation by Sheriff's officers, is the brutal—"

The swing door chopped it off. "Feel better?" said Mannering to his wife in the rainy dark.

"Much," said Mrs. Mannering.

. . . .

Poor Sip had found it surprisingly difficult to get back to his part of the Valley. Usually, when he roamed the roads at night with his familiar rocking gait a passing car would stop to offer him a lift or at least ask where he was going. But tonight no one stopped, even though headlights had to veer elaborately around him.

He did not try knocking on any more doors; the last voice, with its threat of calling the police, had frightened and bewildered him. Tired and soddenly wet, his whole right side protesting, he walked on through the gurgling, pattering dark, and presently the poplars gave way to cotton-woods, the houses spread out again, there was the windy peace of fields.

His mind contained one thing at a time, and right now it contained Mrs. Mannering, the giver of the coat and the coffee, the owner of the little cow. So that when a car did slow up, and a window roll reluctantly down, he called: "Mrs. Mannering?" and swung out a wide, questioning arm.

This time he was understood, although there was still the odd, new unfriendliness, with the wheels of the car never quite coming to a halt.

"There's a Mannering on Hermosillo — you take a right up there," a dimly seen face jerked backwards, "and then a left." The car picked up speed again, and was gone.

Poor Sip was orientated now. He would know the house when he found it. But when he did it was completely dark.

Sip stood bewildered in the puddled drive. A great many things had happened to him tonight, and he had an idea that it must be late indeed; Mrs. Mannering might be very angry at him if he tried to wake her up. Still, it was a crushing disappointment, even though he had forgotten exactly what it was that he wanted with her.

He could at least go and see that the little cow was in out of the rain; she wouldn't mind that, if he were quiet about it.

He remembered going past a wall to the back of the house, and he did that now, his footsteps only more splashy sounds in the night. And there was the little shelter, and inside it a recumbent, white-patterned shape and an inquiringly swung head.

Sip thought with approval that she looked very comfortable in there. He said: "Ssh," to her mild moo of greeting, and fumbled with

To page 66

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the bar of the gate and went in.

It was dry here, with a sweet, pungent, farmyard smell. Without conscious plan, Sip dropped his tired body down, leaning back against baled hay. He thought of letting the rat out of his pocket to explore and perhaps to nibble, but decided against it; he had never experimented with cows and rats, and they might not take to each other. The large warm bulk beside him gave off a powerful aroma of animal and alfalfa. Sip found it very pleasant and gradually his head drooped against his chest.

. . . .

Leonard Whelk had endured with horror the child's intrusion into the cupboard. He had stiffened, he had been ready to spring when the lamp in the room flashed on, but he knew from the almost soundless approach that this was not the woman; not even a barefoot woman walked as lightly as this.

Continued from page 64

CHILD'S PLAY

The cupboard door opened, and through crevices in the intervening shoulders and sleeves of dresses Whelk stared at what he could see of a small, animated pair of pyjamas.

There was a jostling along the ranked hangers, and then a hollow papery sound, as though the child had moved something, and after that a fierce crackle of paper.

To tidy, fastidious Whelk, who had never known anyone who kept biscuits in hatboxes, the child's visit was nightmarish, as though she were playing some mocking game with him.

Like her mother. If she were —

She dropped something, and it seemed to Whelk, as quiveringly antennaed as any insect, that she paused as she picked it up. Would she see his feet under the hem of the long dress he had been lucky enough to drag in front of him? Had the collision with the sharp wood opened the wound in his leg again, and was she staring at a trail of blood?

The seconds stretched out while Whelk, who had not taken a single full breath since the door opened, went on standing in what might or might not be invisibility. His chest barely stirred, although the effort of not breathing was beginning to make his heart beat uncomfortably. Then—faster than she had entered it, with an audible patter this time—the child left the room.

To tell the woman? Who might, just possibly, brush her roaming, prying children before her out of the nearest door and run. And Whelk would have to run after her, pumping the blood from his leg, having to face the swift journey home afterwards. Because, of course, he would catch her; if she were eager for her life, he was much more eager for his. He had *built* his.

On the other hand—his beard was soaked in sweat now, his fingers clenched tautly at his sides—what kind of credence would the woman give a child that young? "There's a man in the cupboard." He had entered the house unobserved, he was sure of that, and mightn't the woman think such a statement only a pretext for not going to bed?

Time, marked by his dangerously thundering pulse, would tell.

The child had not closed the cupboard door, and Whelk, inching himself silently along the back wall of the cupboard until he could look out narrowly between the shoulders of dresses, saw the pool of light at the end of the hall outside vanish.

So she had not paid any attention to the child; she had darkened the kitchen and now she would come, as a literally last gesture, to switch off this bedside lamp.

He watched intently, and saw her begin to grow out of the darkness of the hall.

She was not as tall as she had looked through the bamboo-curtained window, and the shapeless garment swayed about her as though she were very slender.

WHELK'S suddenly distorted vision noted as without importance the fact that, from what he could see of her face, she was young for the mother of two children. Her head still wore the hideous curlers, and in some curious way this inflamed him almost as much as her mocking voice on the telephone had done.

(Mrs. Birucoff had worn curlers. Not these pink things, like great swollen caterpillars, but ugly little tubes of perforated metal that stuck out in a mad angularity. Sometimes, with Foxy bitterly at her side, she had even done her shopping in them. Foxy had never been able to understand why she bothered with curlers, because who would look at, who cared about, a heavy woman with red hands and knotted forearms, who always smelled of washing bleach?)

His vision cleared; he saw the woman glance in his direction and reach out a surprisingly slender arm, not knotted, not red-handed, for the bedside lamp. Between the motion and the sudden dark, Leonard Whelk was out of the cupboard and round the bed, and had found her neck.

. . . .

Tess' biscuits, chocolate covered and delicious they were, had left a worrying sweetness in her mouth, and she began to think about a drink of water.

There was no glass in the boys' bathroom, and Pamela Howe's aunt — nobody remembered who Pamela Howe was, but she had become a part of family legend — had once drunk a spider from a tap. Tess had always imagined the spider swimming about indestructibly in Pamela Howe's aunt's stomach, crawling dryly up one wall of it and hatching a lot of little spiders. Tess never drank from taps.

But Libby had turned out the kitchen light — she had heard the click of the switch, and she had no desire to get up now and venture into the pitch dark. Tess pulled the blanket up round her neck and composed herself for sleep.

Daniel snored mildly and genuinely. William talked fragmentarily in his sleep, Harry slept like a dead creature. Tess' tongue went on independent errands of its own, discovering remnants of chocolate.

A drink of water began to look now as the biscuits had looked earlier; something to

To page 68

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray week starting February 19

ARIES
MAR. 21 — APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, lilac. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ An easing of tension before another horror-stretch next week. Get all important business transacted as early as possible, since anything done after the 24th could have an abrupt demise.

TAURUS
APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, black, orange. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ What applies to Aries is good for you, and all the signs. Perhaps a hidden enemy slanders you—but you emerge unscathed. The 22nd is bad for ventures and any new scheme.

GEMINI
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ You're in the headlines this week with just the right touch of contrast so dear to your heart. Mistakes due to muddle on the 22nd have a chance of being ironed out next day.

CANCER
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, green. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Romance and friendship are stressed this week. Perhaps a close associate intrigues against you, but another one arrives to save the day. All this could happen at the weekend.

LEO
JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ Muddling matrimonial conditions could be cleared up at the weekend, and domestic problems successfully confronted. But get in early—next week could prove upsetting.

VIRGO
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, yellow. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Be careful on Saturday, especially late at night, and particularly if motoring. Accidents could arise from deceptive and confused conditions. But Sunday compensates.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Muddling and unreliable influences surround love and romance at the weekend, so be careful. Good vibrations later in the week could help you get your balance back again.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Next week could prove unreliable and unstable—so get that important matter settled right now. The weekend could mean muddled matrimony, but problems could be solved.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23 - DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Mental short-circuits could lead to accidents on the road on the 23rd—a day to watch what you say and write. Sunday is much better, especially romance-wise.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21 - JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ There could be confusion and deception concerning home, domestic, and family affairs, somehow linked up with finance, at the weekend. Brighter aspects on Sunday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ Most Aquarians are impelled with the love of knowledge—so be careful at the weekend you don't get the wrong impression. The 23rd is good for travel and personal affairs.

PISCES
FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, cerise, green. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Usually you begin a period of expansion at this time, so get up and go as much as you can, because next week poses a lot of problems. The 22nd is adverse, the 23rd much better.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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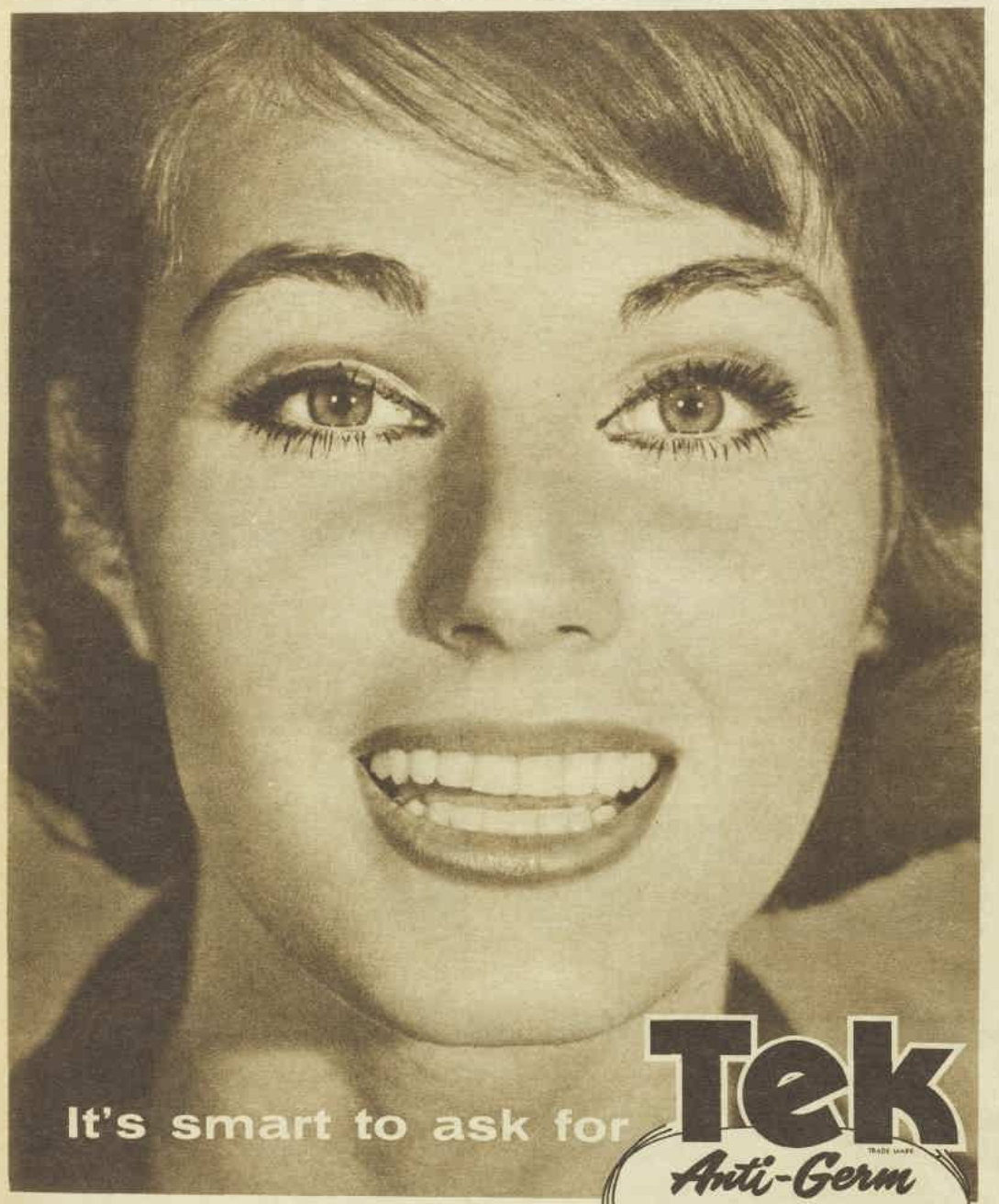
950

951



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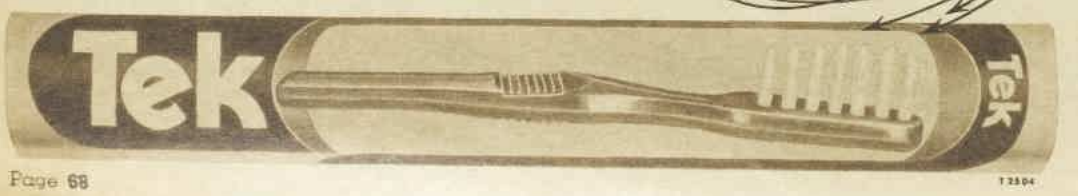

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CHILD'S PLAY

Continued from page 66

be obtained at any cost. Sighing loudly, although there was no one to hear or pity her, she thrashed her way out of the bedclothes again.

The kitchen was dauntingly black, but she found the switch unerringly on the wall beside the refrigerator. Grey-topped tables and stainless-steel sink sprang up with an unfamiliar midnight dazzle; Tess opened a cupboard door, got down a glass, and heard the sounds somewhere at the end of the hall.

They were fierce, scuffing sounds, such as were produced by the boys in passing each other, except that the boys were asleep, and then there was a choked-off retch.

Emboldened by the light, Tess poked her head round the corner into the hall. She said in a small propitiating voice, because her sister was in no good humor: "That you, Lib?"

For a second her light-stung eyes saw only that the near-darkness at the end of the hall writhed with motion, as though Libby were engaged in some mad and soundless dance. Then the retching sound came briefly again, and the queer scrabble of fingernails across the wood panelling of the wall. In a jointed flicker of black against the dimness, Libby's pyjama leg disappeared inside the bathroom, and the door closed, the lock snapped.

Tess stared, transfixed. She and the boys often lost their dinners in this abrupt and undignified way, but Libby did not.

Tess walked barefoot down the hall, suddenly and badly frightened. She switched on the light and said to the blank bathroom door: "You all right, Lib?" and was answered by the heavy hollow thunder of something hitting the bathtub and, simultaneously, the sounds of someone being sick.

But all of this was going on in the dark, because after the briefest flash of light under the door the bathroom had gone black again.

Tess' five-year-old thoughts did not consciously mesh, unless it was an instinctive joining of two terrors. She cried: "Lib?" in a rising voice, and ran on into her parents' bedroom and switched on the lamp.

The clothes cupboard door on the far side of the room stood wide open, and when she looked in the wet, muddy men's shoes that had stood under her mother's white evening dress weren't there any more.

"Things don't walk away," Mrs. Mannering often informed her. But these had.

It was an obscure horror for a small girl to deal with. Tess began to run, screaming distractedly.

Her screams were the kind that would have wakened Poor Sip even if he had not been semi-alert, wondering mildly as windows were lit briefly at the back of the house, darkened, lit again, darkened. It hardly seemed a sensible procedure for people who were supposed to be asleep.

He was not unaccustomed to screams; the women of his sister's acquaintance were a volatile lot and often vented their wrath or grief at the tops of their lungs. Poor Sip could listen unmoved to these furious or harrowed sounds, knowing that they were unimportant and would pass. But these were a little girl's screams.

Sip plunged blindly to his feet and fumbled his way out of the shelter; he did not even notice that, behind him, the heifer heaved herself up and followed him through the open gate. His constant companion, the white rat, which he had absentmindedly allowed to stroll up his shoulder, had difficulty in clinging on.

He nearly tripped over a bicycle placed treacherously in shadow; only his outflung hand against a wall saved him. He said anxiously to the echoing house: "I'm coming, I'm coming."

. . . . .

Susan Webb cradled the baby against her left hip and held the receiver with her right hand. To placate Gregory she had to sway to and fro and talk rationally at the same time, which gave her a feeling of being drunk or crazy. "I didn't think at the time—but with a Spanish accent, it might . . ."

SHE had finally found the Sheriff's line free, to report the man pounding at her door earlier. Calmed by her release into tears, she had been able to describe his lurching gait and blurred voice, and, though it was rather far afield for Poor Sip, the deputy to whom she spoke had no difficulty in identifying her caller.

He said tiredly: "That's all right, ma'am, he's a harmless character. Just pay no attention if he comes back again," and Susan was stung to asperity.

She said: "I did phone earlier, you know, about not being able to reach my niece at the Mannerings'. You were going to send someone along there," and all at once, like a child's blocks dropping into a randomly sinister pattern, the syllables heard through the door fell together. "Mahn . . . reeng."

Why, on this dreadful night, should the name impinge upon her life a second time? She had no idea, any more than she knew where her son Gregory could have picked up whooping cough, but she said in sudden panic: "You did go, didn't you?"

The deputy shuffled surreptitiously through clipped reports on the Sheriff's desk. Mrs. Webb's was at the bottom.

The night was starting to quieten down as the Valley residents fell into an uneasy sleep and, although the phone would continue to ring, there were a lot of people who, slumbering, would not hear sinister sounds in their backyards or glimpse suspiciously slinking figures. And while he watched, a white patrol car, black-lettered on its side, came wheeling into the drive.

He listened to what Mrs. Webb had to say about the sounds that might have been "Mannering," and with no compunction for Withers, who had just returned, he said politely: "There's a car on its way now, ma'am."

. . . . .

"Richard," said Mrs. Mannering, "have you any cigarettes on you?"

Mannering ducked into his pockets. "No. We'll find a place — keep your eyes skinned."

To page 69

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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CHILD'S PLAY

Continued from page 68

They were maintaining a steady pace on the wet roads, but not with their previous aspect of flight; with the assurance that the power was not out in the Valley they felt cheerful and almost foolish at their earlier alarm. Their baby-sitter, Mrs Beale, could cope with anything else.

Mrs. Mannering felt light-hearted and relieved, in spite of the festivities still going on in Santa Fe; it was as though —like a written but unposted letter — they had guaranteed their children's safety by their decision to return home tonight instead of tomorrow.

She was going back, and eagerly, to all the things she had wanted a short escape from. The boys' constant fighting; normal, but wearing on the nerves. Libby's gyrations to the insane songs on the radio, again normal but unhappy to contemplate. Tess' frequent tears, and equally frequent preoccupation with polishing her boots and all the furniture.

"There's a place," said Mannering at a sparkle of lights to their right but, just as he said it, a police car swept into motion from the cafe, its top-light flashing, and curved imperatively into the traffic ahead of them.

Mrs. Mannering shivered unconsciously. "I hate to see those at night," she said, and added. "It might so easily be for us."

"Us doing what? Speeding — dashing off with stolen cars?" Mannering was light, but he knew exactly what his wife meant.

Coming back from even a brief absence from your home you dreaded the far shriek of a police siren or a fire engine—on its way, just possibly, to your own house. So that when Mrs. Mannering said: "Let's not stop, we have cigarettes at home and it can't be more than ten or fifteen minutes," he said: "O.K."

Insensibly, the speedometer needle crept up.

DEAD, thought Leonard Whelk, hearing no breath from the bath where the woman lay prone; dead, silenced at last.

She had snatched at the silvery shower-curtain as he dragged her in, just as she had scrabbled at the wood in the hall; he had not expected such fierce, wiry strength, and it had taken him off balance, but he had reversed her last wrench and sent her tumbling lifelessly into the bath.

And there had been no witness, despite the unexpected flare of light in the kitchen that had prevented his finishing her off in the hall.

He had switched on the bathroom light, flickeringly, for two reasons. The crepe-soled canvas shoe on his right foot felt wet and squashy inside, and the ankle above it raged and pounded.

She had kicked upwards and backwards with a slipper heel, finding the wound with a viciousness he might have expected; for an instant the agony of it had loosened his hands round her throat, allowing her a sound he hadn't planned.

With the bicycle ride ahead of him it was no longer possible not to look at what she had done to him, but at the brief, blazing glimpse of his own deep-staining blood Leonard Whelk was promptly and accurately sick. As he bent and retched, white went pin-wheeling through his brain, but he remembered the other reason for flashing the light on even then—even through a sudden ear-splitting screaming somewhere outside the door.

. . . The window. Screened with catches that could be whipped loose in an instant, easily accessible and negotiable by standing on the toilet seat. As only half the window levered out, a broad-shouldered man would have given up this means of exit at a glance, but without his tailor Whelk had no shoulders to speak of.

He sprang up on the toilet seat, wondering coldly how long he could bear that child's shrieking without doing something about it, and his leg gave under him abruptly in a sick, buckling stab.

He staggered, his hands flailed wildly in the dark and caught only a towel which whipped down from an invisible rod. He fell heavily on hip and shoulder, cannoning from the wall to the floor. The echoes of the crash were underlined by the immense, welling silence from the direction of the bath.

But not echoes — or had he struck his head somehow, that it rang? The screaming had stopped, to be replaced by a great deal of sobbing and chattering outside the door, and what might have sounded in different circumstances like: "Get a beer opener."

Whelk collected himself on the tile floor, in what he knew he must not allow to be the ultimate panic. The woman was dead; she would never mock at him or point a finger again. Was he to be stopped now by a couple of children?

He felt on the floor for the towel he had grasped earlier and knotted it awkwardly about the lower part of his face. If he charged violently at them out of darkness, and sped through the courtyard door they would have seen a man and that was all they would have seen.

But now there was a new voice, deep; a man's. The bathroom door shuddered heavily under an impact which was repeated at once.

The window? There wasn't time. But neither could he be caught like this, bloodied and panting —

Something of Leonard Whelk — or Foxy Birucoff? — remained. He undid the towel, flung it to the floor, called out swiftly: "Police? Thank heavens — just a minute," and bent over the bath and dragged the inert body cruelly over the edge putting it on its face on the floor. Walking cautiously, he found the light switch and pulled the door open in its dazzle.

He said, leaning against the frame as though he could no longer support himself: "Did you catch him?"

And he spoke to the idiot. After all he had been through — the risks he had taken, the triumph he had gained — this was what stood in his way; this crooked wreck of a man in sodden clothes, his dark eyes flashing under unkempt, grey hair!

There was a repeated screaming of a name as children, bewilderingly more than two, dashed past him, but Whelk did not listen.

"Stand out of my way, please," he said in a loud curt voice. "I've done what I could for that poor creature," he nodded backwards, "and been attacked myself, and I must get to the authorities and then to a doctor."

THE idiot continued to stare. With every cell in his body concentrated on escape, Whelk pushed him aside and darted for the courtyard door. It was yawning open and it was filled impassably, by a brown and white cow, half in and half out, who thrust a large wet nose amiably at him.

Whelk pushed; the cow pushed back and, considerably the heavier, clopped a little farther into the hall.

Whelk swallowed a shriek of rage and spun; he would have to find another door. But he was jerked back like something on the end of a string; the old man had grasped his sweater and jammed him against the frame of the door.

"You stay," said Sip sternly.

(I was passing the house, said Leonard Whelk in his head in licking, darting phrases, and I heard a woman cry out. Of course, the first thing I though of was that terrible thing at the bridge. I thought maybe the man — Well, I knocked, and the woman went on screaming, so I opened the door and I was set upon. I tell you, Officer, he has the strength of a madman, which he is, of course. He had some sort of jagged weapon — you see my leg — and it seemed wisest to lock the door and try to apply artificial respiration to that poor woman until help might come.)

Behind him in the bathroom, futile coaxings and pattings had begun, with an uneven chorus of "Oh, Lib — Libby!" Typical that she wouldn't have allowed them to call her Mother.

Careful not to alarm this witless but surprisingly strong old man, Whelk reached into his back pocket and found his wallet. He took out a five-dollar bill and extended it deliberately.

"I'm very grateful to you for frightening this man away," he said, as calmly as though every breath did not threaten to puncture his heart, "but I really must get to the police now."

The money wavered endlessly between them while one part of Whelk's brain screamed Run! and another part informed him that, hampered as he was by his leg, this old fool was too much for him to tackle.

On his side, Sip had seldom seen a five-dollar bill before; certainly not extended to him in this easy and effortless way.

Unpleasant recollections were beginning to come back to him about this bearded man, but after a long moment he stretched out his left hand and took the bill and pocketed it. His right hand took an even deeper clench on Whelk's sweater, pinning him more firmly against the door frame.

Whelk said something incoherent, and the cow advanced farther into the hall, still blocking the door with her body. Door-chimes died on the air, and the house was suddenly lit—from within.

. . . .

A light, cool voice—an impossible voice, because he had killed it—said breathlessly: "Yes, sir, we were just going to bed when—" and footsteps proceeded through the kitchen and into the hall.

A deputy said in surprised recognition: "Mr. Whelk!" and Whelk said out of a heavy smothering in his chest: "I've been attacked, Officer."

But the deputy had turned his back. He scattered the children quietly from the bathroom, turned over the body there, began mouth-to-mouth respiration. He said: "One of you kids dial for an ambulance, the police want it." And when William came back with a panicky "The phone doesn't work," he said only: "O.K. Stay right there if you don't mind, Mr. Whelk," and went back to the apparently hopeless task of trying to breathe his own life into Libby's sprawled body.

"Whelk" repeated Kit Austen before she could help it, and then put a hand over her mouth as the man's eyes found hers.

Tell? she wondered in panic. She knew the name because she had telephoned

To page 70

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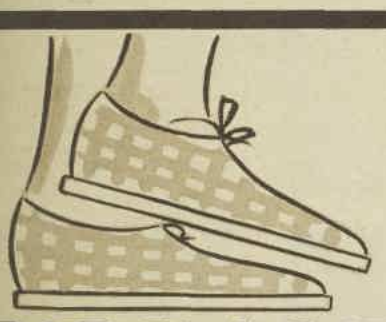

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Continued from page 69

him three times. But if Libby was really . . . in that case everybody would blame her: the police, Libby's family, her family. Whereas if she got safely off to Chicago — the boys and Tess hadn't heard her at the telephone, so that if she said nothing, nobody had to know, ever.

From the bathroom came a small, odd sound, something like a tiny, strained cough, and Libby's head moved. Daniel's and Harry's eyes filled in their pale, frantic faces, round tears rolled unabashedly down William's cheeks. Tess said boisterously: "Hey, Lib?" and was answered by a fierce, terse "Shut up, dope," from Harry.

Kit, who had been holding her breath with the others, realised with an invading coldness that the bearded man's steady stare had never left her face, and that he was breathing quietly like an animal. He seemed to have forgotten all about Libby and the deputy.

But Libby was alive and she would tell, and make everything that much worse for Kit later.

Kit said falteringly: "Officer, if this . . . is Mr. Whelk, I—I mean we were just sort of fooling about with the telephone, phoning people, you know, and we got Mr. Whelk and said we knew all about him, and I guess he didn't know it was a joke, because he wanted me at some bridge at six-fifteen and not to tell anybody . . ."

A joke. A young girl voicing the equivalent of "Have you got Prince Albert in a can? Then let him out," or "Does your mother wash? Oh, the dirty thing." For this he had exposed himself, for this he had tossed away his life.

No. It wasn't possible, couldn't be possible, that all he had had to do was hang up the telephone and pay no attention. Leonard Whelk's brain boiled incredulously: before he could stop himself he shouted: "She's lying. She said she knew who I really—"

Even he heard the silence, in which the deputy had risen swiftly to his feet. "Who you really what, Mr. Whelk?"

Poor Sip's rat, timid at first in these strange surrounding, had been sauntering inch by bold inch along its owner's outstretched arm. Before the deputy had finished asking his quiet ominous question, the rat took a tiny, courageous jump to the enticing woolliness of Leonard Whelk's sweater.

Whelk might have maintained himself in the society of peers; might still have recovered control. At the claw-footed landing of the rat he brushed in wild horror at his sweater, thrust Poor Sip aside with all his force, and ran past the cow, which was now in the hall.

He had fled once before to cut Mr. Thomas Husted's lawn as Foxy Birucoff — and he fled now to some non-existent sanctuary. A joke, shrieked his brain, and: Just fooling around . . .

Somebody shouted warningly at him, but he did not, could not stop. And then something burnt cripplingly into the calf of his right leg, together with a blast that echoed among the tree-tops, and he did stop . . .

. . . .

Susan Webb stood at the door while her husband was putting his niece's suitcases in the car prior to driving her to the airport, and Susan gazed curiously at her.

Well-brushed, beige-gold hair, clear, deferential gaze, proper goodbyes and thank-yous: nothing seemed to have touched Kit Austen at all. She had been a triggering agent in the death of Elsie Janicek and the near-death of Libby Mannering, but after a day or two of exaggerated self-humbling, she had seemed to enjoy herself.

Eyelashes penitently down — or concealing her excitement — she had described to a justice's jury Leonard Whelk's answers to her two telephone calls; she even volunteered that she had telephoned a third time but got no answer . . .

Now Bill Webb slammed the car door and gazed questioningly up at the house. Kit said to Susan: "Well, thanks again, and I'm so glad Gregory's better."

She gave Susan the light, glancing kiss she had undoubtedly seen her mother bestow on other women: "I'm afraid I was an awful bother to you . . ."

When the car was out of sight with a furtive salute from Bill, Susan went back into the house, miraculously unmarked by a night of terror. She said amazedly to Gregory in his cot: "She's afraid she was a bother. What could have given her that idea?"

THE Mannerings had reached their drive to see the red pulse of a police car's beam and then the fleeing silhouette of Leonard Whelk. Over their first, frantic worry about Libby, who was taken to the hospital and released late the next day, they awaited with tense anxiety the traumatic effects on the children.

"Honestly," said Libby, pale but indignant, studying the blurred reproduction of herself taken at the door of the hospital, "they could at least have done something about my curlers."

"We ought to have been in all the newspapers," said Daniel aggressively, and then broke into loud laughter. "With William and his beer opener."

"Well, we've opened a lot of—" began William defensively, and then with an alarmed glance at his parents began to hum tunelessly. He was interrupted by Harry, spreading his fingers suggestively at Libby and saying: "I think I'll finish the job."

But what of Tess? thought the Mannerings anxiously: the youngest, the closest after Libby, to the unchained violence suddenly let loose in their home. What kind of mark would this leave on a tender five-year-old?

". . . and a huge big beard," Tess was saying to a small, crop-haired boy and cupping her hands at her belt buckle, "down to here."

The little boy, her superior in everything else, was admiringly transfixed. "What did you do?"

"O . . ." said Tess, and across her mind and away for ever blew the stains of terror and panic, "I got Dad's gun and I told him not to move, and he didn't dare."

"Well," said the boy, sidling carefully away, "I have to go home for lunch now . . ."

. . . .

Sightseers went to stare curiously at Leonard Whelk's house when it was established that he had strangled Elsie Janicek, and there were growing rumors of a much earlier crime. His neighbor, Major Fingaard, was baffled by such a thing in his midst: even convicted, Whelk remained in his mind as a man who had made the right motions on committees, and added to the tone of the neighborhood.

He said keenly to his wife, who was not listening: "I tell you, we haven't heard the last of this yet. If Whelk was responsible for all this, who was the fellow I saw . . . ?"

THE END

(c) 1963, by Ursula Curtiss.

The novel, "Child's Play," is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode.

Now you deserve a good cup of tea

Tea's the nicest reward for a good job done.

You've pushed through crowds, walked your feet off, carried heavy bags. What's nicer now than the clean lively taste of tea? So simple, so refreshing, so reviving. You'll get more of what you want from tea if you make it right. A good big spoonful for everyone *and one for the pot* You see, just a little more tea means a lot more taste. It's silly to skimp on something that's already so economical, so downright delicious. And if you feel like a second cup—just help yourself. Don't you deserve it?

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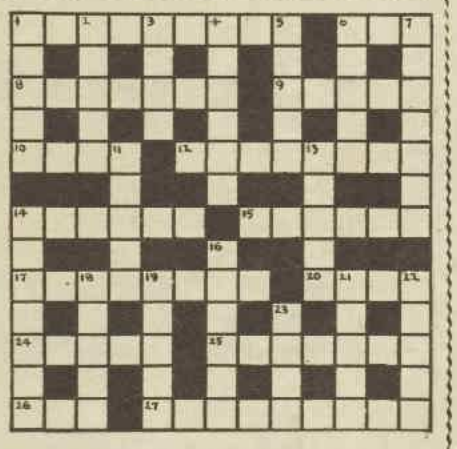
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE at first refuses to stand-in for sick President Andros (who is the magician's double) during an international crisis. But an attempt on Andros' life makes him reconsider. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Cars alive for Royalists (9).
6. High tone audible in Malta (3).
8. Diverge or spread from central point (7).
9. To enrage (5).
10. During such examination you must talk (4).
12. A series of words, containing subject and predicate and sometimes punishment (8).
14. Sailor to obtain this aim (6).
15. Landowners in Scotland (6).
17. Beneath one's dignity (5, 3).
20. Very small fragments of rocks to be found where an artisan digs (4).
24. Chosen (5).
25. Pale red color tinged with orange (7).
26. Consume in retreat (3).
27. Hero of Jane Eyre and a poet, too (9).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Vehicle to go as shipload (5).
2. Russian drink (5).
3. Real mixed Shakespearian play (4).
4. A cricket team (6).
5. Begin with a sailor in the centre (5).
6. This gas is a constituent element of our atmosphere (5).
7. They work with lathes (7).
11. Regal beer (5).
13. Sends out in times (5).
14. An ancient war galley having three banks of oars (7).
16. Open-air repast (6).
18. Swift number of ships in the street of the London Press (5).
19. Take a flower from a rest (5).
21. An evil Arabian demon (5).
22. A four-footed animal takes tea to frighten (5).
24. 4840 sq. yards (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED

2770.—Smart A-line dress. (A) Three-quarter-length, unmounted sleeves, self-tie belt. (B) Short, unmounted sleeves, pockets, welt seam detail, purchased belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick pattern 2770, price 5/9 includes postage.

2841.—Front-buttoned shift cut in larger sizes. Self-tie or purchased belt. (A) Tailored collar, three-quarter-length sleeves. (B) Collarless, roll-up sleeves, top-stitch trim. (C) Sleeveless, patch pockets. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42in. bust. Butterick pattern 2841, price 5/9 includes postage.

2856.—Pretty lingerie. Shallow-necked, A-flared short nightgown. A-flared, front-buttoned robe with large pockets, three-quarter-length sleeves. (A) Drawstring waistline, lace and ribbon trim. (B) Bias-tape trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2856, price 5/- includes postage.

2858.—Maternity co-ordinates. Sleeveless, shallow-necked overblouse with side pleats. Front-buttoned blouse with roll-up sleeves, Johnny collar. Straight skirt, long pants. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2858, price 5/9 includes postage.

2685.—Lovely dress for little girl 2 to 8, with princess seamed bodice, gathered skirt, elasticised back waist, self-tie sash. (A) High neck, above-elbow-length sleeves with self ruffle, lace trim. (B) Shallow-necked, sleeveless version. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 26in. chest). Butterick pattern 2685, price 5/- includes postage.

2411.—Sleeveless, flared smock, buttoned at shoulders. Matching pants. (A) Applique rabbit pattern included, with back-buttoned, tailored short-sleeved blouse, Peter Pan collar (pompon rabbit's tail made from yarn). (B) Puffed sleeved blouse, gathered pockets. Sizes 1 to 6 (20, 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24in. chest). Butterick pattern 2411, price 5/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.

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